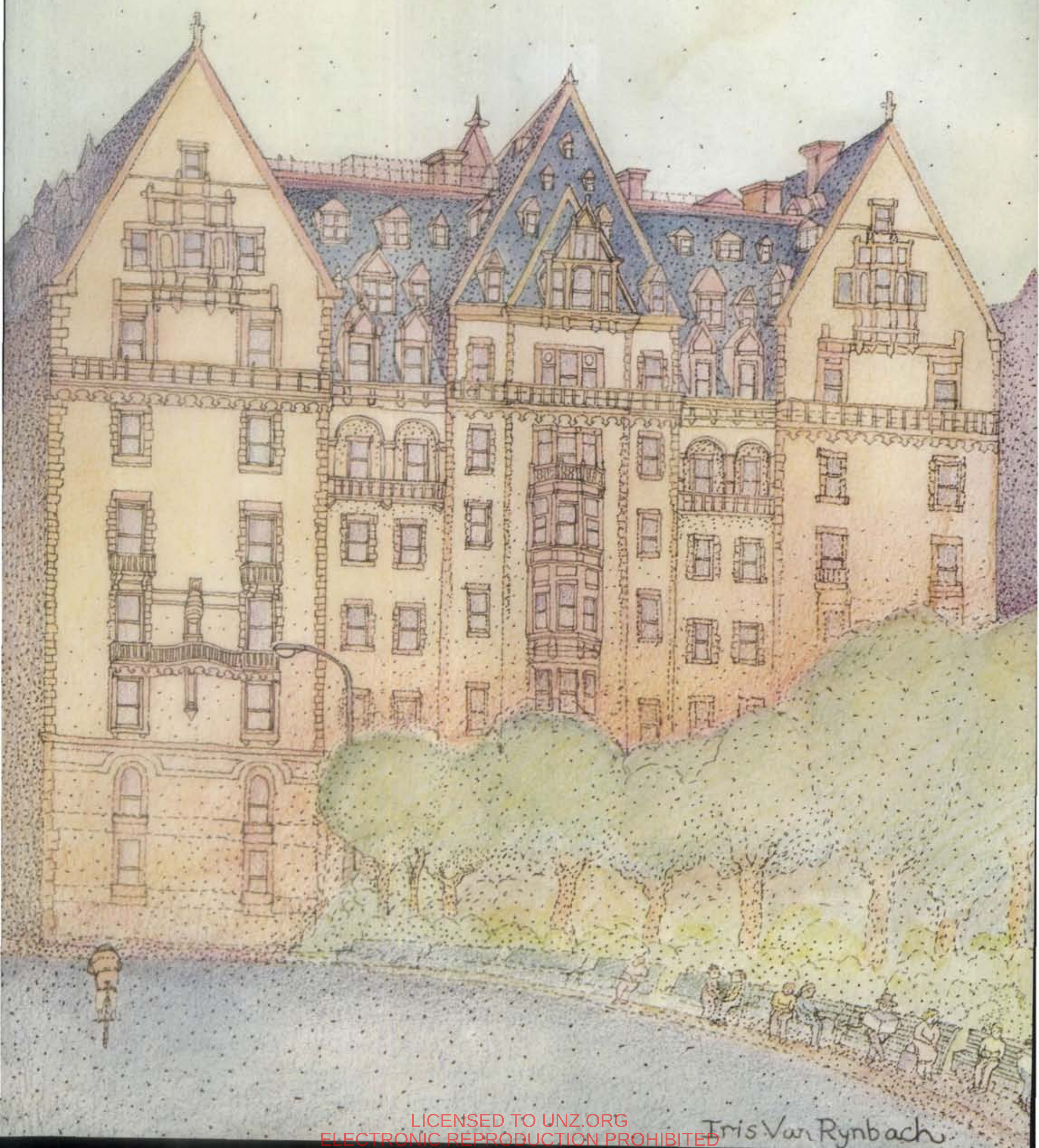
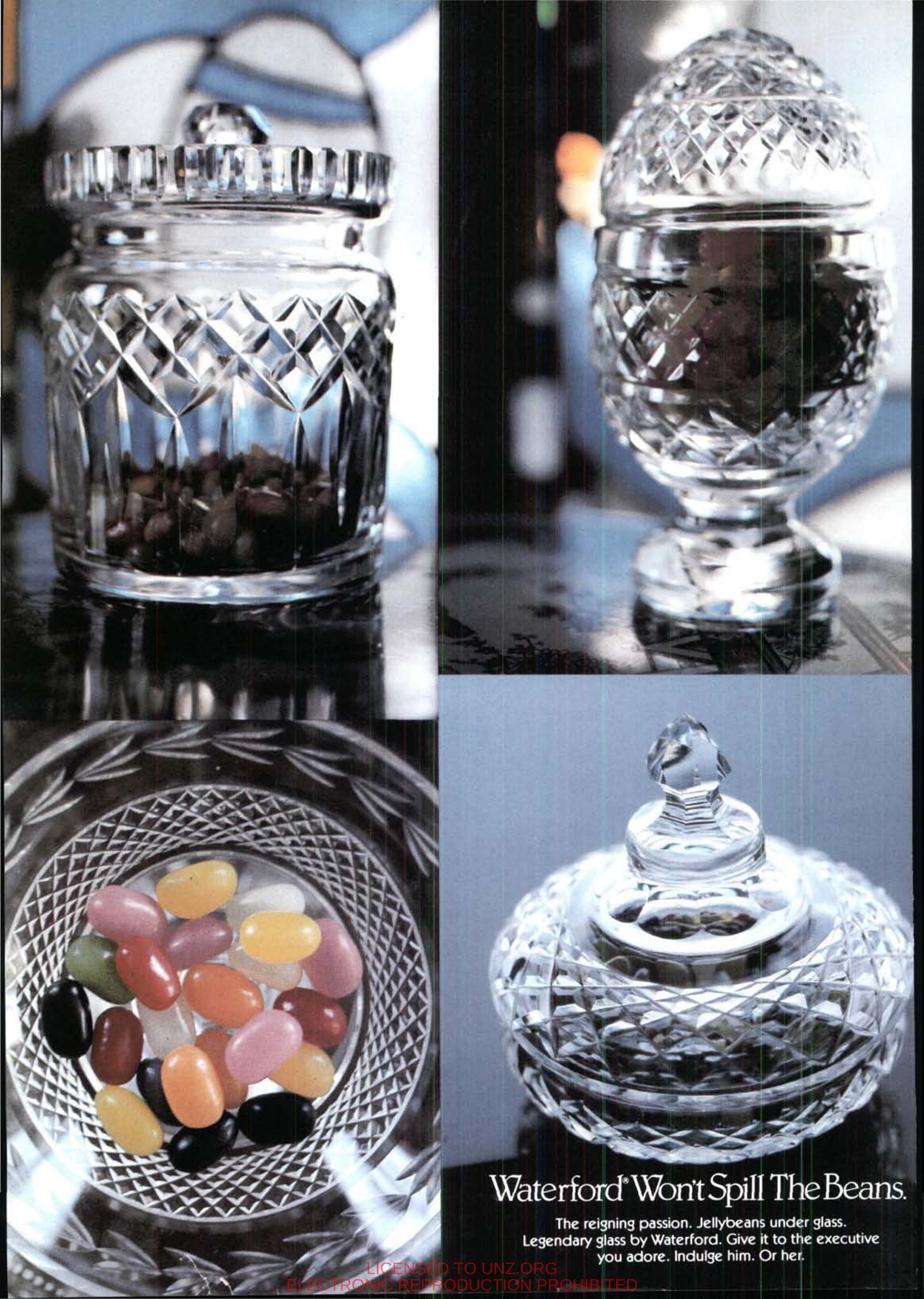
July 12, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.25

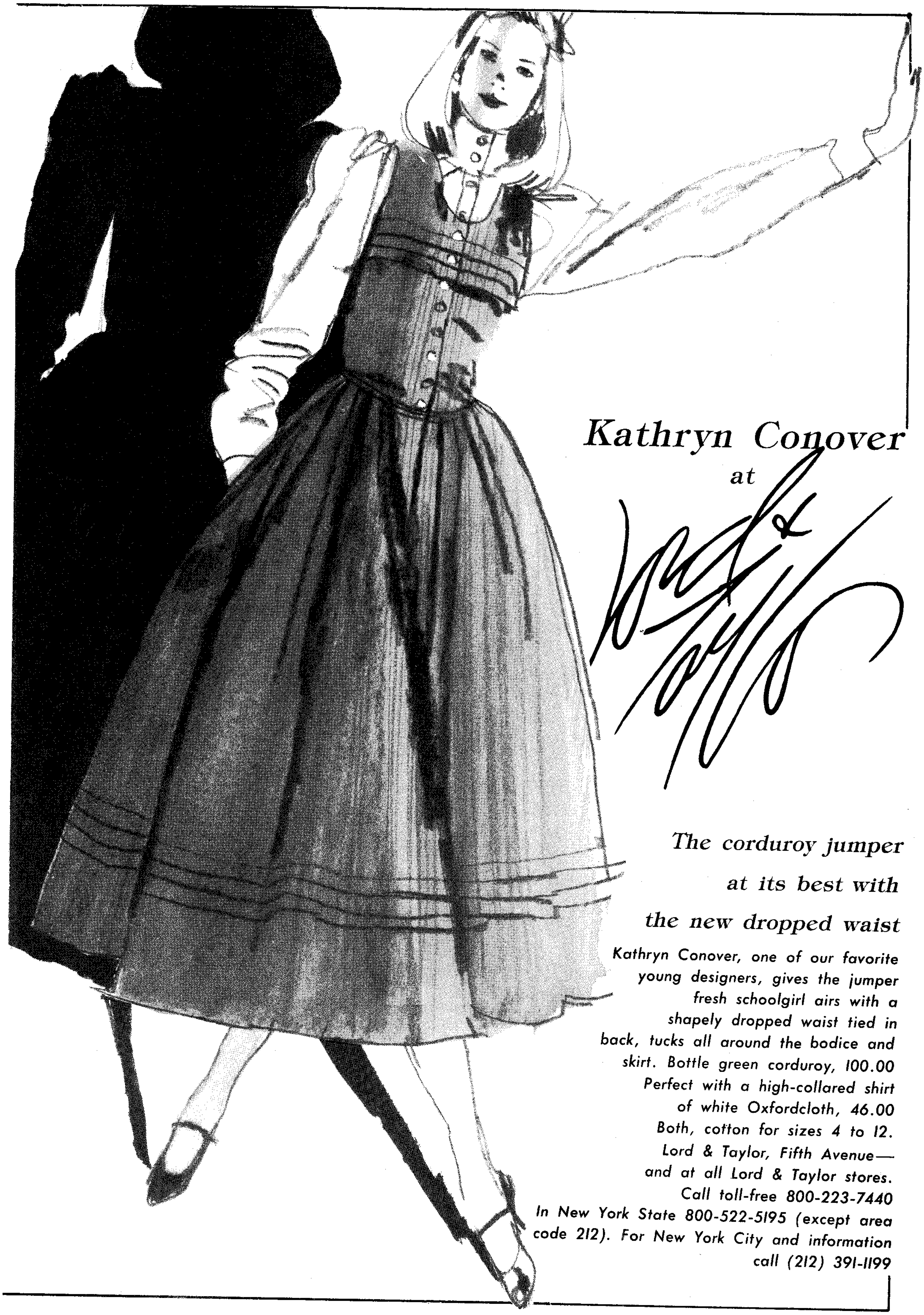


Iris Van Rynbach



Waterford® Won't Spill The Beans.

The reigning passion. Jellybeans under glass.
Legendary glass by Waterford. Give it to the executive
you adore. Indulge him. Or her.



Kathryn Conover
at
Lord & Taylor

The corduroy jumper at its best with the new dropped waist

Kathryn Conover, one of our favorite young designers, gives the jumper fresh schoolgirl airs with a shapely dropped waist tied in back, tucks all around the bodice and skirt. Bottle green corduroy, 100.00 Perfect with a high-collared shirt of white Oxfordcloth, 46.00 Both, cotton for sizes 4 to 12. Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue—and at all Lord & Taylor stores. Call toll-free 800-223-7440 In New York State 800-522-5195 (except area code 212). For New York City and information call (212) 391-1199

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AGNES OF GOD—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special matinée Sunday, July 11, at 3.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. Bruce MacVittie and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 11.)

BLUES IN THE NIGHT—A dreary little fake musical, in which many classic Tin Pan Alley songs go thoroughly to waste. (6/14/82) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE BROWNING VERSION and **THE TWELVE POUND LOOK**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Jules Feiffer's **A THINK PIECE** makes the story of a married woman, driven crazy by her domestic chores and by her jealousy and envy of her unmarried sisters, into an unfunny, truly hateful non-play. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 11.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DINING ROOM—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Patricia Wettig, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GENIUSES—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GRAND KABUKI—Final performances by a company of seventy-seven male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo. Wednesday and Thursday, July 7-8, at 8: "Narukami," "Migawari-Zazen," and "Sumidagawa." . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8, and Saturday, July 10, at 2 and 8: "Kumagai Jinya," "Kanjincho," and "Masakado." Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

GUANGDONG YUE OPERA TROUPE—Ten performances of traditional Cantonese opera by this Chinese company, appearing here for the first time. Saturday evening, July 10, and Thursday evening, July 15: "Searching the School." . . . ¶ Sunday matinées, July 11 and 18: "Companions at Arms." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, July 11: "Zhoajung Goes Beyond Great Wall," "Liang Shanbo's Last Moments," and "Li Huining." . . . ¶ Monday evening, July 12, and Sunday evening, July 18: "The Magic Lotus Lantern." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 13, and Saturday evening, July 17: "The Story of Burning Incense." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 16: "The Willful Princess," "Encounter in the Temple," and "Reunion at Xihe." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées at 2. For information about tickets, call 227-6056.)

HERRINGBONE—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone, score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JANE AVRIL—A comedy centered on the nineteenth-century dance-hall star and model immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. The author is Jane Marla Robbins, and Kevin O'Connor, Miss Robbins, and Richard Council are the entire cast. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday at 3.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THE TOTAL ABSTAINER" . . . . M. F. K. Fisher 32
"PASSAGE" (POEM) . . . . James Reiss 36
"THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE DEAD" . . . . . . Danilo Kiš 38
A REPORTER AT LARGE (CÔTE D'AZUR) . . . Anthony Bailey 59
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . Andy Logan 74
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . Pauline Kael 82
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . Nicholas Kenyon 86
FURTHER EVENTS . . . . Andrew Porter 92
DANCING . . . . Arlene Croce 96
BOOKS . . . . George Steiner 102
BRIEFLY NOTED 103

RECEIVED
JUL 13 1982
Ambassador College
Library

COVER: *Iris Van Rynbach*

DRAWINGS: *Jack Ziegler, Ed Arno, Arnie Levin, James Stevenson, Peter Steiner, Robert Mankoff, Edward Koren, W. B. Park, Eldon Dedini, William Steig, George Price, Joseph Farris, Bernard Schoenbaum, Charles Saxon, Lee Lorenz, Al Ross, Tom Funk, David Pascal, Sidney Harris, J. B. Handelsman, Warren Miller, Roz Chast, Stan Hunt*

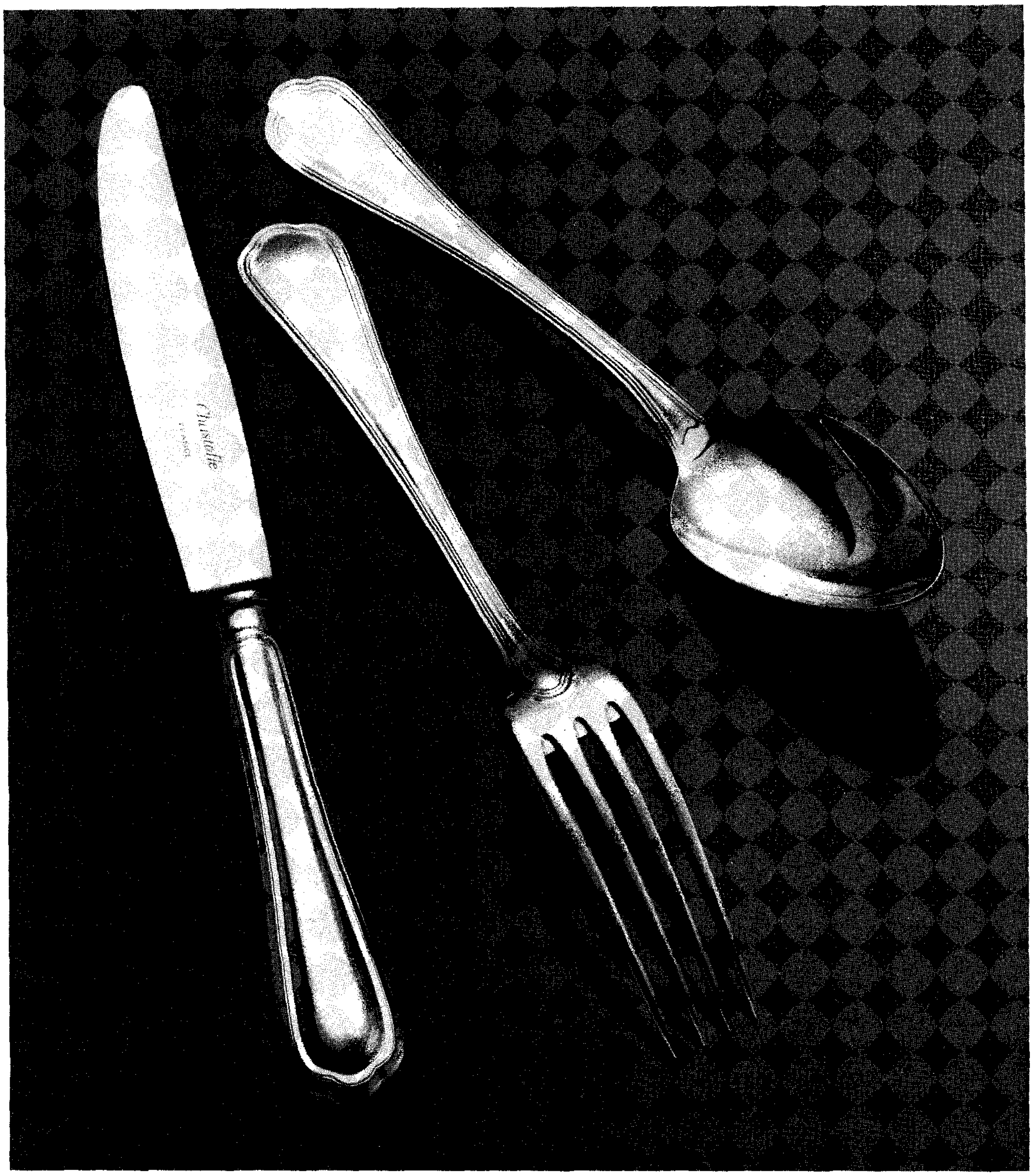
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., *25* W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 21, July 12, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

The Elegant Alternative



There is a choice now. Christofle silverplate. Probably the only kind that approximates the weight, balance and design of the best solid sterling. Classic styles, distinguished by the refinement and imagination that have made Christofle the premier silversmiths in France since 1830.

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

PATTERN SHOWN: SPATOURS AT BULLOCK'S, CALIFORNIA, NEVADA & ARIZONA · BLOOMINGDALE'S, ALL STORES · RICH'S, ATLANTA
MARSHALL FIELD'S, CHICAGO · WANAMAKER'S, PHILADELPHIA · WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON · FOLEY'S, HOUSTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 11: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 14: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, July 11, at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **ABERCROMBIE APOCALYPSE**, a play by Paul Carter Harrison. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 757-2410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 17.)

Nine—A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—A revival of Noël Coward's comedy directed by, and starring, George C. Scott. Previews through Wednesday, July 14. Opens officially on Thursday, July 15. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers—A musical, starring Debby Boone, based on the 1954 movie. The book is by Lawrence Kasha and David Landay. The score is a combination of the Johnny Mercer–Gene de Paul songs from the film and new songs by Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn. Previews through Wednesday, July 7. Opens officially on Thursday, July 8. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs—A dramatic curiosity, and a fascinating one, about a Victorian waif who disguises herself as a man and works a lifetime as a waiter in an Irish hotel. The play was adapted from George Moore's short story by Simone Benmussa, of Paris, who directed and designed the beautiful production. Among the good actors are Glenn Close, Pippa Pearthree, and Anna Levine. (6/28/82) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 7 and 10; and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3:30. Closes Saturday, July 10.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. Mr. Durang will fill in for Mr. Brooks for two weeks starting Tuesday, July 13. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** The musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Delores Hall head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, July 11, at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,232 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to

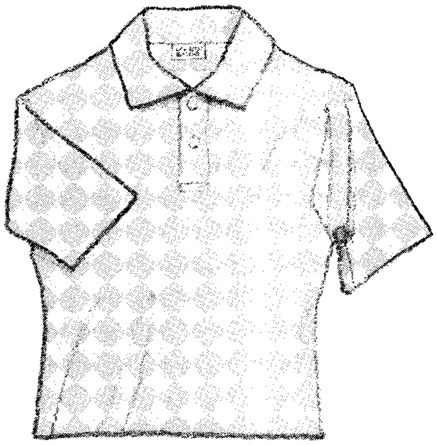
The Knit-Knit from Lands' End:

Quality cotton shirts, with expensive features, in a few classic styles, made to wear well and sell well for dollars less.

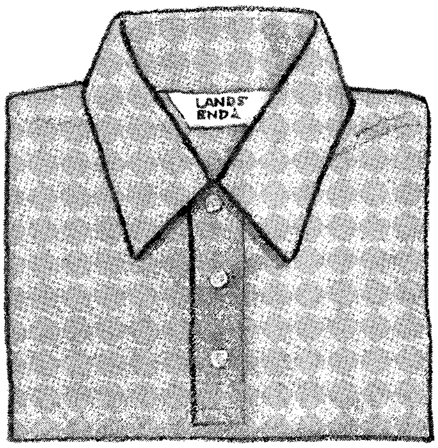
Right here, in a somewhat long but explicit sentence, is the Lands' End position on knit shirts. Add to it our emphasis on the most modern technology in garment manufacture, and you are assured of unusual value.

The six shirts on this page are from our basic collection of 12 classic styles. What they have in common is what makes them uncommon: *quality* first, offered at a *price* and unconditionally *guaranteed.*

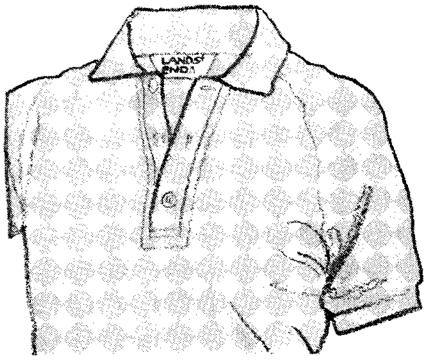
Look them over, one by one.



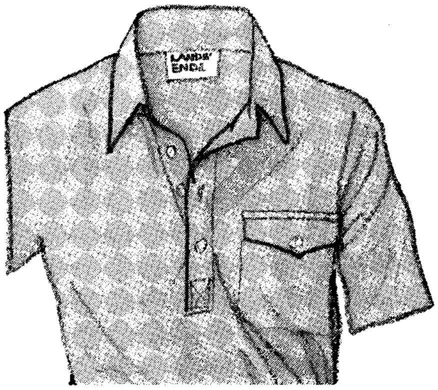
1. Our basic mesh knit at a basic price. 100% cotton. Very durable. Taped shoulder seams. Longer tails. $13.



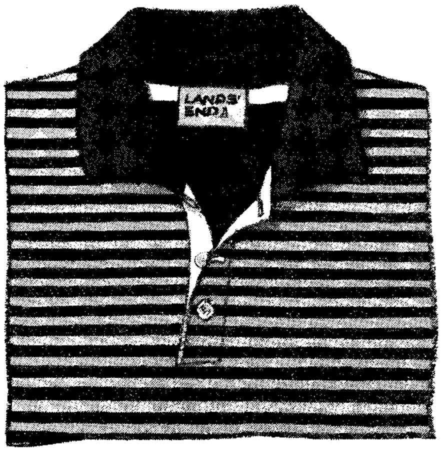
2. Our Jersey knit is slightly dressier. Available pure or in a 50/50 blend. Needs no ironing. The flat knit surface shows up the stripes and patterns crisply. $13.



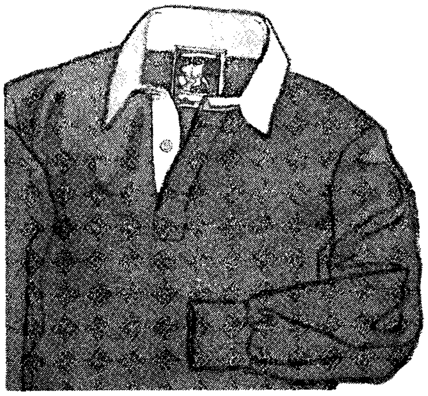
3. A Stretch Jersey knit for outdoor lovers. Made of 94% cotton and a 6% pinch of spandex—just enough to let the shirt move with you in action. $22.50.



4. A pima lisle, a cotton lisle. $17.50 each. Two shirts made of long staple Egyptian cotton. Yarns are mercerized for silk-like appearance. Beautiful.



5. The Lands' End Islander for the games people play. Again, 100% cotton. Cotton twill tape lines neck hole, and faces the placket so buttonholes last. $14.



6. 100% heavy weight 14 oz. cotton jersey. Unlike ordinary rugby shirts, this one is preshrunk before manufacture. Cut generously with cotton twill placket collar and 4-inch knit cuff. Rubber buttons last longer, help prevent injury. $29.

Shop the whole catalog.

Whatever you buy from Lands' End—from clothing to shoes, to soft luggage and accessories—is shipped to you direct. No middle men. No detours. No added pennies to pay for either one. That's why we call ourselves Lands' End, Direct Merchants. Even our guarantee says it all as directly as we can put it:

> *"If you're not completely satisfied with any item you buy from us, at any time during your use of it, return it, and we will refund your full purchase price."*

Call us on our toll-free number (800-356-4444) any hour of the day or night. One of us will pick up the phone. Or if you prefer, send for our free catalog today.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford button-down shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

☐ **Please send free 76-page catalog.**
Lands' End Dept. G-12
Dodgeville, WI. 53533

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State __________ Zip __________

Or call Toll-free

800-356-4444

(Except Wisconsin, call 608-935-2788)

be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch (who has just replaced Lauren Bacall) heads the cast of this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes enjoy chestnut croissants with their café au lait. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

MOTHER AND THE FOOL—Eight performances by Holland's Jozef van den Berg of his improvisational one-man show. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Saturday and Sunday, July 10-11, and Tuesday through Sunday, July 13-18, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

DANCE

NETHERLANDS DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will *run through Saturday, July 24.* Tuesday, July 13, at 7:30, and Wednesday, July 14, and Saturday, July 17, at 8: "Wayfarer," "November Steps," and "Svadebka." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, at 8: "Symphony of Psalms," "Nomads," and "Sinfonietta." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 2: "Children's Games," "Nomads," and "Sinfonietta." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

ANNABELLE GAMSON—A program of modern dance, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and the Brooklyn Philharmonic, conducted by Arnold Gamson. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, July 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, will be claimed by the William Komaiko trio; and Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will lead his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, will sing with a backing crew and with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights through Sunday, July 11; on Monday, July 12, drummer **JIMMY MADISON** will head a big band; and on Tuesday, July 13, trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** will arrive with a quintet that will feature **HANK JONES** on piano. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, July 7, Laura Dean and musicians; Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, singer **BETTY CARTER** and her trio and alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his band, Alto Madness; Sunday, July 11, the Revelons and the Dragons; Monday, July 12, the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI;** Friday, July 16, **CHUBBY CHECKER** and Blotto; and Saturday, July 17, Beaver Brown. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** is accompanied by bassist **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, July 10; on Sunday, July 11, **LARRY WILLIS** will be at the keyboard; and on Monday, July 12, pianist Lee Ann Ledgerwood will come in with her bassist, Dennis Erwin. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** works with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** on a summer schedule, Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** has settled in to perform nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, July 7, V Effect, Ism, and Crazy Hearts; Thursday, July 8, the Dots, Lemmy Caution, Soviet Threat, and Great Jones; Friday, July 9, Neil Getz & the Mumbos, Jo Marshall, the Roustabouts, and the Decoys; and Saturday, July 10, the Cosmopolitans, the Dads, the Good Times, the Letter E, and the Go. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

BINGO
35
35
tom funk

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**SYLVIA SYMS'** self-conscious between-songs patter about herself, about Frank Sinatra, or about anything else at all can be forgiven, because when she sings, her voice virtually floats. She's here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays have been given over to singer-bassist **ARVEL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Saturday, July 10, Major Contay & the Canebrake Rattlers; and Saturday, July 17, the Neon Valley Boys. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, July 11, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and his bebop associate, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** will be present with a quartet. On Wednesdays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

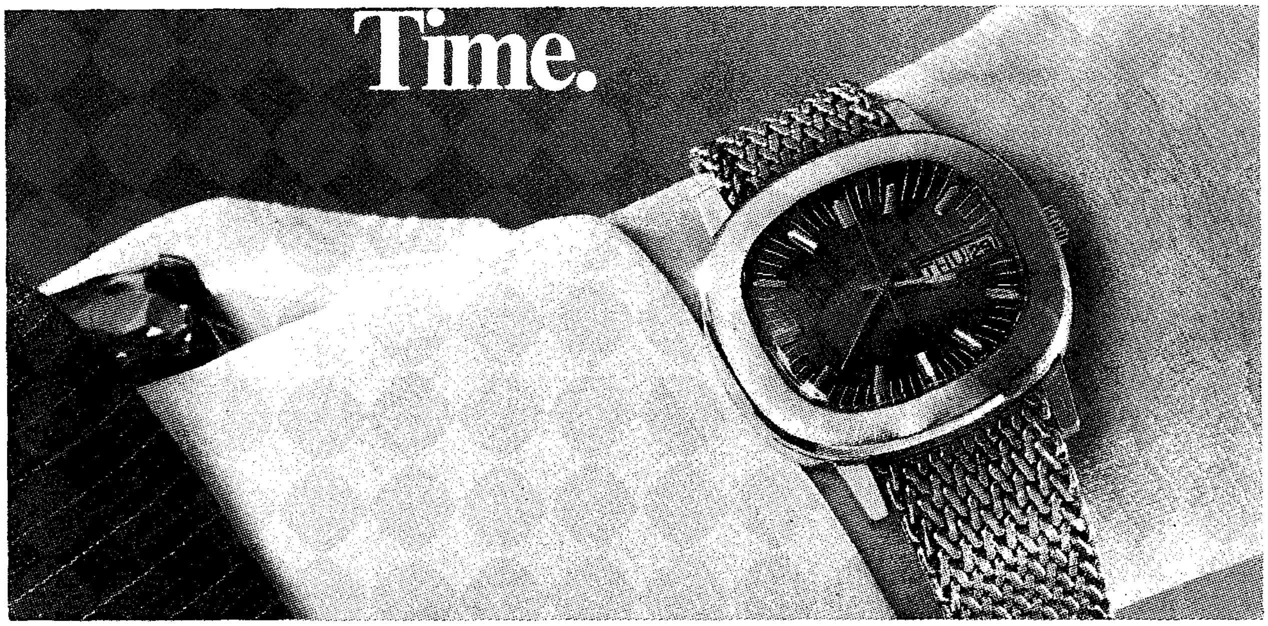
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **TITO PUENTE** is here with his timbales, his marimba, and his Latin-jazz band through Sunday, July 11; on Tuesday, July 13, the Four Freshmen, a thirty-five-year-old singing and instrumental group, will move in. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, July 7, the Microscopic Septet and Tappin' at the Met; Thursday, July 8, the Bill Dicey Blues Band and the Michael Packer Blues Band; Friday, July 9, Shawn Coldin and singer and guitarist **PETER ROWAN;** Saturday, July 10, the Song Project and Jeff Gold; Sunday, July 11, Asphalt Jungle and Oracle Mix; Tuesday, July 13, the Will; Wednesday, July 14, Liberal Arts; and Friday, July 16, Paul Geremia. Two shows, at about nine and midnight, every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, July 7, singer Marilyn Redfield; Thursday, July 8, singer Val Eley; Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, soul-singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Sunday, July 11, Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO;** Monday, July 12, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** with dancer Dyane Harvey and singer Kim Strong; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 13-14, singer Carmen Lundy; and Thursday through Saturday, July 15-17, two real bluesy saxophonists, **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and **HANK CRAWFORD.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-

China Airlines nonstop flights to Taipei and Tokyo give you something you can't buy:



And a lot more:

Hours are gold when you travel...

and we save you almost a full working day to Taipei from San Francisco or Los Angeles. In Japan you can get to your hotel 1½ hours sooner because we land at the more convenient Haneda airport.

The extras are free in Coach!

Extras like cocktails, movies and stereo headsets are free on China Airlines. And, you can choose between delectable Chinese or Western meals.

So always fly China Airlines to the Orient, it's such a pleasant way to save time.

For flight information, call your travel agent or the China Airlines office nearest you.

Chicago (312) 427-2940
Cleveland (216) 777-7510
Denver (303) 936-6929
Honolulu (808) 536-6951
Houston (713) 965-0474/5
Los Angeles (213) 624-1161
Miami (305) 235-4887
New York (212) 581-0950
Phoenix (602) 991-1555
San Diego (714) 436-9225
San Francisco (415) 391-3950
Washington D.C. (202) 833-1760

Call TOLL FREE: 800-227-5118 • In California: 800-652-1428

中華航空公司
CHINA AIRLINES
Flag Carrier of the Republic of China

Washington, D.C., New York, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **AL GAFA**, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE**, bassist John Wilmeth, and singer Alicia Sherman are on hand through Sunday, July 11; Wednesday through Sunday, July 14-18, guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**, pianist **BEN ARONOV**, and bassist **JAY LEONHART** will be present. Both groups begin at ten. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** *begins performing at ten.* Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when Graham Forbes is at the piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires small bands and piano soloists. Bebop vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** leads a trio through Saturday, July 10; on Tuesday, July 13, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will come in with his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays from seven to eleven are given over to **NINA SHELDON**, a lively singer and pianist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Pianist **JOHNNY GUARNIERI** is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Fridays and Saturdays, tenor saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern heads a combo from about nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above) just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** *leads the group. On Sundays,* Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. *(228-8490)—A pleasant corner restau*rant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **FRED HERSCH** is the current pianist-in-residence Tuesdays through Saturdays; he plays duets with bassist **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, July 10, and with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Tuesday, July 13. The Sunday and Monday team is, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, July 7, England Dan Seals; Monday, July 12, the New Riders of the Purple Sage; Tuesday, July 13, country singer and songwriter **MEL TILLIS** and Six Guns; and Wednesday, July 14, Tex-Mex-blues-Cajun-acid-country-rocker **DOUG SAHM** and his **SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and his Tad Dameron-inspired band, **DAMERONIA**, wind up their stay on Saturday, July 10; Sunday, July 11, will belong to the macho Latin-jazz quintet of alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA**, which features pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and the flamboyant conga-ist **DANIEL PONCE**; on Monday, July 12, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will head a quartet; Tuesday through Friday, July 13-16, **WOODY HERMAN** and the latest edition of his **YOUNG THUNDERING HERD** will take over the place; and Saturday, July 17, will be claimed by saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN'S** quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of **JOHNNY DESMOND.** Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**, perhaps the best vocal duo in jazz, are in the midst of a tribute to Stephen Sondheim. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. On Thursday, July 8, Ebony Jo-Ann will sing jazz and blues. Sundays belong to **STRING FEVER**, a fourteen-piece string ensemble plus drummer which plays swing music. Music from *about ten until two.*

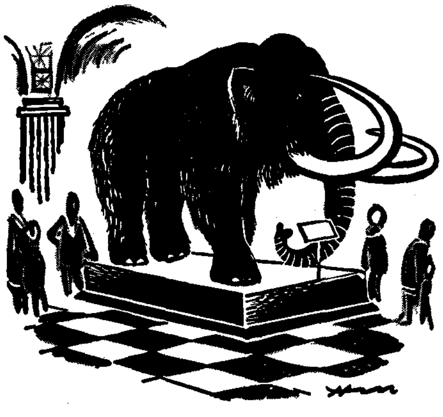
Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, July 7, Sharps & Flats; Thursday, July 8, soul singer **ETTA JAMES** and the Lili Anel band; Friday through Sunday, July 9-11, the Bill Chinnock blues band; Tuesday, July 13, Learn to Drive and Steeplechase; Wednesday, July 14, saxophonist **DENNY MOROUSE** with guitarist **DAVID SPINOZZA**, drummer **BERNARD PURDIE**, bassist **WILL LEE**, and pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS**; Thursday, July 15, Neil Getz & the Mumbos and Sandy Rose; Friday, July 16, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH**; and Saturday, July 17, the Strangers. Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** guides a dance band Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and *Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and* dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten *track—far from West 54th Street and the* Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, July 7, War; Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, the Motels; Monday, July 12, the Bobcats; Tuesday, July 13, Broken Arrow; Thursday and Friday, July 15-16, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; and Saturday, July 17, Comsat Angels. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.



Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday, July 7, Guanabara, a youthful Brazilian-jazz septet; Thursday, July 8, bluesy guitarist **DOC POWELL**; Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, the **PERSUASIONS**, the a-cappella street-corner soul quintet; Monday, July *12, the Ed Palermo big band;* Tuesday, July 13, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER**; Wednesday, July 14, Chuck Loeb; Thursday, July 15, Eliane Elias; and Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, Noel Pointer, a *rhapsodic electric* violinist. Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-*sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz.* **TEDDY WILSON**, who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday many gigs back, is still pretty wonderful. He'll be here leading a quartet on Friday and Saturday, July 9-10. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT'S** quintet works through Saturday, July 10; Sunday and Monday, July 11-12, will be given over to **HOWARD JOHNSON'S** aptly named nonet, **GRAVITY**, which comprises six tubas and a rhythm section; and starting Tuesday, July 13, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**—**ROLAND HANNA, GRADY TATE, FRANK WESS**, and **GEORGE MRAZ**—will begin playing some good old New York jazz. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The Chicago-blues festival continues on Wednesday and Thursday, July 7-8, with the 43rd Street Blues Band; and on Wednesday and Thursday, July 14-15, with the Buster Benton Blues Band. On Fridays and Saturdays **BIG JOE TURNER**, a real live history of Kansas City blues and jazz and a festival all *by himself, is singing here. On Sundays, Wil*lie Byrne and his Irish Ceili Band perform from five to midnight. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

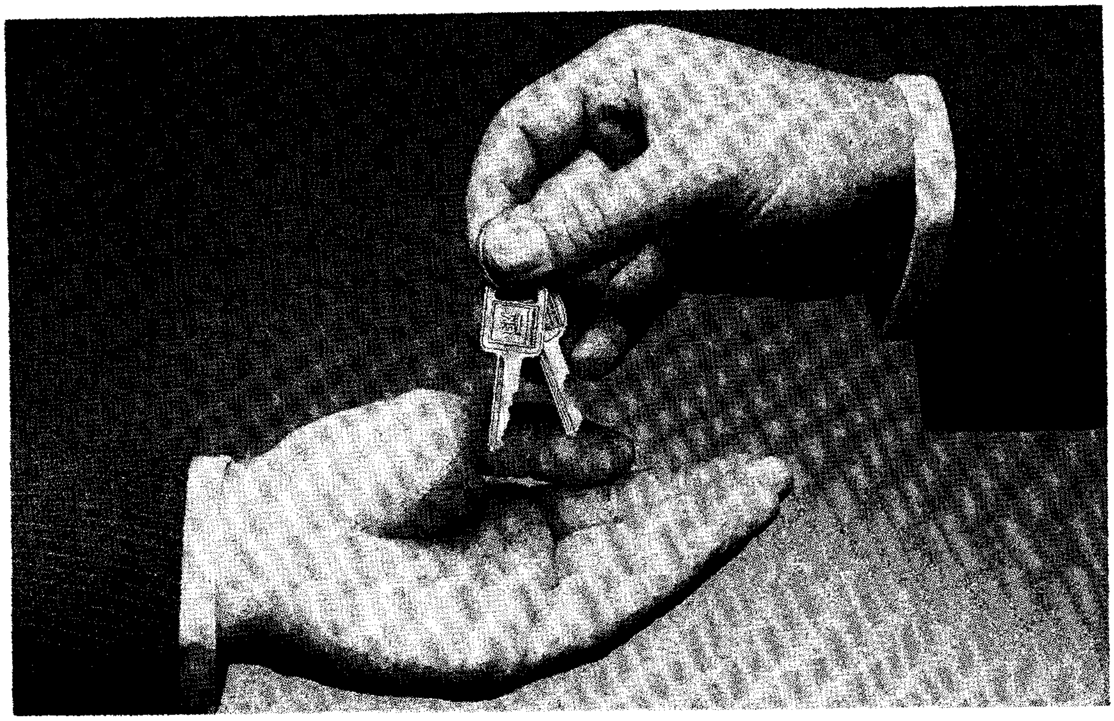
Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, July 7, the Proof and the Starters; Thursday, July 8, Aris Tyros and the Points; Friday, July 9, the Tanglers and the Jitterz; Saturday, July 10, the Privates and the Messengers; Tuesday, July 13, the Drongoes and the Loners; Wednesday, July 14, Skywire and Screen Test; Thursday, July 15, Daryl Canada; Friday, July 16, the Waves; and Saturday, July 17, Jon Paris. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on July 12, there will be two bands, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** and **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ**, *and one guest soloist,* Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI.** On Friday, July 16, the downstairs music will be **JAMES JABBO WARE'S** band, which will start playing at about ten-thirty. Fridays at ten and Saturdays at midnight, in the Top of the Gate, David Frye is doing impressions and telling one-liners. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who sounds pretty good whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or just regular old hard bop, leads a quartet through Sunday, July 11; on Tuesday, July 13, the great **JIM HALL**, who performs delicate and fiery guitar solos (sometimes in the same song), will bring in his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, where, if you wander in after nine, you can hear Brazilian guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** perform Tuesdays through Sundays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought



How to get a new GM car without buying one

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Leases based on special
12.5% financing rate
on GM cars and light-duty trucks delivered or ordered in July, 1982

Join the growing number of people who are discovering the advantages of GMAC's new leasing plan.

Today more and more new cars are being leased. And for good reason. Your money isn't tied up in a down payment.

Under a lease you only pay for that part of the vehicle you actually use. Your major expenses are depreciation and lease financing costs.*

When you lease with GMAC Leasing Corporation, through participating GM Dealers, you also have the advantage of the largest selection of vehicles that you can find–equipped with the options you select.

To introduce you to the benefits of GMAC Leasing, participating GM Dealers are offering qualified customers closed-end leases for up to 48 months based on a special 12.5% financing rate. It can save you hundreds of dollars.

Discover the alternative to buying. Ask your participating GM Dealer to explain all the advantages of leasing and GMAC's special introductory offer.

*Other expenses include license and registration fees, taxes and a service charge.
Offer limited to owners and/or lessees of less than 20 vehicles. Not available to leasing and rental companies.

GMAC LEASING

The Leasing People from General Motors

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCKS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Makami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** heads up his quintet, Two Tenor Boogie, through Monday, July 12; on Tuesday, July 13, Dickey Myers will perform; and starting Wednesday, July 14, the Franc Williams Swing Four will take over the bandstand. Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, works with bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON** through Saturday, July 10. On Monday, July 12, **MIKE LONGO,** Dizzy Gillespie's pianist through much of the last decade, will arrive with bassist **PAUL WEST.** Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. On Sundays, from five-thirty to ten, guitarist **JOE PUMA** provides the music. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jane Olivor—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday through Sunday, July 9-11, at 8.

Neon Babies and **Bad Brains**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, July 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Janet Lawson quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, and Wednesday through Saturday, July 14-17, at 8: Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Valery Ponomarev quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 8 and 10: Dean Pratt Big Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Renée Adrienne. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Dave Schnitter quintet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Douglas Abdell—Color paintings incorporating the phonetically spelled titles the artist has invented for his sculptures. Through Friday, July 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open 11:30 to 4:30.)

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Miriam Brumer—Abstract paintings and drawings suggestive of plant and insect life. Through Saturday, July 17. (Hankook, 50 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

Robert Donley—Recent paintings and drawings. Through July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Chaim Gross—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through Friday, July 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71) **and Emily Mason**—Abstract paintings by a mother and by her daughter. Through July 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Ed Mayer—A large circular structure with a tunnel that leads to another, smaller one; the whole piece is constructed solely of stacked wood laths. Through July 31. (Gallery Annex, formerly the Central Park Zoo Birdhouse, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Diane Mayo / Susan Eder—Oil paintings and colored-pencil drawings of still-life and narrative subjects. / Works using commercially printed color photographs. Through July 30. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ The Goodman Gallery, 25 W. 56th St., is also showing works by Eder. Through July 30.

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through July 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Margaret Priest—Precisionist drawings, in pencil on handmade paper, of architectural subjects. Through Friday, July 9. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Color woodcuts by the collagist. Through July 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

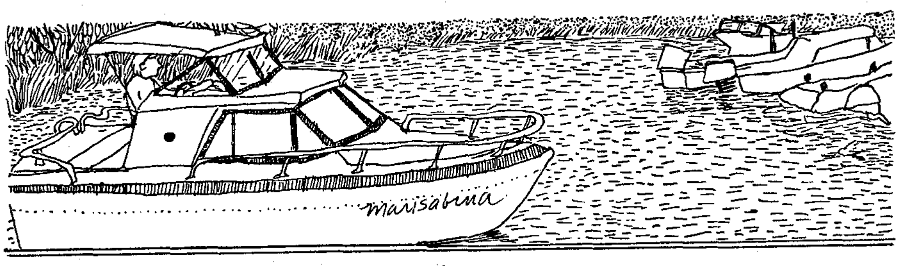
Edward Schmidt—Allegorical paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Al Souza / Mary Stoppert—Boxed assemblages incorporating color snapshots, and works on paper. / A sculptural installation entitled "The Queen's Ring." Through July 29. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens daily, except Sundays, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

St. Clair Sullivan / Hitch Lyman—Oils of dancing figures. / Watercolors of Greece and Turkey. Through Friday, July 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Art on the Beach—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) have been set in place on the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Bill and Mary Buchen, Grace Williams, and Steve Wood. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Recent works on paper by gallery artists Maureen Connor, Edward Youkilis, Mark Schlesinger, and others. Through Sept. 10. . . . **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Cynthia Carlson, Ira Joel Haber, Jeff Way, and others on the gallery roster showing new material. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: An invitational show of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by almost two dozen artists. Through July 30. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a number of artists, including Elizabeth Murray, Hap Tivey, and Grover Mouton. Through July 30. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Kiki Smith and Justen Ladda (paintings), Rebecca Howland (sculptures), John Fekner (small-scale wall pieces fashioned from plaques), and others exhibiting works concerned with the uses and abuses of nature. Through Friday, July 9. . . . **CALDWELL,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings by nine artists in a summer invitational show: Mike Howard, Ellen Lanyon, Susan R. Laufer, Nachume Miller, and others. Through Friday, July 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including Stella, Rosenquist, and Lichtenstein. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Central and South American artists, among them Amelia Pelaez, Armando Morales, and Joaquín Torres-García. Through Aug. 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: Chinese-American artists showing traditional and nontraditional paintings; photographs of China and Tibet; and other works of art. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **THE DAIRY,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings in a medium of pigment and plaster by David James; elongated, painted-wood wall pieces by Otis Jones; and large drawings of highways and landscapes by Ursula Schneider. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: A self-portrait by Jack Beal, a painting by Joan Brown, and additional new works by gallery associates. Through Aug. 13. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERIES,** 24 W. 57th St.: Realist paintings of the forties and fifties by about sixty artists who are either identified with this mode or who experimented with it—Isabel Bishop, Robert Brackman, Philip Guston, Loren MacIver, Andrew Wyeth, and others. Through July 28. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Sculptural works by two artists influenced by Surrealism. "Galaxy," by Frederick Kiesler, designed for the opera set of "Le Pauvre Matelot," and nine sculptures in metal and stone by David Hare. . . . ¶ Postcard-size collages by John Stalin, a young British artist. Through Aug. 13. (Open evenings until 7.) . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St.: Various works both by gallery regulars and by six artists here for the first time. William Crovello, Kiki Kogelnik, Ellen Brenner, and Steve Klein are some of the names. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20. . . . **LERNER-HELLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that the gallery terms "interpretations of life and death." Contributors are Alfredo Bustinza, Chris Deboschnek, Thomas Lawson, Margaret Wharton, and Daisy Youngblood. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, primarily dating from the past couple of years, by Europeans (Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi) and Americans (David Salle, Julian Schnabel). Seventeen artists in all. Through Friday, July 9. . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Landscape paintings, some reduced to abstraction, by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through July 30. . . . **MILLIKEN,** 98 Prince St.: Eighteen artists have paintings, drawings, and prints that as a body are described by the gallery as "urban and aggressive." Jane Dickson, Jonathan Borofsky, David Wojnarowicz, others. Through Friday, July 16. . . . **O. K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Eight artists showing works in various mediums in a summer invitational exhibit. Through Friday, July 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by six artists in a new-talent show. Through Friday, July 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY,** 22 E. 80th St.: A selection of drawings by the sculptor Gaston Lachaise and a small painting each by a dozen or more artists (Motherwell, Olitski, Hughto). Through July 30. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Sculptures in painted paper, balsa wood, Plexiglas, and other materials by eight artists. Through July 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Paintings and large drawings by Rochelle Feinstein, John Lees, David True,



and others. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Among the items on view: a coffee table in pearl and papier-mâché by Arch Connelly, a painting by Mark Saltz of a tree whose leaves become snakes, and an all-black Styrofoam-and-canvas work by Cyrilla Mozenter. Through July 23. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: New acquisitions, including a generous supply of large and small bronzes by Henry Moore and also one or two works each by Degas, Ernst, Hepworth, and others. Through Aug. 27. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists whose abstract paintings are on view. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EDOUARD BOUBAT—More than seventy prints from the past four decades. Through Friday, July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAS OORTHUYS (1908-75)—Photographs taken in Amsterdam, 1944-45, during the German occupation. Through Friday, July 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FLOATING FOUNDATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Intentionally—or otherwise—X-rated photographs by George Platt Lynes, Wolfgang von Wamgemheim, Alfred Gescheidt, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through July 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Fifty photographs of plants and flowers. Through July 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan, but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A display of Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Tatyana Grosman's Universal Limited Art Editions workshop. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . ¶ A complementary exhibit of U.L.A.E. prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no

Subtle Textures of Suede appear in the most elegant places this Fall. Softly shaped blouson jacket with flange back, graceful yoke front skirt. A fashion investment that will pay great dividends for seasons to come.

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD

FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE HOOPER ASSOCIATES, 1451 BROADWAY, NY 10036
In Canada: 4200 Blvd. St. Laurent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the representation of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Starts Thursday, July 8. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through Sunday, July 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—There are permanent exhibitions throughout the museum. The Hall of the Sun, in the Planetarium, includes an eight-foot model of the sun and films of the sun made both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 4:45; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F. B. Morse, and others. Through July 18. . . . ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and its trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

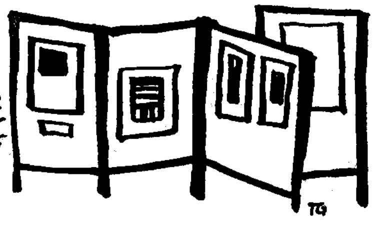
Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of recently acquired paintings, works on paper, graphics, and photographs by more than twenty-five artists, among them Romare Bearden, Vincent Smith, Edward Clark, Michael Kendall, and Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe. Through July 23. (Open daily except Saturdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—The opening of the museum's new six-story building is marked by no less than three exhibitions: A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A show of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Summermusic at the Y—Final performances in a series of chamber-music programs. The participants include Jaime Laredo, Dong-Suk Kang, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes, Walter Trampler, and Michael Tree, viola; Joel Krosnick and Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; Marya Martin and Carol Wincenc, flute; Anthony Newman, harpsichord; and Yefim Bronfman, Claude Frank, and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. Wednesday, July 7, at 8: An all-baroque program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8: A Schubert-Beethoven-Dvořák program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Both programs will close with a work by an American composer to be announced.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 28. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 12, and Wednesday, July 14: James Galway conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as flute soloist. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 13: The Cleveland Quartet, with Mr. Galway. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15: Mr. Galway, the Cleveland Quartet, and Philip Moll, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Dylana Jenson, violin. (No pre-concert recitals.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)



Dutch Musicians at Marymount Manhattan Theatre—Wednesday, July 7, at 8: Vera Beths, violin, and Reinbert de Leeuw, piano, in an all-American program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8: Marjanne Kweksilber, soprano, and Mr. de Leeuw in an all-Satie program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8: The Misses Beths and Kweksilber, and Mr. de Leeuw in a program of music by Liszt and Stravinsky, as well as the New York première of Peter Schat's "Canto General." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing two performances of a program of music by Juan Hidalgo, Jean-Baptiste Lully, and Henry Purcell. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 11, at 2:30, and at St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave., the same day at 8. For information about tickets to either concert, call 864-6765.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 8, at 8:30: Alfred Brendel, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a Sessions-Beethoven program, with Roberta Alexander, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; James McCracken, tenor; Victor von Halam, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Otmar Suitner conducting a Brahms-Mozart-Wagner program, with Mr. Brendel. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Stravinsky program, with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: The Vermeer Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 7: Rafael Druian, violin, and Malcolm Frager, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Susanne Mentzer, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 8, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Vivaldi-Britten-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program of music by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Brahms, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Alan Cox, flute; and Naoko Tanaka and Mayuki Fukuhara, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Brahms-Roussel-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Rudolph Jansen, piano; Naoko Tanaka, violin; and Louise Schulman, viola. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Italian music of the late Renaissance. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturdays buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 24. Wednesday, July 7, at 8:15: "Serenade," "The Magic Flute," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 2: "Square Dance," "The Magic Flute," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:15: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Andantino," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:15:

"The Magic Flute" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 2: "Serenade," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Andantino," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:15: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by Chuck Mangione on Sunday, July 11, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 13, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Gershwin Concerto," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 14, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Creation of the World," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Donizetti Variations," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 8:15: "Creation of the World," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Gershwin Concerto," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Creation of the World," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:15: "Gershwin Concerto," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE '82—Opening performances of a four-week festival of theatre, dance, and music that will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 8. *Un soupçon:* **FRIDAY, JULY 9, AT 8:** The Melbourne Theatre Company production of "Einstein," by Ron Elisha. . . . **AT 8:30:** Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 10, AT 3:** Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. . . . **AT 6:** Benjamin Britten's opera "Noah's Flood," with John Cunningham, June Gable, and Cleavon Little. No tickets necessary. . . . **AT 8:** "Einstein." . . . **AT 8:30:** Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. . . . **AT 10:30:** Herbie Mann & His Family of Mann, with Larry Coryell. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 11, AT 3:** Israel's Habimah National Theatre presentation of "The Journey," a one-woman play by Bat-Sheva based on Maria Foldes' autobiographical novel of the same title. . . . **AT 7:30:** "Einstein." . . . **AT 8:** Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. . . . **WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 14-15, AT 8:** The Habimah National Theatre production of Euripides' "Medea." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 16, AT 8:30:** Bonjin Atsugi, Miyako Kato, and Waka, a dance trio from Japan. . . . **AT 9 AND 10:** Teddy Wilson. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 17, AT 3 AND 8:30:** Bonjin Atsugi, Miyako Kato, and Waka. . . . **AT 6:** Anthony Newman, keyboard, with trumpeters Edward Carroll and Lee Soper. . . . **AT 8:** "Medea." . . . **AT 8:30:** Dai Rakuda Kan, a Tokyo-based dance-theatre troupe. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The Widespread Jazz Orchestra. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 18, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "Medea." . . . **AT 8:** Bonjin Atsugi, Miyako Kato, and Waka. . . . **AT 8:30 AND 10:** The Big Cheat. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 10: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, July 13-15: Three contemporary dance companies from Japan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17: Members of the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, the Ballet Rambert, the Martha Graham Dance Company, and the Royal Ballet. (Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JAZZ CONCERTS:** Sunday, July 11, at 3: Sonny Rollins. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 3: The Gary Burton quartet. Lee, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday and Thursday, July 7-8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, July 9, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 10, at 7:35; and Sunday, July 11, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Thursday through Saturday, July 15-17, at 8.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Juvenile, Wednesday, July 7; the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 10; the Garden City Handicap, Sunday, July 11; and the Astoria, Monday, July 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, July 17 (for this day only, post time will be 5:30).

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Montreal. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 14, at 7. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesday through Friday, July 7-9, at 1:30; Saturday, July 10, at 1:30 and 8; and Monday through Saturday, July 12-17, at 8. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 17.)

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)—Thursday, July 15, at 2, and Friday, July 16, at 10:15 and 2: Silver. Exhibition starts Friday, July 9.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **DON JUAN.** A beautiful and enthralling production of Molière's play, as subjected to the idiosyncratic style and wit and invention of its director, Richard Foreman. John Seitz's sinister, powerful Don has more than a touch of Richard III and is the embodiment of evil; Roy Brocksmith is a Sganarelle of comic desperation; and, among the supporting players, Clarence Felder, Pamela Payton-Wright, Frank Maraden, and Christopher McCann are very good indeed. The handsome scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Mr. Foreman, Patricia Zipprodt, and Spencer Mosse, respectively. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, July 24. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 8, at 8, Ernie Sykes band. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . **JAZZ:** Friday, July 9, Dakota Staton. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, Randy Weston. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 16-17, Valerie Capers. (Evenings at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale. (Saturday, July 10, at 8, an all-Gershwin program; and Saturday, July 17, at 8, a program entitled "Best of Broadway.")

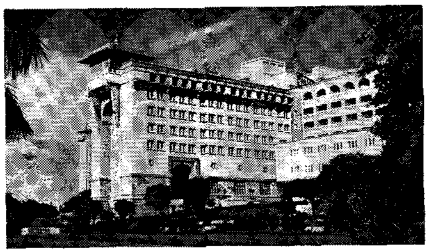
CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the last two in a series of three Verdi opera productions. Thursday, July 8, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Anita Aronoff, soprano; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and Vahan Khanzadian, tenor. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: "Aida," with Janet Sessna, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; and Edward Perretti, tenor.

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, July 7: Pat Metheny Group. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: Jean-Luc Ponty, the Jeff Lorber Fusion, and Larry Coryell. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: Haircut One Hundred and Polyrock. . . . ¶ Monday, July 12: Bonnie Raitt. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 14: Gang of Four. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16: A tribute to Harry Chapin, with Tom Chapin, Steve Chapin, the Strangers, Pete Seeger, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17: Miles Davis. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **GREASE,** with Mark Martino and Laurie Stevenson, will be the first of two productions to be presented this summer. Opens Tuesday, July 13, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 1. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"Madison Square and Gramercy Park," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 11, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 1:30. For information, call 534-1672.

INDIA.
COME FOR THE SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.



Modern, luxurious hotels.

India has many cuisines.

The last of the Bengal tigers.

"I am the essence of the waters, the shining of the sun and the moon."
Bhagavad-Gita

India will open your mind.

India, with its temples and mosques and monasteries and churches, is where all religions meet.

It's where art and architecture date back thousands of years. And birds and tigers rest in wildlife sanctuaries.

India is surrounded by ocean.

And bordered by the world's highest mountains.

In India you can practice yoga. Or ski. Or shop in our colorful bazaars.

It is a land of varied and beautiful experiences. See your travel agent.

UNBELIEVABLE INDIA

NYR-7-12
Please send me information on Unbelievable India.

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10112 (212) 586-4901
3550 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA. 90010 (213) 380-8855
523 37TH AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CA. (415) 386-8284
230 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, IL. 60601 (312) 236-6899
POST BOX 342 T.D. CENTRE, TORONTO, CANADA (416) 362-3188
MIAMI, FLA. (305) 944-7039; DALLAS, TEXAS (214) 234-2233

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 11: "Love and Faith of Ogin" (1978; directed by Kei Kumai; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura and Toshiro Mifune.
From July 13: "Space Firebird 2772" (1980; Osamu Tezuka and Taku Sugiyama; in Japanese).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 8: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward; and "Jaws" (†).
From July 9: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Bambi" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Blade Runner" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Rocky III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Blade Runner" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 15: To be announced.
From July 16: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean *and Sean Young.*

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Dr. Strangelove" (†).
Theatre 2: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (Claude Lelouch; in French and English), with James Caan and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through July 13: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From July 14: "The Witness" (1967; Péter Bacsó; in Hungarian), with Ferenc Kallai.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 8: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
From July 9: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

ALL THIS WEEK

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Poltergeist" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 13: "The Swiss in the Spanish Civil War" (1974; directed by Richard Dindo; in Swiss dialect), a documentary. From July 14: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.
Theatre 2: July 7: "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie; and "Cutter's Way" (1981; Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Lisa Eichhorn. July 8-10: "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair. July 11-12: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable. July 13-14: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (†) and "The Music Lovers" (†). July 15-17: "Women in Love" (†); and "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Smash Palace" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura. *From July 9:* "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), *with Edward Woodward.*
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: Through July 8: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe. From July 9 (tentative): "Diner" (†).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Tuesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon; closed Mondays. Reserved seats.)
"The Dybbuk" (Szymon Szurmiej; in Yiddish), performed by the E. R. Kaminska Jewish State Theatre of Poland.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Bambi" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: July 7: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†). July 8-10: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Manhattan" (†). July 11-12: "Manhattan" (†) and "Interiors" (†). July 13-14: "Sleeper" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). July 15: "Manhattan" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). From July 16: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May. From July 16: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.
Theatre 2: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 8: "Bambi" (†). From July 9: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 9: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 8: "Poltergeist" (†). From July 9: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 8: "Rocky III" (†). From July 9: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe; and "Airplane!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blade Runner" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 15: "Chariots of Fire" (†); and "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From July 16: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 8: "Victor/Victoria"

(†); and "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. July 9-15: "Quest for Fire" (†); and "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton. From July 16: "From Russia with Love" (†) and "Dr. No" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Theatre 4: Through July 8: "The Thing." From July 9: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward; and "Airplane!" (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "Blade Runner" (†).

Theatre 2: "Author! Author!" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

Theatre 3: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 4: "Clash of the Titans" (1981; Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin.

Theatre 5: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Theatre 6: "Porky's."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Apocalypse Now" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Sisters" (†).

Theatre 4: "Humongous" (Paul Lynch), with Janet Julian and David Wallace; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill and Stephen Lack.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Annie" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 8: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams. From July 9: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Theatre 2: "The Thing."

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Theatre 2: "Megaforce" (Hal Needham), with Barry Bostwick.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 13: "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975; directed by Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro.

From July 14: "Melvin and Howard" (1980; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Jason Robards, and Mary Steenburgen.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

July 7: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna.

July 8: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, Jessica Harper, and Gerrit Graham; and "Blow Out" (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta and Nancy Allen.

July 9-10: "Pink Flamingos' (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

July 11-12: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen; and "Luna" (1979; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry.

July 13: "Zatoichi in Desperation" (1973; Shintaro Katsu; in Japanese), with Katsu; and "Sword of Vengeance #6: White Heaven in Hell" (1974; Yoshiyuki Kuroda; in Japanese).

July 14: "Apocalypse Now" (†).

July 15: "Daughters of Darkness" (1971; Harry Kümel), with Delphine Seyrig and John Karen; and "Start the Revolution Without Me" (†).

July 16: "Alligator" (1981; Lewis Teague), with Robert Forster and Robin Riker; and "Escape from New York" (1981; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef.

July 17: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Duck, You Sucker" (1972; Sergio Leone), with Rod Steiger and James Coburn.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through July 8: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Auran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.

July 9: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery.

July 10: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "What Price Hollywood" (1932; George Cukor), with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton, and Gregory Ratoff.

July 11: "Topaze" (†); "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Bachelor Mother" (†).

July 12: "King Kong" (1932; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack), with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (†); and "None but the Lonely Heart" (†).

July 13: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; "They Live by Night" (1948; Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell; and "Toast of New York" (1937; Rowland V. Lee), with Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer.

July 14: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; "The Curse of the Cat People" (†); "Mademoiselle Fifi" (1945; Robert Wise), with Simone Simon and John Emery; and "Youth Runs Wild" (1944; Mark Robson), with Bonita Granville and Kent Smith.

July 15: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" (†); "Fort Apache" (†); and "The Painted Desert" (Howard Hibbin), with Clark Gable, Bill Boyd, and Helen Twelvetrees.

July 16-17: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 8: "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan..

July 9-10: "On the Beach" (1959; Stanley Kramer), with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins, and Fred Astaire; and "Fail Safe" (1964; Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy, Walter Matthau, and Frank Overton.

July 11-13: "Personal Best" (1982; Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore; and "Bilitis" (1977; David Hamilton), with Patti D'Arbanville.

July 14-15: "The Haunting" (1963; Robert Wise), with Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, and Russ Tamblyn; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.

July 16-17: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, and John Cleese.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 10: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

July 11-13: "What's New Pussycat?" (1965; Clive Donner), with Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Romy Schneider, and Paula Prentiss; and "Casino Royale" (1967), with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen.

July 14-17: Two Buster Crabbe films—"Buck Rogers" and "Flash Gordon."

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 10: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981; Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, and Christopher Walken; and "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable.

July 11-13: "West Side Story" (†); and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

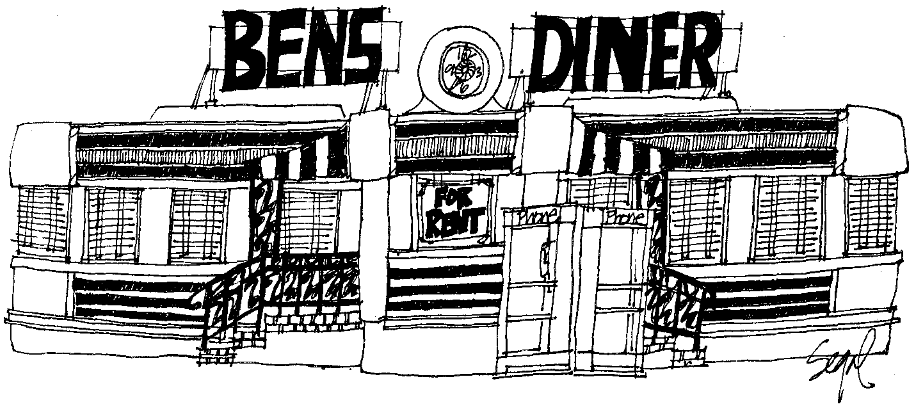
July 14-17: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton, Jenny Agutter, and Griffin Dunne; and "Halloween II" (1981; Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 7: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

July 8-10: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.

July 11-12: "Portrait of Jennie" (†); and "Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst



Lubitsch), with Gene Tierney and Don Ameche.

July 13-14: " 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" (†); and "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter.

July 15-17: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (1970; Vincente Minnelli), with Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand; and "Brigadoon" (1954; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd Charisse.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 7: "The Wedding Party" (1966; Wilford Leach, Cynthia Munroe, and Brian De Palma), with Jill Clayburgh and Charles Pfluger; "Hi, Mom!" (1970; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro; and "Dementia #13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell, Luana Anders, and Mary Mitchel.

July 8: "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), a performance, recorded at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972), compiled from newsreel footage and filmed stage appearances.

July 9-10: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Zulu Dawn" (1979; Douglas Hickox), with Peter O'Toole, Burt Lancaster, John Mills, and Denholm Elliott.

July 11: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974; Ted Kotcheff), with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman.

July 12: "On the Waterfront" (†); and "The Chase" (1966; Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, and E. G. Marshall.

July 13: A program of cartoons.

July 14: "The Pajama Game" (1957; George Abbott and Stanley Donen), with Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy; and "Damn Yankees" (1958; Stanley Donen), with Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Tab Hunter.

July 15: "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ." (1971; Mervyn Nelson); and "Nighthawks" (1979; Ron Peck and Paul Hallam), with Ken Robertson.

July 16-17: "To an Unknown God" (1977; Jaime Chavarri; in Spanish), with Hector Arterio; and "Cría!" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 7: "Kitty Foyle" (1940; Sam Wood), with Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, James Craig, and Gladys Cooper; and "Roxie Hart" (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, Iris Adrian, and Lynne Overman.

July 8: "Wee Willie Winkie" (1937; John Ford), with Shirley Temple; and "Jungle Book" (1942; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke.

July 9-10: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

July 11: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

July 12: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (†).

July 13: "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), with Mae West and Cary Grant; and "She Done Him Wrong" (†).

July 14: "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

July 15: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†) and "Born to Dance" (†).

July 16-17: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (†).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 9.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (5/31/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; through July 10.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 14.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers was an astonishingly straightforward, good-natured comedienne. She played dozens of variations on Cinderella, and looked surprised each time she caught the prince. This time he's David Niven, the heir to the department store founded by his old-codger father (Charles Coburn). Ginger, who works at the toy counter, happens to find an infant who has been deserted; her employers, taking her for an unmarried mother, are indignant at her assertions that the baby isn't hers, and to keep her job she has to keep the baby. Contrived by Norman Krasna (from Felix Jackson's story) and directed by Garson Kanin, this is a rollicking, warm, obvious comedy; it's heavy-handed yet ingenious and enjoyable, partly because of good punch lines and realistic gags, such as Ginger and her boyfriend, Frank Albertson, being disgusted when they win the first-prize loving cup in a dance contest, because the second prize is cash. With June Wilkins as Niven's pill of a girlfriend, Ernest Truex as a social worker, and E. C. Clive. (Remade in 1956, under the title "Bundle of Joy.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Gramercy, Guild, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 8.)

Blade Runner—With Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer, directed by Ridley Scott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres.)

Born to Dance (1936)—The plot of this big, unimaginative M-G-M musical is a halfhearted reprise of "42nd Street" and "On with the Show;" this time Eleanor Powell is the understudy who replaces the star (Virginia Bruce). The scriptwriters, Jack McGowan, Sid Silvers, and B. G. De Sylva, didn't even try for plausibility: they had a dancer stepping in for a singer. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by Roy Del Ruth, this movie was designed to show off Eleanor Powell, who had just scored a success in "Broadway Melody of 1936;" the chief woman tapper of the period, she had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. Here she falls for a sailor on leave (James Stewart), and in the finale she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swingin' the Jinx Away." By the time she finishes, you're overpowered and feel you should cheer. Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around. Also Frances Langford, Una Merkel, Reginald Gardiner, Raymond Walburn, and Sid Silvers himself. The score that Cole Porter composed specially for the film includes the great "I've Got You Under My Skin," as well as "Easy to Love;" the other songs were instantly forgettable. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 15.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Astaire and Murphy are both hoping to get the Broadway role opposite the dancing star, Powell; by mistake, the producers hire Murphy, but Astaire gets to play it, after all. This is a big, lavish M-G-M musical, with a Cole Porter score and lots of spectacular dancing; what's missing is romance, sensuousness, magic. The indefatigable, intensely dull Eleanor Powell is better on her own than when she has a partner and is still on her own. With Astaire nearby, you're terribly aware of what long arms she has and what a jolly, good-natured, big, all-American girl she is. (Her costumes always suggest uniforms.) Their dancing together does have vitality and verve, and at times it's good, carefree hoofing, but it seems healthy and impersonal. Even in the finale, when they dance to "Begin the Beguine"—the only song that Porter didn't write specially for the film—it isn't memorable. The new songs include "I Concentrate on You," sung by Douglas McPhail, and "I've Got My Eyes on You," and a real bummer that Astaire and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Murphy team up for—it's called "Please Don't Monkey with Broadway." With Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, Florence Rice, Lynne Carver, Herman Bing, Jack Mulhall, Joe Yule, and Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) as a receptionist. Directed by Norman Taurog; script by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer, from a story by Dore Schary and Jack McGowan. The choreography is by Astaire and Bobby Connolly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 15.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Olympia Quad; through July 15.)

CRÍA! (1977)—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a grave nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, of her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), of her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grown-ups do when alone together. In Spanish. (Thalia; July 16-17.)

THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE (1944)—Val Lewton produced this sequel to his famous low-budget thriller, the hard-to-forget "Cat People," in which Simone Simon tried to convince her husband (Kent Smith) that she would turn into a panther if he tried to consummate the marriage. He sent her to a psychiatrist who attempted to make love to her and was mauled to death, after fatally wounding her. In the misbegotten sequel, Kent Smith, who has remarried, fears that his small daughter, Amy (Ann Carter), is under the influence of his first wife, and by his repressiveness he drives the lonely, imaginative child to invent a friend, who is indeed the first wife (played once again by Simone Simon). The film is a true oddity, since Lewton perversely refused to give the studio the feline shocker it wanted, and instead tried to make a poetic film about a lonely child's need for an imaginary friend. The film is a clumsy mixture of unrealized ideas, gothic effects, and stiff, dull acting, but it has some unusual qualities; David Riesman devotes several pages to it in "The Lonely Crowd." Directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

DINER—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Festival. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 9, tentative.)

DIVA—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

DR. NO (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Olympia Quad; starting July 16.)

DR. STRANGELOVE (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Baronet.)

DRESSED TO KILL (1980)—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson, as a beautiful, aging golden blonde, shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected; she's married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty, investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (8/4/80) (Embassy.)

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Lincoln Plaza; July 13-15.)

FORT APACHE (1948)—Henry Fonda, as an imperious, wrongheaded lieutenant colonel whose men are massacred because they obey him; the John Ford film, set after the Civil War, never suggests that they should disobey him—though he's practically a certifiable maniac. This is one of Ford's beautiful but irritating epic Westerns. The fights and dances and other big scenes are triumphs of staging, but the coy love interest (Shirley Temple and John Agar) and the Irish horseplay are infantile. And the whole picture is bathed in a special form of patriotic sentimentality: scenes are held so that we cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the American past. With John Wayne, Ward Bond, Anna Lee, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, and George O'Brien. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (1964)—The second in

Our World Is Your Garden

Horticulture is a magazine about plants: how to find them, grow them, use them, and enjoy them. It deals with practically every aspect of gardening from tropicals to vegetables, soil improvement to garden design. More important, each topic is covered thoroughly and accurately, with illustrations that are both informative and handsome. The writing is lively and intelligent, providing advice without preaching. It is, in short, a magazine not only for gardeners who like to read, but also for readers who like to garden.

A subscription to *Horticulture, The Magazine of American Gardening,* costs $18 for 12 monthly issues, $30 for 24 issues. That's a modest enough sum to purchase the best in garden writing. Please use this coupon for your convenience, and ours.

Horticulture
The Magazine of American Gardening
3300 Walnut St., Boulder, CO 80323

☐ Start my subscription
☐ Gift Attach friend's address.

☐ 1 year — $18 ☐ 2 years — $30
Add $6 per year for each non-U.S. subscription.

Name
Address
City State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed Charge my:
☐ Please bill me ☐ MC ☐ VISA
☐ AmEx

Account # Exp. Date

Signature 5NY30

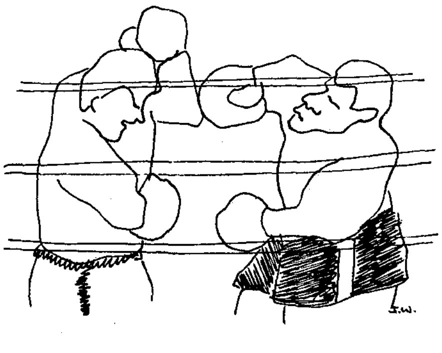
the James Bond series—exciting, handsomely staged, and campy—with Sean Connery pitted against a blond Robert Shaw and Lotte Lenya with a dagger in her shoe. Directed by Terence Young. (Olympia Quad; starting July 16.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Olympia Quad; starting July 16.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Playing Quasimodo (Lon Chaney's old role), Charles Laughton seems determined to outdo Chaney's horrifying makeup. With only one eye and a hump so big his head seems to be in the middle of his chest, his Quasimodo is so distorted and misshapen that little of the human being, much less of the actor, survives. It's an appallingly masochistic performance. The adaptation by Sonya Levien and Bruno Frank of the Victor Hugo novel seems rather perfunctory, but the film, directed by William Dieterle, is an elaborate, well-photographed mixture of historical spectacle and Grand Guignol. Maureen O'Hara is a ravishing Esmeralda, and the cast includes Edmond O'Brien (in his film début), Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, George Zucco, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Minna Gombell, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, and Harry Davenport as Louis XI. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

Interiors (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a super-banal metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. People who watch this movie may wonder how Woody Allen can present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies. And maybe they'll wish it were all a put-on. With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Lincoln Plaza; July 11-12.)

Jaws (1975)—It may be the most cheerfully perverse scare movie ever made. Even while you're convulsed with laughter you're still apprehensive, because the editing rhythms are very tricky, and the shock images loom up huge, right on top of you. The film belongs to the pulpiest sci-fi monster-movie tradition, yet it stands some of the old conventions on their head. When the three protagonists are trying to find the shark that has been devouring people, you feel that Robert Shaw, the malevolent old shark hunter, is so manly that he wants to get them all killed. When Shaw begins showing off his wounds, the bookish ichthyologist, Richard Dreyfuss, strings along with him at first, but when the ichthyologist is outclassed in the number of scars he can exhibit he opens his shirt, looks down at his hairy chest, and with a put-on-artist's grin says, "You see that? Right there? That was Mary Ellen Moffit—she broke my heart." The director, Steven Spielberg, sets up bare-chested heroism as a joke and scores off it all through the movie. The third protagonist, acted by Roy Scheider, is a former New York City policeman who has found haven as chief of police in the island community that is losing its swimmers; he doesn't know one end of a boat from the other. But the fool on board is the obsessively masculine fisherman. The high point of the film's humor is in our seeing Shaw get it. This primal-terror comedy quickly became one of the top-grossing films of all time. With Lorraine Gary; Murray Hamilton; Carl Gottlieb—who co-wrote the (uneven) script with Peter Benchley—as Meadows; and Benchley, whose best-seller novel the script was based on, as an interviewer. Cinematography by Bill Butler; editing by Verna Fields; music by John Williams. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 8.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan as an actor, Jany Holt as a prostitute with aspirations toward love with sentiment, and Junie Astor, Suzy Prim, and Vladimir Sokoloff. This movie has one of those emblematic moments that people talk about for years afterward: Jouvet, having lost everything, comes away from the gaming tables and can't light his cigarette. This scene was for the thirties what Belmondo rubbing his lips in "Breathless" was for the sixties. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 8-12 and July 15.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. This time, Tchaikovsky (Richard Chamberlain) is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. For much of the movie, the characters slide in and out of fantasies that seem not so much theirs as Russell's. Whose fantasy are we in when Glenda Jackson, as Nina, Tchaikovsky's wife, writhes in torment in a blue-green madhouse and, in one sequence, is seen deliberately lying across a grating, spread-eagled, while the madmen locked below reach up under her skirt? It's unlikely to be Tchaikovsky's fantasy, because his wife (whom he lived with for only a few weeks) wasn't confined in a bedlam until three years after his death. The central plot mechanism—Tchaikovsky's patroness throws him out when he is revealed to be homosexual, and so he is forced to become a conductor to support himself—is a concoction. When the facts were falsified in the old Hollywood bios, it was to soften and simplify, to please the audience. Russell makes everything frenzied and violent and sadistic, as a form of stimulus for the audience, and possibly even more for himself. Everything is caught in flagrante delicto. The film is homoerotic in style, and yet in dramatic content it's bizarrely anti-homosexual. There are a few really good moments, such as Glenda Jackson's self-conscious grin when she first goes to meet Tchaikovsky, and this part of the film has some suspense; later, her role comes dangerously close to self-caricature. With Max Adrian, Christopher Gable, and Kenneth Colley. The screenplay is credited to Melvyn Bragg, based on the book "Beloved Friend," by Catherine Drinker Bowen; cinematography by Douglas Slocombe. (Film Forum; July 13-14.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—In this entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy about the Depression, Carole Lombard is a rich, gorgeous nit who goes to the city dump to find a "forgotten man." The man she finds—a suave, bitter victim of the economic collapse—is played by William Powell. When she tells him she needs to take him back to her party in order to win a scavenger hunt, he asks what that is, and, sighing, she says, "A scavenger hunt is just like a treasure hunt, except in a treasure hunt you find something you want, and in a scavenger hunt you find things you don't want, and the one who wins gets a prize, only there really isn't any prize, it's just the honor of winning, because all the money goes to charity, if there's any money left over, but then there never is." There is a delirious, breathless plaintiveness in Lombard at a moment like this—recognition dawning in her. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's likable and well paced even at its silliest. Lombard shrieks happily, and Powell modulates impeccably. With Mischa Auer, doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Directed by Gregory La Cava, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. Like several of the Astaire-Rogers musicals, this film has a sleek and silvery Art Deco look; the black-and-white cinematography is by Ted Tetzlaff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 16-17.)

None but the Lonely Heart (1944)—Taken from Richard Llewellyn's novel; directed by Clifford Odets. The chap here is a tragic hero on the borderline between London's gentility and London's low life. He is gifted with perfect pitch and a floundering wish for poetic self-expression. The cast includes Cary Grant, taking himself rather sombrely, Barry Fitzgerald (Irish, you may remember), and Ethel Barrymore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—The director, Elia

Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Some of Brando's scenes, such as his having a beer with Eva Marie Saint and his conversation with Rod Steiger in a car, have real vibration. (The latter one has been imitated to the point of notoriety.) The attempt at dynamic Christian symbolism and Karl Malden's big scenes as a conscientious priest are far below the imaginative level of the simpler, more realistic scenes, and Kazan hypes up the hollowest parts of the melodrama, achieving some effects of shrieking emptiness. (In order to have a triumphant, audience-pleasing finish, what actually happened in the dock situation that the film was based on has been falsified: the model for Terry Malloy did not succeed in toppling the crooked bosses.) It's a near-great film, though. Score by Leonard Bernstein; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; based on articles by Malcolm Johnson. With Lee J. Cobb as an avaricious union boss, and Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, Nehemiah Persoff, Clifton James, and Michael V. Gazzo. (Thalia; July 12.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 8.)

Portrait of Jennie (1949)—At the start, a glorious con of a preface, designed to soften the audience for the fantasy to come, states, "Since the beginning, Man has looked into the awesome reaches of infinity. . . . Out of the shadows of knowledge, and out of a painting that hung on a museum wall comes our story, the truth of which lies not on our screen but in your heart." What follows is a story about a painter (Joseph Cotten) who spends his life in love with the spirit of a dead girl (Jennifer Jones). David O. Selznick's de-luxe exercise in mystical romanticism was taken from a Robert Nathan novel. William Dieterle directed, but Selznick poured on the gloppy grandeur—a Dimitri Tiomkin score based on themes from Debussy, an impressively large-scale skating scene, a hyperdramatic hurricane sequence—and though the story may not make much sense, the pyrotechnics, joined to the dumbfounding silliness, keep one watching. Cinematography by Joseph August, with Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne, Florence Bates, Henry Hull, and Felix Bressart. (Regency; July 11-12.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism; he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created"' the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Olympia Quad; July 9-15.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Loews State; through July 8.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (34th St. East, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 8.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. Written by the star, from her play "Diamond Lil," with some help on the script by Harry Thew and John Bright; directed by Lowell Sherman. With Rafaela Ottiano as the woman who gets herself killed, and Gilbert Roland, Owen Moore, Rochelle Hudson, Dewey Robinson, Noah Beery, and David Landau. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 13.)

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and it has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Custer, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party;" screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

Sisters (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV game-show parody at the beginning) and De Palma does some virtuoso stunts, though not in the dream-slapstick style of his later thrillers, "Carrie" (1976) and "The Fury" (1978). This is a much more primitive scare picture. He lurches his way through; he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though (there are some demented knife-slashings), and audiences seemed to be happily freaked by Bernard Hermann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision, and Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter. Also with Charles Durning, Lisle Wilson, Mary Davenport, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Embassy.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Lincoln Plaza; July 13-14.)

Smash Palace—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing their daughter Georgie, he goes a little crazy The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley (5/31/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Stardust Memories (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Lincoln Plaza; July 7.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The theme of this endlessly inventive movie is death and rebirth, with the prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner), who has become stiff from sitting at his administrative post, taking a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and waking up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. The pieces of the story fit together so beautifully that eventually the director has you wrapped up in the foolishness. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get to you. (6/28/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. With Billie Whitelaw, Jack McGowran, and Victor Spinetti. Directed by Bud Yorkin. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 15.)

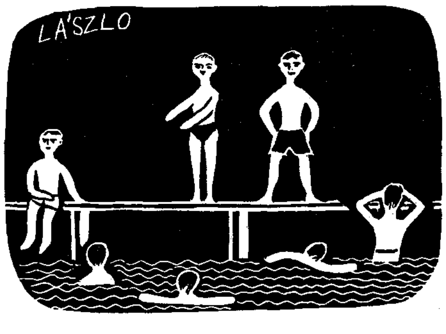
Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated English movie about three Londoners and the breakup of two love affairs, from a delicate, pungent screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt, and it may be his finest work. It's an unusual film—perhaps a classic. A homosexual doctor in his forties, played by Peter Finch, and an employment counsellor in her thirties, played by Glenda Jackson, are both in love with a boyish, successful kinetic sculptor, played by Murray Head, who casually divides his time and affections between them. He has no special sexual preferences and doesn't understand what upsets the two older people about sharing him, since he loves them both. The film is a curious sort of plea on behalf of human frailty—it asks for sympathy for the nonheroes of life who make the best deal they can. People can receive solace from it—it's the most sophisticated weeper ever made. There is perhaps a little too *much* sensibility; compassion is featured. "People can manage on very little," the doctor says to relatives of an incapacitated patient. "Too late to start again," a sad, heavy-lidded woman who looks like Virginia Woolf says of her miserable marriage. Schlesinger has a gift for pacing and the energy to bring all the elements of a movie together, but he uses his technique so that it's just about impossible for you to have any reaction that he hasn't decreed you should. The film is full of planted insights; you can practically count the watts in the illuminations. With Peggy Ashcroft, Vivian Pickles, Tony Britton, and Maurice Denham. Cinematography by Billy Williams. (Film Forum; July 13-14.)

Topaze (1933)—John Barrymore is completely charming as the shabby, unworldly science teacher who is bounced from his academic environment and lands in the business world of delightful depravity; handed his first Martini, he gulps the olive with the liquid. The film was made in the period when teachers were considered virtuous recluses and the academic world was called the ivory tower. At the time—which really wasn't so long ago—the attitudes in this gentle comedy were thought very modern and sly and cynical. Produced by David O. Selznick, it's an elegantly designed picture; it was directed by Harry d'Abbadie d'Arrast in his too leisurely, "Continental" style—everything is a little too slow. With Myrna Loy as the sophisticated woman who is attracted by the teacher's innocence. Adapted from Marcel Pagnol's play by Benn W. Levy and (though uncredited) Ben Hecht. There have been several other screen versions; Louis Jouvet, Fernandel, and Peter Sellers have all played the teacher. Music by Max Steiner. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

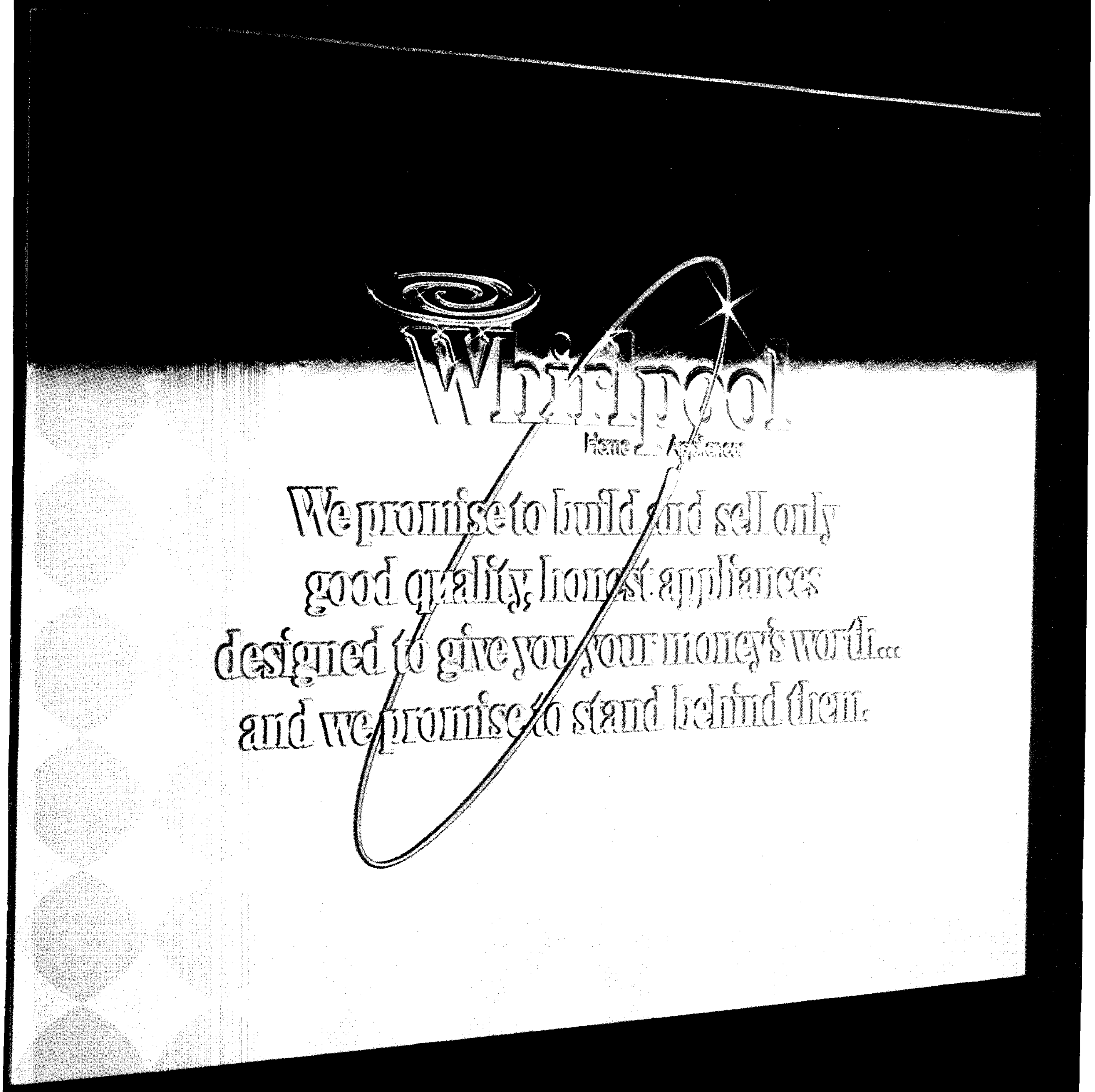
Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through July 8. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through July 13.)

West Side Story (1961)—This film begins with a blast of stereophonic music, and everything about it is supposed to stun you with its newness, its size. The impressive, widely admired opening shots of New York from the air overload the story with values and importance, technological and sociological. And the dance movements are so sudden and huge, so portentously "alive" they're always near the explosion point. Consider the feat: first you take Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and remove all that cumbersome poetry; then you make the Montagues and Capulets really important and modern by turning them into rival street gangs of native-born and Puerto Ricans. (You get rid of the parents, of course; America is a *young* country—and who wants to be bothered by the squabbles of older people?) There is the choreographer Jerome Robbins (who conceived the stage musical) to convert the street rumbles into modern ballet—though he turns out to be too painstaking for high-powered moviemaking and the co-director Robert Wise takes over. The writers include Ernest Lehman who did the script and Arthur Laurents who wrote the Broadway show, and, for the lyrics, Stephen Sondheim. The music is by Leonard Bernstein. The irony of this hyped-up, slam-bang production is that those involved apparently don't really believe that beauty and romance *can* be expressed in modern rhythms, because whenever their Romeo and Juliet enter the scene, the dialogue becomes painfully old-fashioned and mawkish, the dancing turns to simpering, sickly romantic ballet, and sugary old stars hover in the sky. When true love enters the film, Bernstein abandons Gershwin and begins to echo Richard Rodgers, Rudolf Friml, and Victor Herbert. There's even a heavenly choir. When Romeo-Tony meets his Juliet-Maria, everything becomes gauzy and dreamy and he murmurs, "Have we met before?" When Tony, floating on the clouds of romance, is asked, "What have you been taking tonight?" he answers, "A trip to the moon." Match *that* for lyric eloquence! (You'd have to go back to Odets.) With Natalie Wood as Maria, Richard Beymer as Tony, and Rita Moreno, George Chakiris, Russ Tamblyn, Eliot Feld, Gus Trikonis, Ned Glass, John Astin, Bill Bramley, and Simon Oakland. The sets are by Boris Leven and Victor A. Gangelin and the costumes are by Irene Sharaff. Natalie Wood's songs were dubbed by Marni Nixon, Richard Beymer's by Jim Bryant, and Rita Moreno's by Betty Wand. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 11-13.)



Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's movie could perhaps be described as a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive. Because Lawrence was one of the most purple of all great writers (perhaps *the* most, though rivalled by Conrad), Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he is providing an equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But though Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing, we can pass right through it in his "Women in Love," because he was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he was opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and his overheated virtuoso tableaux are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. Probably to see this particular movie before reading the book is desecration; the novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumbfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, it's mad to jeopardize one's vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. (The movie is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex.) With the bold, tense Glenda Jackson as Gudrun; Jennie Linden as her unimaginative sister Ursula; Alan Bates as Birkin; Oliver Reed, glum and bilious, as Gerald; and also Vladek Sheybal, Eleanor Bron, Alan Webb, Catherine Willmer, Richard Heffer, Christopher Gable, and Michael Gough. The adaptation is by Larry Kramer, who also produced; the cinematography is by Billy Williams; the score is by Georges Delerue; the set designer is Luciana Arrighi; the costume designer is Shirley Russell. (Film Forum; July 15-17.)

'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes (1963)—Not as cut-and-dried as most low-budget science-fiction thrillers; some novel ideas help to sustain interest in this one, though eventually it goes the tired old moralizing route, and scientific "transgression" results in doom. A solemnly serious Ray Milland is Dr. Xavier, the scientist whose experiments result in the X-ray vision that torments him; Don Rickles helps to redeem the stereotyped role of the greedy carny man who exploits poor Xavier. With John Hoyt, Diana Van Der Vlis, Harold J. Stone, and John Dierkes. Cinematography by Floyd Crosby; written by Robert Dillon and Ray Russell. Produced and directed by Roger Corman. (Regency; July 13-14.)



Whirlpool
Home Appliances

We promise to build and sell only
good quality, honest appliances
designed to give you your money's worth...
and we promise to stand behind them.

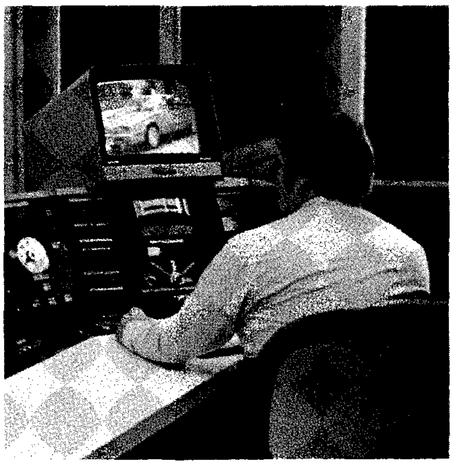
We still believe in promises.

EVAN-PICONE CLO
SATURDAY
THE FINEST SUEDE AND PURE SILK.
© 1982 Evan-Picone

THES
K.
NDA

WE'RE SHAPING OUR CARS FO
AND LESS FRICTIO

Overcoming the wind. It's absolutely critical to achieve good mileage.



At 55 mph, over half of a car's fuel is used just to overcome aerodynamic drag.

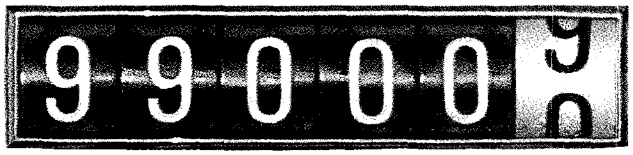
Aerodynamics.

At GM, we've put millions of dollars into aerodynamic research. That includes everything from modifying the overall shape of our cars to scrutinizing details like the angle of the outside mirrors.

GM is the only manufacturer in the U.S. with its own full-scale automotive wind tunnel—and it is the most advanced. It gives us an opportunity to build the most aerodynamic cars in the world.

Great gas mileage.

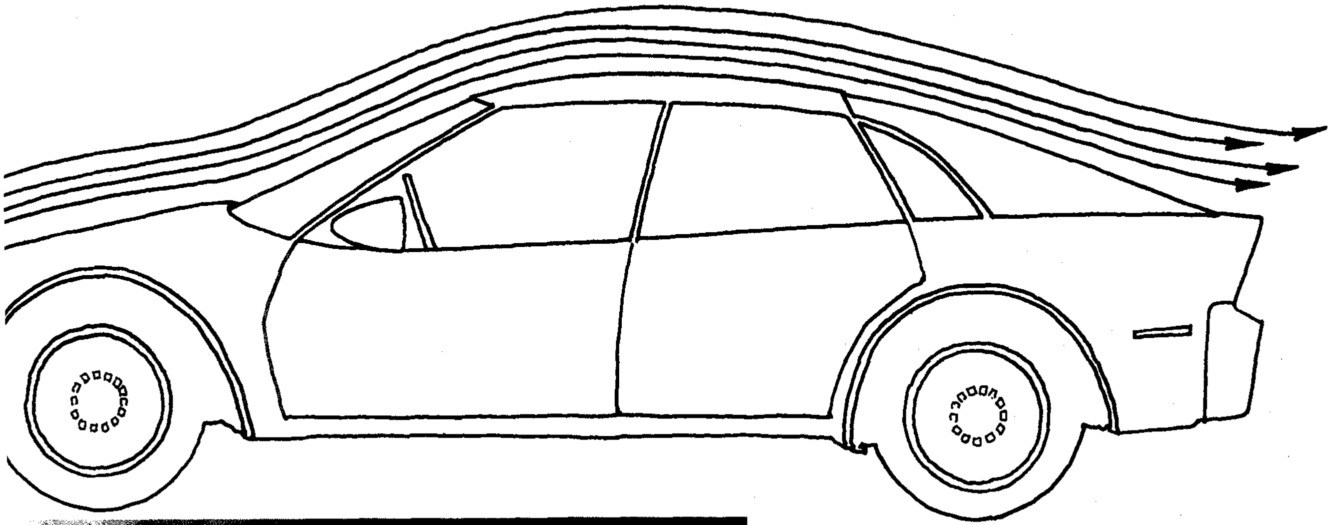
The aerodynamic efficiency of a five-passenger concept vehicle developed in our wind tunnel improved potential mileage by five miles per gallon.

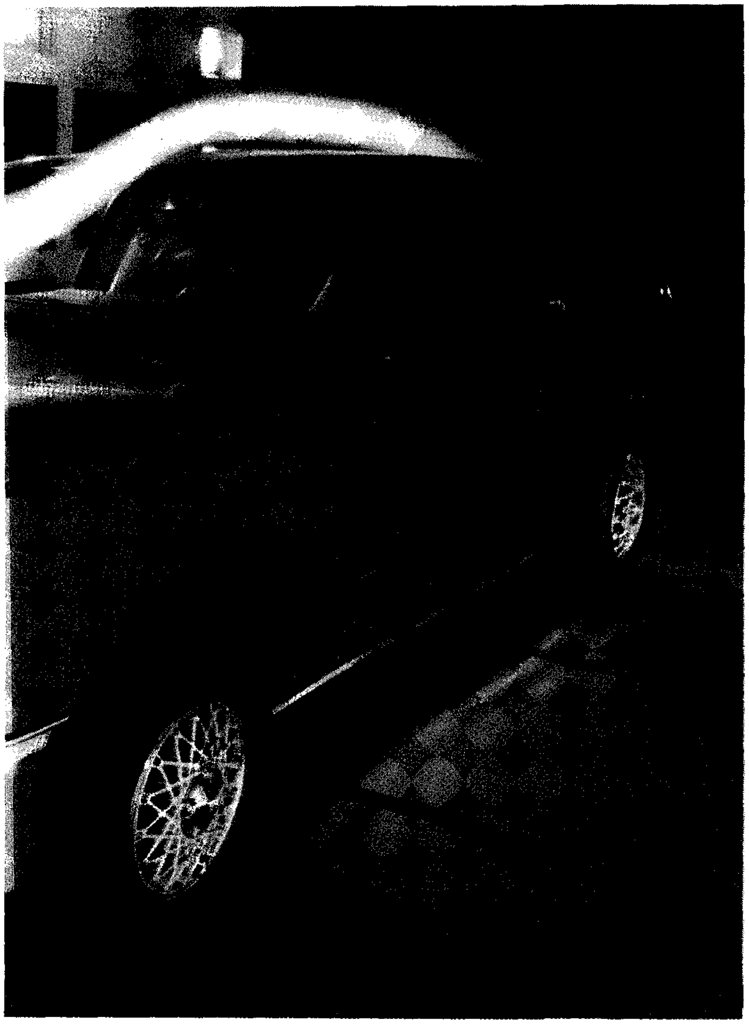


Our aerodynamic know-how, which is being applied to GM cars today, has contributed to the 100% mileage improvement our cars have achieved in the last eight years.

WE'RE THE

ESS DRAG ON YOUR WALLET,
T THE GAS PUMP.





Great looks.

Aerodynamically designed cars look terrific. Sleek, sophisticated and elegant.

Corners are rounded, surfaces are smooth, trim is minimized. Great mileage married to great appearance.

A new kind of excellence.

We believe that GM stands for something special in the eyes of the American public.

It stands for excellence.

And continuing excellence. So that now, next year, and the years after that, we need always to be:

the best GM ever.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet
Pontiac
Oldsmobile
Buick
Cadillac
GMC Truck

ST GM EVER

In Colonial Williamsburg, 18th-century life is so real you can taste it.

First you see how the food was served when you tour the Royal Governor's Palace here and talk with his personal staff. Then you can take your family to an 18th-century tavern and sample the foods that helped make this such an unforgettable era. In Colonial Williamsburg you don't just visit the 18th century, you live it. For reservations at the Williamsburg Inn, the Lodge or The Motor House, or for more vacation information, call toll-free 1-800-446-8956. In Virginia, call 1-800-582-8976.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

INTRODUCING his collected stories, John Cheever wrote:

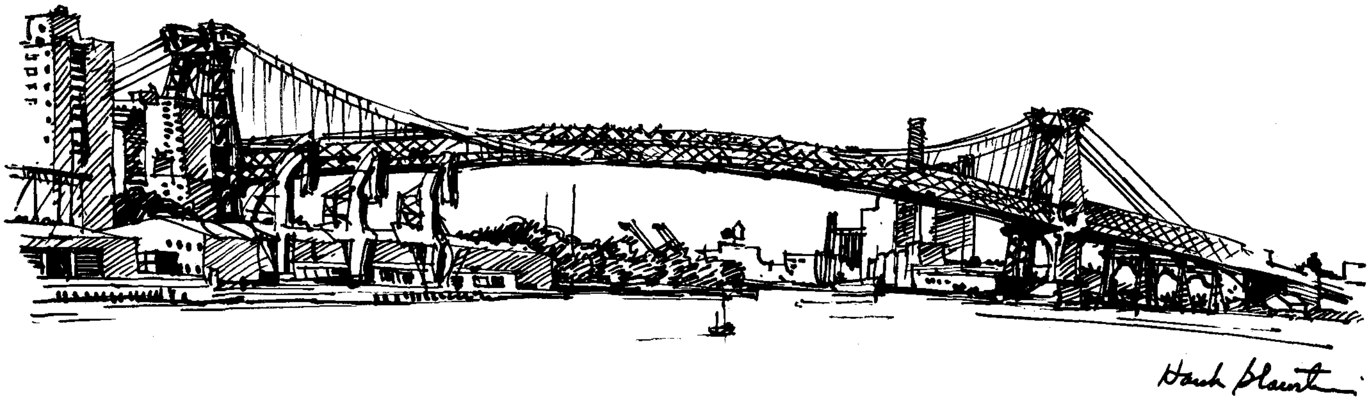
> My favorite stories are those that were written in less than a week and that were often composed aloud. I remember exclaiming: "My name is Johnny Hake!" This was in the hallway of a house in Nantucket that we had been able to rent cheaply because of the delayed probating of a will. Coming out of the maid's room in another rented house I shouted to my wife: "This is a night when kings in golden mail ride their elephants over the mountains!"

The gusto, the abrupt poetry, the clear consciousness of which room is the maid's room are all Cheeveresque. From somewhere—perhaps a strain of sea-yarning in his Yankee blood—he had got the authentic archaic storytelling temper, and one could not be with John Cheever for more than five minutes without seeing stories take shape: past embarrassments worked up with wonderful rapidity into hilarious fables, present surroundings made to pulse with sympathetic magic as he glanced around him and drawled a few startlingly concentrated words in that mannerly, rapid voice of his. He thought fast, saw everything in bright, true colors, and was the arena of a constant tussle between the bubbling joie de vivre of the healthy sensitive man and the deep melancholy peculiar to American Protestant males. He wrote, in "Bullet Park," of a hero pursued by a *cafard*—"the blues" would be a translation—and he kept a little ahead of his own by means of beautiful sprints of art. His face always looked reddened and polished, as if by a brisk wind, though his hair was perfectly combed and his necktie tightly knotted. His characters cry out for the old-fashioned virtues—"Valor! Love! Virtue! Compassion! Splendor! Kindness! Wisdom! Beauty!"—while living lives exemplary in their modern muddle of emotional greed and misplaced aspiration. "Truly nostalgic for love and happiness" is how he described his generation. Though he was as alertly appreciative of contemporary details as any writer—his last novel breaks into a paean to supermarkets—he was born and bred on Boston's South Shore, a pleasant, long-settled stretch that, like much of Massachusetts, has kept a visible residue of earlier centuries. From its steepled, shingled, sandy landscape Cheever distilled the lovely town of St. Botolphs in the two Wapshot novels, and it was there, in the First Parish Cemetery of Norwell, with its grassy hillocks and overarching trees, that he was laid to rest, alongside the traditional slate tombstones of his parents.

He was often labelled a writer about suburbia; but many people have written about suburbia, and only Cheever was able to make an archetypal place out of it, a terrain we can recognize within ourselves, wherever we are or have been. Only he saw in its cocktail parties and swimming pools the shimmer of dissolving dreams; no one else satirized with such tenderness its manifold distinctions of class and style, or felt with such poignance the weary commuter's nightly tumble back into the arms of his family. He made of the suburbs another episode in the continuing New World epic of Man's encounter with Nature. Natural grandeur and human ignominy and dissatisfaction mingle in the haze from the cookout grill:

> We have a nice house with a garden and a place outside for cooking meat, and on summer nights, sitting there with the kids and looking into the front of Christina's dress as she bends over to salt the steaks, or just gazing at the lights in heaven, I am as thrilled as I am thrilled by more hardy and dangerous pursuits, and I guess this is what is meant by the pain and sweetness of life.

Thus spoke Johnny Hake, in "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," before telling the reader how his quest for the good life led him to crime and repentance. It took an effortlessly moral nature to imagine fall and redemption in that realm of soft lawns and comfortable homes; Cheever's sense of the human adventure lay squarely in the oldest American vein. Like Hawthorne's, his characters are moral embodiments, rimmed in a flickering firelight of fantasy. Like Whitman, he sang the common man, the citizen av-



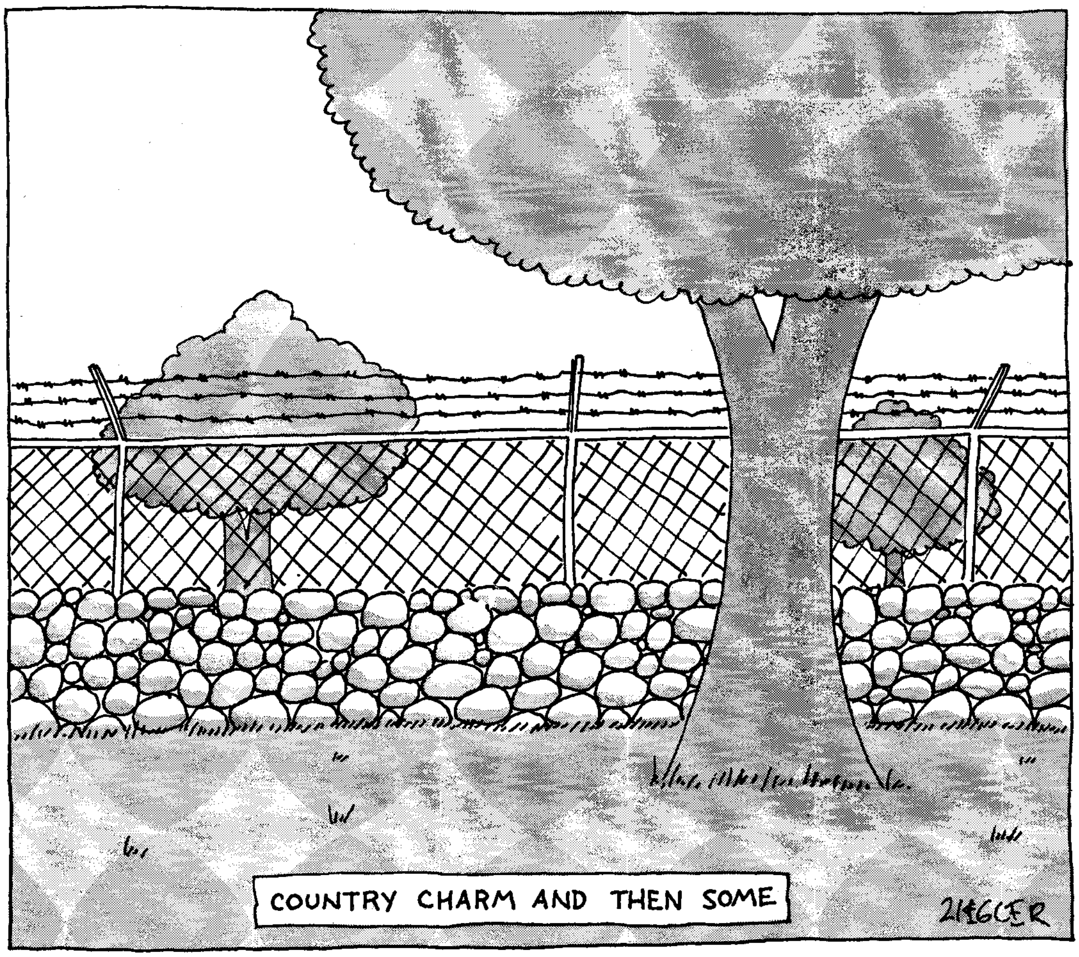
erage in his sensuality, restlessness, lovingness, and desperation. A suburban man infatuated with his babysitter should make a sad and squalid story, but in "The Country Husband" the story ends with a glad shout of kings in golden mail riding their elephants over the mountains.

• •

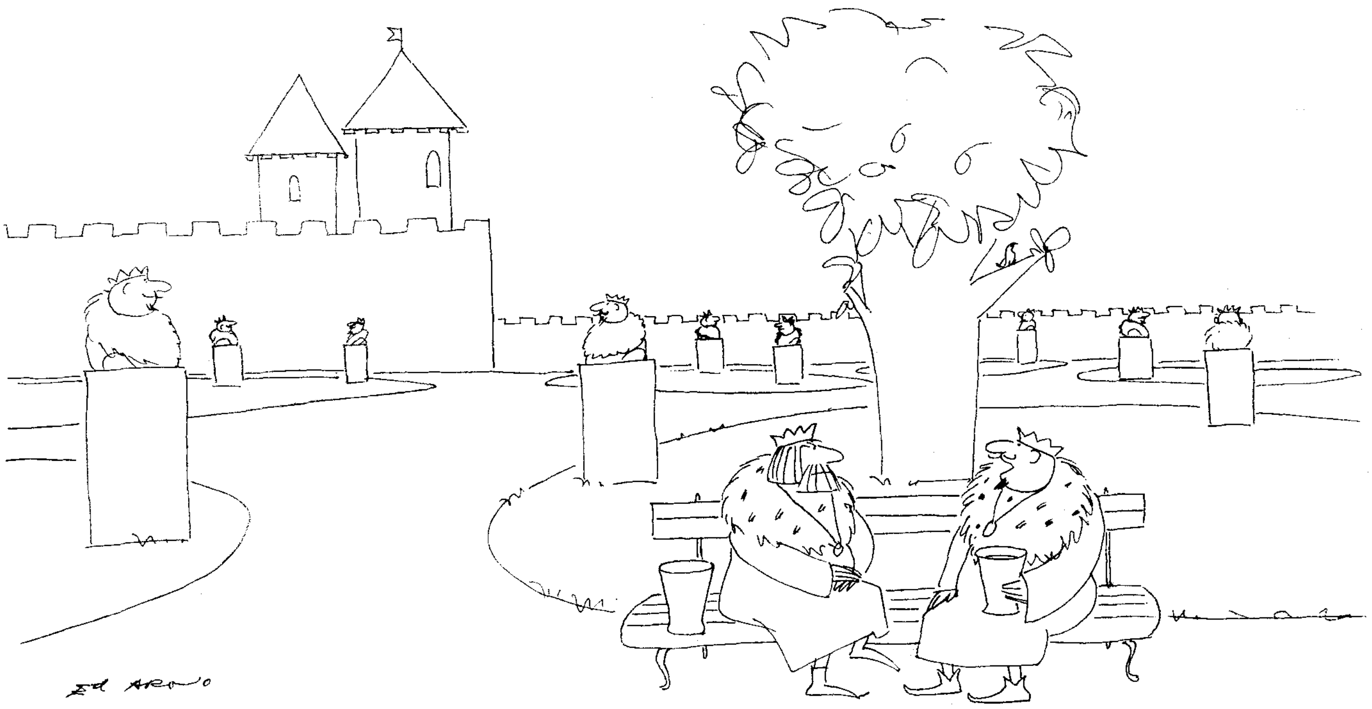
Big Numbers

THE People's Republic of China conducted its third national census—and its first ever using modern technology—on July 1st; and on the eve of that monumental head count we paid a call on a United Nations official, William Seltzer, whose office has been monumentally involved in it for the past three years. Mr. Seltzer, a native New Yorker who spent four years in the nineteen-sixties with the United States Bureau of the Census and subsequently worked on population matters in Pakistan and elsewhere, is chief of the Demographic and Social Statistics Branch of the U.N. Statistical Office, one of three U.N. bodies (the others are the Fund for Population Activities and the Department of Technical Co-operation for Development) that have been helping China get ready for its census since the summer of 1979, when a delegation from Peking came to New York for discussions. (The U.N. has been involved in more than a hundred member-country censuses since 1975; the only large nations on earth that haven't conducted any to date are Zaire, Chad, and Ethiopia.) China took its first latter-day census in 1953, and another in 1964, but both were taken by hand and abacus. Peking wanted to get into the contemporary electronic swim, and soon after that 1979 visit the Chinese, who are spending more than a hundred million dollars on their census, ordered, perhaps coincidentally and no doubt appropriately, eight—American—Wang computers. The U.N., for its part, contributed twenty-one other computers, bearing the noncommittal name of I.B.M. Mr. Seltzer told us that, even with this formidable battery, it would take five million enumerators to gather the raw population data, two hundred thousand data-coders to assemble the data for electronic sorting, and three thousand key operators. "It's an unimaginably huge thing that the Chinese are undertaking," he said, "and they're doing it in spite of all the setbacks they've had in the last decade what with their universities having been closed, and everything. A census requires a major mobilization of national resources and effort. You need the whole administrative apparatus behind it, and this is especially true in a developing country. Fortunately, the Chinese have a master list of residences—a population register—to expedite the process." And then, of course, we noted, their people don't seem to move around as freely and as often as we do.

There are thirty main administrative units in China: twenty-one provinces, six autonomous regions (Tibet for example), and three municipalities—Peking, Shanghai, and Tientsin Beneath these are counties, which are subdivided into urban districts and rural communes, and *these* are subdivided into neighborhoods and production brigades—half a million of them The neighborhoods and production brigades, each with a population o two or three thousand, are the lowest-level enumeration areas. On July 1st each had an office at which people were expected to present themselves—and China being China presumably did. There were to be follow-ups if necessary, by home visits and through the mails. Two years ago the Chinese conducted the first of a series o test censuses in the cit and county of Wuxi an area a million strong near Shanghai and census official from the rest of the country were brough around to observe and profit from the tria run. Mr. Seltzer said that the results of the Wuxi pilot program which included a follow-up household-sample survey to measure the completeness of the enumeration, indicated that China would no have to worry abou a sizable undercount "Our big worry," he went on, "is that when nations go for the firs



COUNTRY CHARM AND THEN SOME



"Monarchy, while perhaps not necessarily the best form of government in principle, has always seemed the best form of government for me."

• •

ime into large-scale data processing, here's a real gap between computer-riented and non-computer-oriented eople. It was so here in the United itates even as late as our 1960 census. Tremendous problems can arise if you on't pay sufficient attention to the nterface between the two groups—at irst they hardly speak the same lan-uage, with the computer people talk-ng about 'fields,' 'records,' and 'files' vhile the others are talking about 'the uestion on educational attainment' nd 'the de-jure population of an ur-anized area.' We've been trying o make the Chinese aware of this anger and to take steps to overcome t. They've been listening. They're oncerned about having a census of as igh a quality as possible. If all goes vell, they will have everybody counted efore the middle of July, and will ublish their preliminary findings in October."

Mr. Seltzer showed us a copy, rinted in Chinese and English, of a ensus questionnaire and also a bilin-ual copy of a "Directive Issued by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and the State Coun-il on the Third Population Census." t is a no-nonsense document. "The uality of various work must be guar-nteed," it says, "and should any part f the work be found not up to the quality standard, it must be done over again. . . . People's organizations like the trade unions, the Youth League and the women's federations should offer their cooperation and, through all kinds of publicity means and forms popular among the masses, bring the significance, content and requirements of the census home to every household and, indeed, every person so as to win the active support of the people of all nationalities in the country. . . . All communists, Youth League members and cadres at all levels should be exemplary in following the Census Statute and explain things purposefully to the masses around them. . . . Our work has aroused the interest not only of the people of the whole country but also of world personages."

The questionnaire was simple and familiar: name, sex, age, marital status, educational level, and so on. There was also one unfamiliar question, at least to Americans: "Serial No. of the household." No information about the number of bicycles per household was sought. "The Chinese decided that this time they'd limit the topics," Mr. Seltzer said. "It seems to me that this could be viewed as more or less a pilot census for their *fourth* census, which will probably be taken ten years from now."

We asked Mr. Seltzer how they were handling Taiwan, which China considers one of its provinces, and he gave us a look at Article XXI of the Census Statute, which says, "Population of Taiwan, Penghu, Jinmen and Mazu regions are calculated according to the figures released by Taiwan authorities." ("Mazu" is fairly recognizable as "Matsu," but we had to ask about "Quemoy." It's "Jinmen.") He added that he had been to China only once himself, in the spring of 1981, and had had only eight days there, with but a fleeting glimpse of the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs, and a mere twenty minutes at the Imperial Palace. "I did, however, get to see the proposed site of one of the new computers," he went on. "I'm afraid that on that kind of trip I get inextricably involved in statistical activity." (Three of his U.N. statistical associates, Yeun-chung Yu, Toshio Shigematsu, and Väinö Kannisto, who have spent a good deal of time in the People's Republic over the past two years working on the count, went to China again in June to be available for consultation on the big census day.)

We asked Mr. Seltzer if he would be good enough to give us an insider's prediction of what the final head count was likely to be.

After a moment, he replied, with admirable diplomatic caution, "Perhaps a little over one billion." Just about what we'd have guessed ourself.

Foam and Brass

EARLY one morning, we went up to the National Academy of Design, on Fifth Avenue, to view a number of objects, some of a utilitarian nature, some of an aesthetic nature, that were all made of something called Prime-Foam-X. Prime-Foam-X is in fact the clay-coated paper-and-foam backing used for mounting photographs. The clay-coated paper-and-foam backing used for mounting photographs was first put on the market by the Monsanto Company, which called it Fome-Cor. Its generic name is foam board. Almost everybody who uses a clay-coated paper-and-foam backing, however, calls it Fome-Cor, the way almost everybody who has a cold uses Kleenex, and not tissue. The makers of Prime-Foam-X may have thought it unfortunate that the Monsanto product has always been No. 1 in the foam-board market. In any case, they decided to have a contest. They invited people to make objects from their product.

At the exhibit, we were met by a woman representative of the Prime-Foam-X company—the Primex Plastics Corporation—and she showed us around. We saw a skeleton of a dinosaur with its head lowered, as if the flesh had been stripped away while it fed. We saw something that was said to be a Relativity Chronolith and seemed to have something to do with the Mayan Indians. We saw "Portrait of Miss Bowles," a print of a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a frame that was made from Prime-Foam-X but attempted to look like mahogany. We saw a large cutout of a man with a blue coat, gray trousers, and a yellow-and-gray tie; his special significance was never clear to us. We saw a game that was so new it had not been patented yet. We saw a chair, hand-carved in the Queen Anne style, but we were warned that it could not support a grownup human body. We saw a portable desk, labelled "Calligrapher's Desk." We saw a doll-sized round house, with unreal potted plants inside it and framed paintings on the walls. We saw a collapsible lamp. We saw a present-day sports car. We saw a sports car that was said to belong in the future.

Our guide now said that perhaps we would like to see the helicopter, which was being housed in the church next door, it being too big for the Design building. She said, "You cannot imagine the remarkable versatility of this product. The astounding thing is that no one ever thought you could do all this with a piece of foam." We walked over to the church, and saw something that looked like a helicopter in a highly imaginative school pageant. For one thing, the frame was made from the frame of an old wicker wheelchair—stripped of its wicker. Our guide pointed to the person who had made the helicopter. It was a man, and he wore black trousers and a black tunic covered with concave mirrors—an important part of the Polaroid SX-70 Land camera.

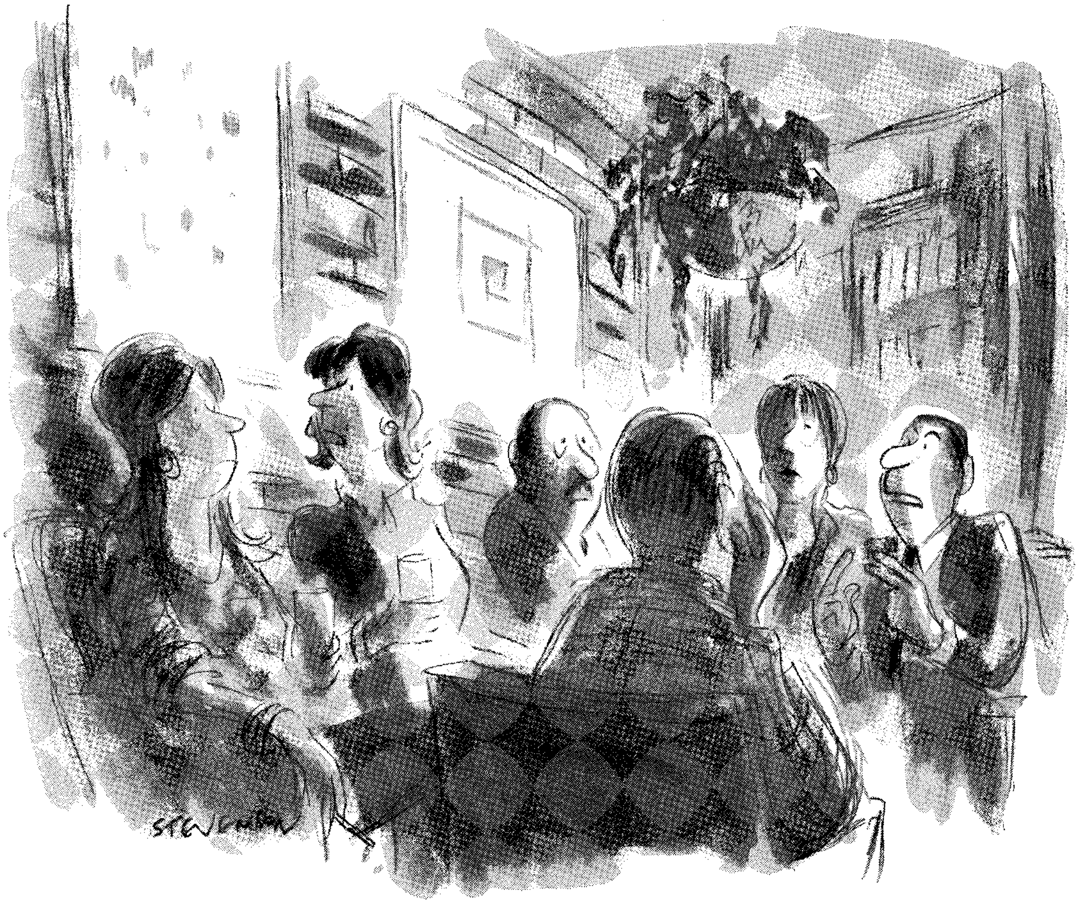
•

AT noon, we went down to "21," where Phelps Dodge Industries was giving a lunch to introduce some expensive decorative household wares, all made out of brass. They are done in something called the Federal Period, and they are a wine cooler, a basket suitable for holding fruit, a bowl suitable for holding fruit, a tray, a compote dish, and a plate. Many of the guests looked at them, and many of the guests thought them beautiful. After the lunch, which many of the guests said was delicious, a man, an executive of Phelps Dodge Industries, made a speech. He said that people had thought his company audacious, impudent, and foolhardy to go into the consumer business. He mentioned someone who had been orphaned at age eleven and had apprenticed himself to a saddlemaker. He said that brass was a hot item. He said that the competition was foreign and its products were generally of a poor quality. He said that there was no real standard for brass. He said that there was little evidence of professional design in brass products. He said that eighty-five per cent of all brass products are purchased by women. He said that some people found brass too yellow. He said that his company was the No. 2 producer of copper in this country. He seemed to have no doubt that this new venture would be a big success.

TRAVEL
SPORTS
FINANCIAL
ARTS

Knitting

THERE is a store called the Country Store & Yarn Shop in the small town of Washington, Connecticut, where one can buy all sorts of materials and



"If you think Ed's dull on economics, wait till he gets to foreign policy."

• •

instruments used in handicrafts, and especially in knitting. It is perhaps the nicest store in the world, because it is run and owned by perhaps one of the nicest women in the world—a woman named Beatrice Morse Davenport, or Bea to almost everybody who comes into the store. Mrs. Davenport, a gentle-looking, shy, grandmotherly woman, still has the gait of a girl who is afraid she'll be judged too tall, and she peers at objects and people from behind her glasses, her head tilted to one side, in the odd, calm way of someone who makes things with her hands. Mrs. Davenport is quite accomplished in all the needlecrafts, but she is an exceptional knitter, and it is knitting problems, a wish for knitting instruction, and the purchasing of yarns and needles that bring most people to her store. She seems happy to help solve problems, gives instruction free of charge, and offers sound advice on the purchasing of yarns and needles. We visited her in her store the other day, and while she was correcting a mistake made in an enormous afghan by a friend of ours (some stitches dropped four rows down, Mrs. Davenport had told our friend, adding that to unravel the afghan, which was about four yards wide, would mean losing many hours of work) she said these things to us:

"My mother taught me to knit when I was about nine years old. I used to knit all my dolls' clothes. Then I picked up things here and there and I got to be better than my mother. I had to show her how to follow a pattern. I think I made myself a sweater when I was sixteen, and then I just stopped until my first child was coming. Well, you know, if you are going to have a baby you have to make a nice baby sweater. Somebody saw the sweater I made, and wanted one like it, and so I made another sweater, and then somebody at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work saw it and asked me to knit for them. I knitted things for the Exchange for twelve years. I stopped because I had too many other orders to fill. By that time, I was knitting for designers in New York. I knitted for a woman named Jane von Schreiber. That was in the forties. Few people know who she is today, but in those days she was quite big. Margaret Sommerfeld is another person I knitted for. And somebody named Margaret Macy. I don't remember if I ever saw her. They would just send me a sketch of whatever it was they wanted, and I would make it. I did all this at home while my children were growing up, because I wanted to be with them. When Walt, my son, was ready for college, I began selling yarn. Then, when they were all off at college, I bought a store. My first store was a part of what's now the Washington Food Market, here in Washington.

"Right away, I started selling Irish yarn. I imported the yarns myself from Ireland, because the yarn companies hadn't picked up on Irish yarns yet. People would buy the yarn, but then they would want a pattern to make the yarn into something, so I would just make up a pattern for them. I love to knit so much. If you really want to know, I started to knit for people because my children had all the sweaters they could wear, and by that time I just had to keep knitting, and so I did. The whole thing excites me so much. When I see a new yarn, I think, Oh, I know what should be done with that. It's terrible to be so enthusiastic at my age, isn't it? But it gives me so much satisfaction. I just got a letter from a woman in England telling me about a sweater I had made for her little sister years and years ago. Her sister wore the sweater, and then I guess it was put away, because the sister's four children all wore it at one time or another, and now this woman's son, a cousin of the four children, is wearing it. I had forgotten what it looked like, so she sent me a picture of the little boy wearing it. Now, that's satisfying."

Mrs. Davenport studied the afghan, with all the stitches picked up and correctly in place, and then she looked up and smiled. "There," she said.

THE TOTAL ABSTAINER

TEA—the good old tea that has long been thought to "cheer but not inebriate"—is one of the true refinements of our present culture, and I am always ready to join any discussion that proposes to illuminate its position. Yet, when I write or read about tea, I feel six years old again, or a sullen fourteen. I see my mother sitting like a full-breasted swan behind the Dresden teapot that was always used at lunch; I am carried far away by the perfumes of black and green and amber infusions. But all along I know my humbuggery in daring to recall them, because the cold truth is that I have not tasted even a drop of tea, whether from a Dresden spout or a drugstore tea bag, for more than forty years.

Perhaps this confession, though, will help to clarify my continuing, though vicarious, love of the brew. If I need an excuse, I turn to George Saintsbury, who wrote the small classic called "Notes on a Cellar-Book," although he himself could not touch wine for the last decades of his life. Tea makes me drunk, or, as I usually think more coldly of it, "drunk as a skunk." I doubt if it has anything to do with my liver—Mr. Saintsbury's was *his* reason for total abstinence—but certainly the chemistry of my body has dictated my sad loss of enjoyment. I found this out after what seemed to me at the time (I was then almost thirty!) a long life of true pleasure with teas, properly brewed.

Before my astonishing penance began, I first drank tea at lunch, when I was between five and eleven. Father came home at noon from his local daily newspaper in Whittier, California, and we all sat down when he did; we ate and talked and smiled when he did, too. And Bertha—or whoever was in the kitchen—brought a tall teapot of Dresden china and its matching cups and so on and put them in front of Mother, at the other end of the quiet but amiable table. We discussed love, money, and politics after dinner but never in the middle of the day, largely because the *News* did not go to press until three, and this was Father's meal, easy-like.

There were often replacements in our kitchen, but we liked Bertha the best, because nobody ever knew whether a platter or even a teacup would reach its goal, thanks to what Mother generally referred to as "shyness" but what we knew was a compulsive tremble directly dictated by Father's mood. Rarely, he would give a bark of laughter at Bertha's palsied reactions to his apparent machismo, and she would weep silently in the kitchen, but mostly we simply sat in suppressed but oddly enjoyable nervousness as she twitched and jittered anxiously around the dining-room table. We loved her, and knew that if she was ever needed, when another domestic accident sent one of our maids-of-the-moment off to jail or to the local asylum, she would be there—shy and shaky, and our friend.

There was always a pot of good cool milk at lunch for my little sister Anne and me, because although Bertha served us just as shakily as she did Grandmother and our parents and anyone else there, we alone drank cambric.

Does anyone talk now about cambric tea? It has undoubtedly been part of all sorts of cosmic finaglings, like the China Trade and other shapings-of-nations, from the nursery on to well-earned serenity and old age. A good cambric recipe calls for one part strong tea in the bottom of a pretty cup or mug and eight to ten parts fine fresh milk, to be stirred by recipient with perhaps a little sugar or honey and, of course, politeness. Cambric tea, as I drank it at lunchtime when I was little, was a privilege, and therefore lapped up like nectar. It made Anne and me feel almost accepted as people, this cool sop to our nascent self-images. The grownups drank their tea hot and dark, as we knew that someday we would, too, and meanwhile our special brew was a fine way to practice.

Grandmother, born in County Tyrone, believed as a good Irishwoman that there were only three kinds of tea fit to drink, none of them to be found among a shop's supplies. The first quality was kept, sensibly enough, in China. The second picking was sent directly to Ireland.

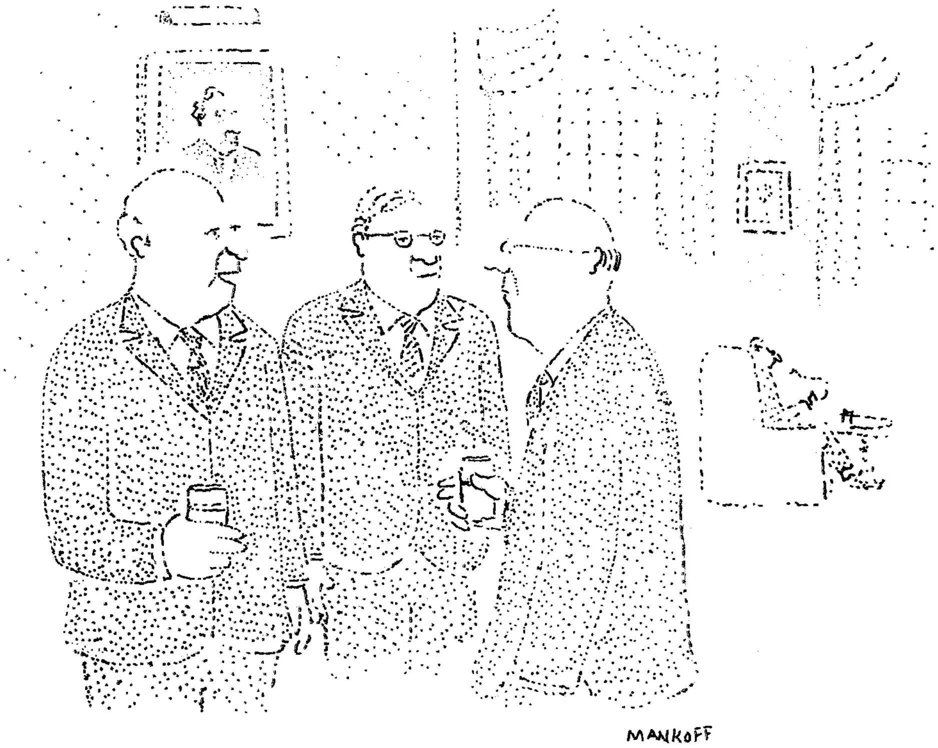
"It never hurts to have those guys on your side."

The third and lowest grade went, of course, to the benighted British. And all the tea used in our house came once a year, in one or two beautiful soldered tin boxes, from Dublin. Then only would we know it to be second to what the Empress Dowager of China drank, while the Old Lady in Buckingham Palace sipped the dregs, as served her right.

Grandmother also believed that tea, when properly made, should be served strong enough to trot a mouse on. I never tasted her noontime tipple but I feel sure that it was as bitter as it was black, beyond much help from milk or even sugar. I knew, though, that it made cheeks pink and tongues looser as its potency warmed my parents' blood, and I enjoyed their innocent release.

Afternoon Tea was another matter. This was served to guests who came while Grandmother napped, for I suspect that, aside from her innate protest against any notably English customs, her fifty years on the Iowa prairies had dimmed whatever teatime habits she might have retained. This was not true of Mother, though, and after Grandmother died, when I was about twelve, tea was served every day at four o'clock, instead of at the lunch table. Father was never there, but there was always somebody to share it, in our warm, dim living room at the family ranch outside Whittier, and I was increasingly on hand to produce it, releasing our current slavey to catch a bit of rest before dinner was served, promptly at six. Father must be off by seven, to cover the Chamber of Commerce or school supervisors or flood-control meetings for the next day's paper. Sometimes the cook and her boyfriend would want to catch a ride uptown to the movies. Dinner, in other words, was hurried and perfunctory, if always polite, which may explain some of my mother's sensuous enjoyment of Afternoon Tea, as well as my growing resentment of it.

The truth is that I was a pushover, a patsy, for any kind of slavish house jobs so long as I was assured at least weekly that nobody could churn butter on Saturdays as deftly and cleverly and neatly as I, or pick prettier posies, or make nicer tea. For several years, I battened on this sly exploitation. By the time I was well into adolescence, though, I began to see where such flattery had landed me, and I began a long, silent emotional simmer. Why was I always the one who had to come in early from playing one o' cat with the kids on the neighboring ranches, or miss a meeting of the Latin Club, to perform the simple but demanding ritual of making tea for a few old ladies? I knew that I would keep on, because I loved Mother and enjoyed pleasing her, but it shamed me to realize my dangerous hunger for recognition. Of course I kept on with the pesky ceremony, and fawned for more praise by baking dainty little cakes and slicing bread the right thinness for nasturtium-leaf sandwiches. As I look back on this silently snarling servitude, I think that I even grew the nasturtiums with Afternoon Tea in mind. It was not admirable, but it was fun, like scratching an old mosquito bite.



"And you, Al, what would you do if you had only a million?"

• •

THERE were several teapots at home. I liked the one we always used for lunch when Grandmother was alive: tall, graceful, with little rosebuds here and there on it, and cups and saucers and cream pitcher and hot-water jug to match. There was a slop bowl, of course, for the dregs of cups before fresh tea was poured. Then for two or three people, or Mother and me alone, there was the little Georgian silver set. And if duty called loudly enough to invite the members of the St. Matthias Ladies' Guild, there was the ugly big tea set that had been given to one of the Irish uncles when he was Lord Mayor or something. It was handsome and heavy, very Teutonic, not of sterling silver, and usually Mother kept it out of sight.

My favorite was the little Georgian set. It was lovely to touch, and it meant that only a couple of friends might be there by the glowing fireplace, to murmur over their scones and throw an occasional kind compliment toward me. I never joined them, but grew deft at whisking things on and off the low tea table set by Mother's couch.

Cups and their saucers were pure pleasure from the start, and Mother taught me without words that beautiful objects are made to be used. So that even with palsied Bertha serving lunch, and an occasional wince when a full cup would jig off its saucer before it got down the table to Father, we always used fine Dresden, or Spode, or Sèvres. Or even Chinese porcelain, designed for the Anglo-Saxon tea trade.

In the glassed-in corner cupboard, there was an almost full set of Belleek, sent as a wedding present to Mother. My sister and I stared sometimes at the pale porcelain shells that formed it. Who could ever keep the dust from going in and in, like sand?

As I remember, the Belleek was

used only once, when its Irish donors, rich, titled linen weavers, came to explore the Wild West, and stopped to see how we managed afternoon tea there. The whole enterprise was a disaster, mostly because the shell-shaped cups, fairylike in their transparent delicacy, kept tipping over on their three little legs made of tinier rosy or pale-green spiral shells. The pot, a large one on three more substantial but still inadequate rosy shells, turned over. The milk and the sugar spilled. The only thing that stayed upright was the slop bowl, empty because all the tea was here and there on people's knees and laps. And that day's cook had tried to follow a recipe for the biscuits called Slim Johns as made in an Irish castle where Mother had once stayed, and they were burned black, inedible.

After the visitors left, Mother washed the fragile shells herself and put them back in the glassed-in cupboard. We never knew whether there was any sand in all the tiny whorls, but we often looked up respectfully at the pieces, and long after our mother had died Anne sold the set of Belleek to a stylish auctioneer for a startlingly fat sum.

In kitchen cupboards, there were always a few clumsy thick cups with deep saucers, which we never used. I still have one of them, for special guests. It was made for Irishmen, Grandmother said, by the same Chinese who sent us their next-to-the-best tea. That was in the days when one was invited to have a *dish* of tea. The brew was poured into the cup to cool, and then it was poured into the deep saucer and drunk from there. I liked the uncouth romance of all this, and read sometimes in British novels about a "dish o' tea," usually drunk by the lower-class characters.

This old usage recalls another—one that appears occasionally in popular English novels of the nineteen-twenties by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes and others. Somewhere in my reading, for instance, a Kindly Old Country Doctor comes unexpectedly to the lawn where a lady is resting beside the little tea table that a companion has trundled out to her chair. The lady has recently been cleared of killing her husband, by adding arsenic to his nightly shandygaff. She likes the Kindly Old Country Doctor, and asks him to join her soothing ritual. He says something to the effect of "I should be glad of some tea. But don't send for another cup. I'll have mine in this basin, for I'm in rather a hurry."

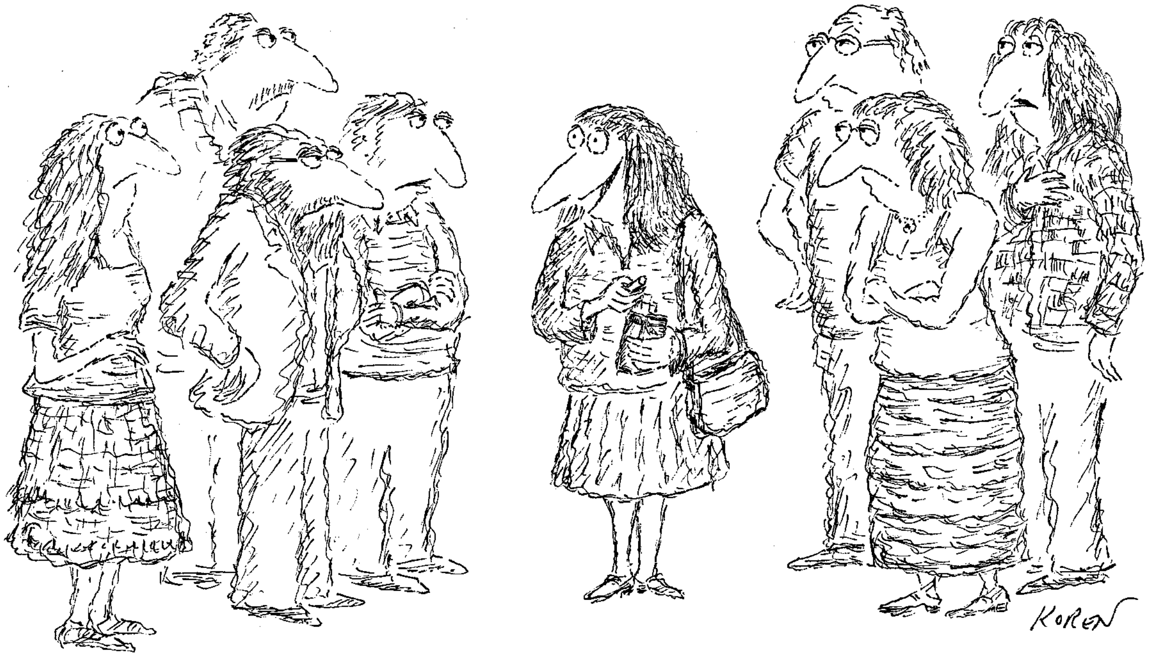
Basin? Slop bowl? Shallow saucer? Surely a genteel accused murderess on a country lawn in the twenties would not have been drinking from a "dish"!

RESENTMENT of my self-invited indenture lessened as I grew up and out, and I made tea almost every afternoon for fellow-students in France, because I was a married woman and therefore could invite people to my room when they could not, and also because I had a gas ring, and even running water. And none of us had enough money to go more than once a month or so to Duthu or Michelin, the best tearooms in Dijon, where we could eat delicious pastries and ices instead of slabs of the cheapest local gingerbread called *pavé de santé*. When Mother came to Dijon in about 1930 and saw my prized tea equipment, she immediately bought me four pretty teacups and what she called "a decent pot." I still use it—an ugly Burgundian ceramic thing but with a good spout. ("It pours well.")

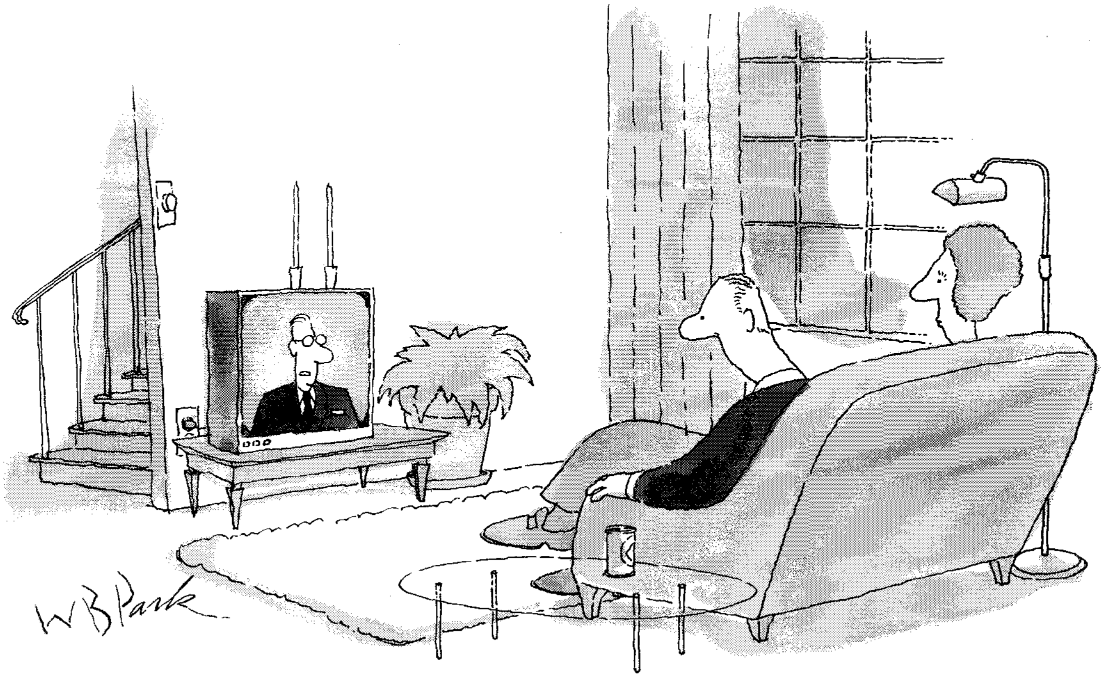
But after that, in my thirties, and then probably until death, my bitterness about the ceremony of Afternoon Tea, as seen by the pawn who makes and serves and then unserves it, has grown. By now, I can barely face it when even my dearest friends will "be along about teatime." I feel what is more irritation than boredom. Often I say, "Or a glass of wine?" But when they mean tea, for cultural or any other of a dozen reasons, good tea is what I give them, and I do it conscientiously and well, and feel about fourteen.

GRANDMOTHER taught me that tea must be hot and fresh, and of fine quality. Mother went on to show me that it tastes best served from pleasant and elegant utensils. I could never brew tea strong enough to trot a mouse on. Neither would I affect only porcelain, for tea served from a silver or even a pewter pot, if made properly, can be as good as that made in the rarest of chinaware. After all, water is usually boiled in metal before it is poured over the dried leaves, and then is stirred with a silver spoon, here in the Western world, so why quibble?

My grandmother died before tea bags became commonplace. I am thankful. My mother never admitted their existence. A friend has described them as boiled mice, and he is right, too, but I have some teas in little white bags for people who have never known anything else, and who are adept enough to leave the



"Does anyone mind if I smoke?"



"Here's a recap of today's weather. The sun rose this morning, right on time, worked its way steadily across a cloudless sky, and was observed directly overhead at noon. It continued travelling westward throughout the day, and by late afternoon was sinking rapidly toward the horizon."

• •

vee tail hanging over he edge of the cup. I am told that these mice are often dried out and used again.

I do not serve the black China tea that Grandmother liked for unch. Occasionally, I erve black Russian tea, but mostly China greens, with beautiful names. I also serve herbal teas made of many leaves and blossoms (everything but alfalfa!), to people who are usually under thiry and prefer mugs to cups and saucers. I even have a silver teapot, although I prefer he good old mustard-and-green monster that Mother bought in Dijon, because it pours so truly. But I never do more than sniff the tuff, as its first steam rises. If I did, as I earned some forty years ago, I would probably fall on my ace, or go whirling off in a skunk-drunk dance. In other words, tea is my poison.

In about 1942, I spent a night with wo friends who were flat broke. I felt poor myself but did not realize that hey actually had no money for toast for breakfast, much less butter or honey to put on it. I was worried for hem, but we were young and strong, and we loved each other, as we still do. So we sat for about three hours drinking tea. There was nothing ike sugar or milk or an old cookie to blanket it. We talked and laughed and came to great conclusions, and I should have remembered how Grandmother and Father and Mother grew pink-cheeked and chatty after a couple of cups of the lunchtime brew from Dublin. Instead, I finally drove off to meet my mother at Great-Aunt Maggie's and head back to Whittier, and almost at once I knew that I should not be behind the wheel.

I was a good driver, and had been since I was eleven and Father taught me—pure hell all the way, since, like most loving parents who must cope with pre-adolescent vacuities, he was harsh and mocking. Traffic laws were simple then, and there were often no white lines down the middle of roads and no red and green lights. I knew all the rules, including my father's firm dictum that I should always drive as if everybody else on the road were either drunk or crazy. And that day, full of good company and tea, I knew *I* was. Telephone poles were matchsticks, put there to be snapped off at a whim. Dogs trotting across the road were suddenly big trucks. Old ladies turned into moving vans. Everything was too bright, but very funny and made for my delight. And about half a mile from my long liquid breakfast I turned carefully down a side street and parked, and sat beaming happily through the tannic fog for about an hour, remembering how witty we all had been, how handsome and talented.

By the time I got to Great-Aunt Maggie's, Mother was plainly a little put out by my lateness, but I was sober. We drove home in a good mood, and although I never told her why I was tardy, that afternoon we sat pleasurably together by her fire over a cup of delicate green tea, and she did not see that I was not drinking it. But I did not drink tea then or ever again.

This deliberate and self-protective abstinence has often filled me with regret. I love the scent of good or fine tea freshly brewed. I like to serve it, in spite of my long resentment of the fuss/muss of tray and napkins and heated pot and water brought to boil, and then of tidying everything before the cook must stagger into the kitchen—long ago to get dinner on the table so that the Mister went to his meeting on time, and now so that I can ready things for less hurried dinings.

Was I warned so dangerously because of my anger at my own docility for all those years? Did I find myself high-drunk on fury and frustration, or on other chemicals, like caffeine? How can I know? For this maimed tea lover, one answer may be that the intoxication that lives in discovering the way our language can be used is headier than any herbal or fermented brew.

—M. F. K. Fisher

•

Not so, said Robert S. Salomon, managing director of the stock research department of the New York investment house of Salomon Brothers Inc. "Real interest rates (the difference between the current inflation rate and prevailing nominal lending rates) will stay high for the remainder of the year and perhaps be exasperated if the economy improves," he maintained.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Temperamental and tiresome, that's what they are.

PASSAGE

1
Near South Fallsburg the woods thin out.
Broadleaf and evergreen stretches
give way to golf courses and centers for yoga.
Split-levels and run-down farms fit into a puzzle
of secondary growth—stringy Catskill birch,
ailanthus lean and hungry. One thinks of an old
swami rising from lotus position with a wand of peacock
feathers and the promise that out of this muck
of mind, this dumping ground for beer cans and despair,
one might recycle nectar.

2
My bliss leaps up like a honey-colored Bengal tiger.
Under a palmyra palm, polishing my stripes
with a sandpaper tongue,
I have dozed for decades in the shade.
I have swallowed the cobra of depression
as well as the mongoose of euphoria.
There is no end to the brush-clad plateau.
There is only the water hole where gazelles gather,
where I have sprung anew
with a sabre-toothed mantra.

3
Om. A line of disciples broadens
down a carpeted aisle toward a stage.
Shoeless, from all walks, they carry baskets
of fruit, flowers, or else nickel bags of dope,
whiskey bottles—and their passage over the rug
is marked by the absence of shuffling.
Somewhere elephants with diminutive ears
munch the tender shoots of treetops
and in good time honor night's guru, Death,
by laying down their tusks and trunks quietly.

4
Out of the quiet, the windowless
dark, where I have meditated on a mat,
I will come forth chanting.
I will celebrate the fireman killed in Calcutta.
I will put no other gods before his skull
laid low by a brick. I will capture the stink
of a burnt-out storefront blackly. I will catch
the first impressions of his widow
and daughter in saris, pausing over rice,
listening to news on the wireless.

5
I will praise the peasant mother
who hitchhiked a thousand kilometres to Delhi
with four children, one an infant on her back,
only to have the authorities tell her
she must return to Ganeshpuri
to fill out more forms
before she could collect one rupee.
I will paint her thin defiant lips.
I will highlight her fine black hair and set
a crimson dot as a seal upon her forehead.

6
I will tell you the truth, friends:
Despair is no impostor. He cares not
for our rupees or rank
among beggars. He wears
all turbans and has dined with Krishna.
The bureaucracy of sin, the blind
corridors of religion are familiar to him.
I tell you, friends,
he leaves work at close of day
like many another slaughtered cow.

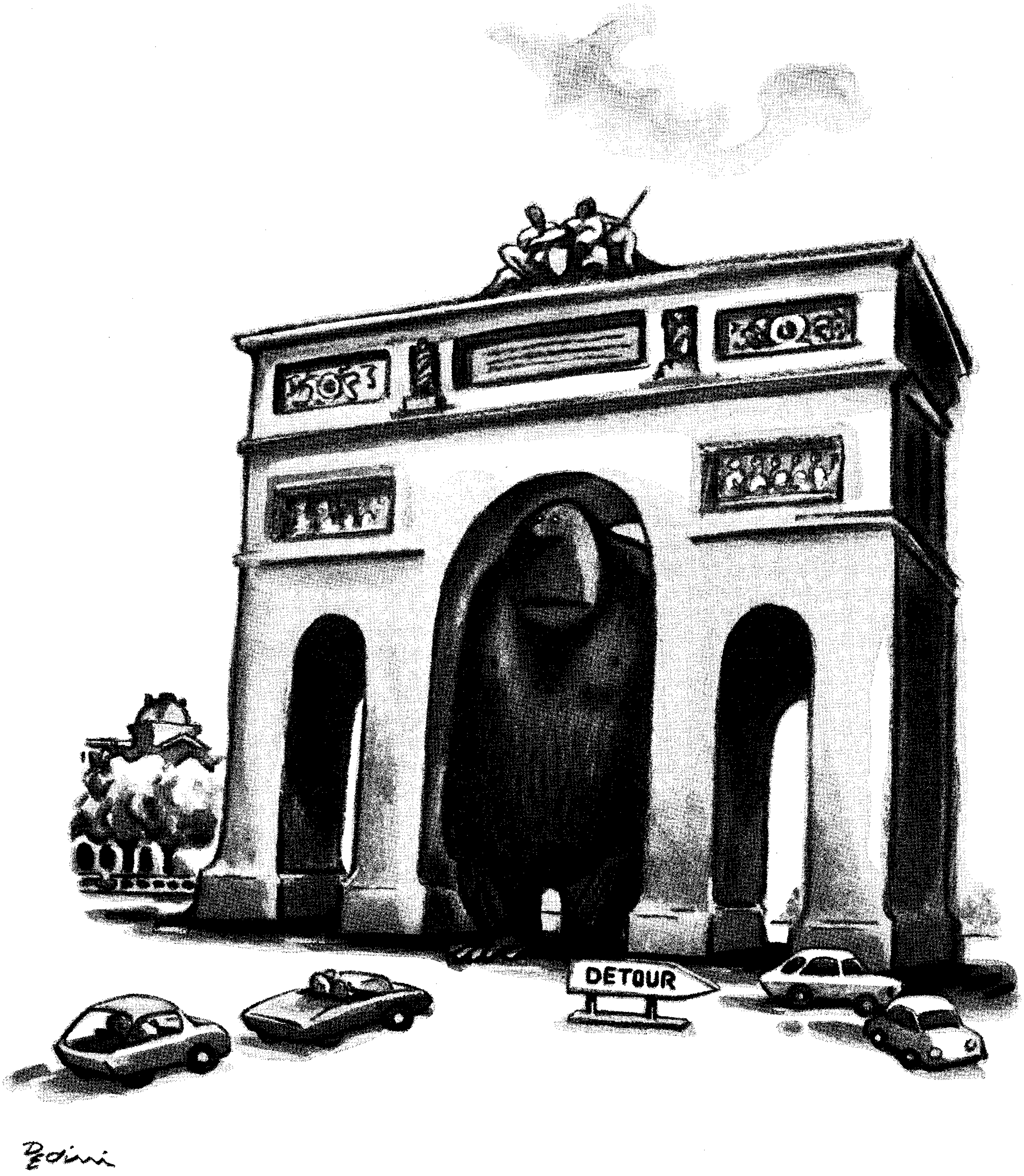
7
He bikes past a couple of Brahman
bulls unyoked on the road; Hondas
honk, men in Nehru caps
lean out of car windows and jeer in Hindi
while the bulls graze nonplussed, their humps abob.
He pedals past the Portuguese consulate and a lawn
party of British naval officers raising a toast
in honor of Bombay gin. They lift glasses
to the sun as it drops over the Arabian Sea—
ever westward toward London.

8
Just so, Despair has vanished into the brush
outside of South Fallsburg. By a bridge
over a spillway, I sat cross-legged on a bench
and shut my eyes. I saw
him coast on his English racer, ashen with fatigue,
into a scrubby grove of birch and ailanthus.
I recall geese honking and the fact
that the lake's name, Nityananda,
kept echoing on my tongue
like curry and coriander.

9
I recall glancing up
at an orange-robed swami leading a band
of disciples through a glass-enclosed
walkway toward an auditorium.
The passage was narrow, cramped,
yet they glided by with room to spare—
two of them preceded the swami,
walking backward, chatting with him,
and hefting sitars.
A conch shell blew, and we were summoned in.

10
In. Far-reaching Conch Shell whose note
calls forth chariot lines of warriors in the Gita
as well as a darshan line, you have summoned me in
from landscapes of distress
to meditate on higher consciousness.
You have lured me away from animal flesh
and the smell of guilt,
which have plagued my people since Noah's monsoon.
Now I put my lips to your mouth and blow
a long low note.

11
I, too, am a husk reincarnate.
I, too, am an echo of waves crashing: the Bay
of Bengal sings in my veins.
Dinghies bobbing among supertankers
compose a refrain my pulse and economics know.



• •

I, too, am sounding a call
among boat people of all castes.
Let us launch a pleasure craft
whose only mode of power, sails notwithstanding,
is the intensity of our bliss.

12
Ah, Conch Shell, your single note, Om,
recalls a day in Mexico when I went walking
on a beach and bought a conch shell from a street vender
and brought it back to my hotel
balcony and blew, thinking:
Here I am at the Pacific above brown-skinned swimmers.
Then I felt a sudden tremor, a shock
of incense and rosewater,
and saw, laid out before me like a postcard,
ten thousand pilgrims bathing in the Ganges.

—James Reiss

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE DEAD

(A Whole Life)

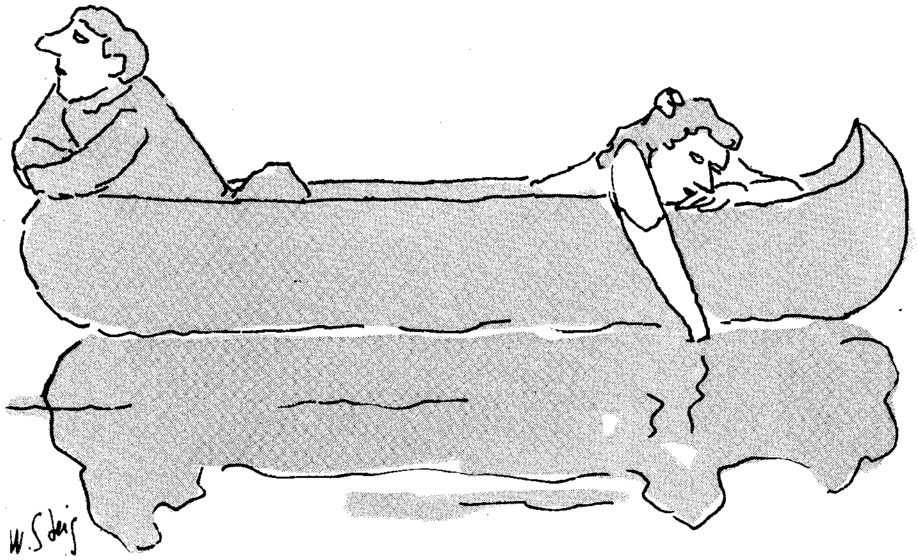
LAST year, as you know, I spent some time in Sweden, as a guest of the Institute for Theatre Research. A Mrs. Johnsson—Kristina Johnsson—served as my guide and instructor. I saw five or six productions, of which the most noteworthy was a successful version of Beckett's "Waiting for Godot," performed before prisoners. Ten days later, when I returned home, I still lived in that distant northern world as if in a dream.

Mrs. Johnsson was an enterprising woman and wanted to show me, in those ten days, everything there was to be seen in Sweden, everything that "as a woman" I might find of interest. Not even the famous warship Wasa, pulled out of the mire after several hundred years and preserved like a pharaoh's mummy, was left out. One evening, after a performance of "Ghost Sonata" at the national theatre, my hostess took me to a library. I had just enough time to get a sandwich from a stand.

It was already about eleven, and the library was closed. Mrs. Johnsson showed a pass to the man at the door, and he grudgingly let us in. In his hand he held a big ring full of keys, just like the guard who, a day earlier, had brought us into the central prison for the performance of "Godot." My hostess handed me over to this Cerberus, assuring me that she would call for me in the morning at my hotel. She said I should take my time and look the library over in peace; the good man would be at my disposal, he would call me a taxi when I was through. What could I do but accept this cordial offer? The guard escorted me to a huge door, unlocked it, switched on a dim light, and left me to myself. I heard the key turn in the cylinder; I found myself enclosed in the library as if in a fortress.

A draft came through, swaying a mass of cobwebs which, like dirty, torn gauze, was draped over the bookshelves as over old wine bottles in a cellar. All the rooms were alike, connected by a narrow hallway; the draft reached everywhere, but I could not identify its source. Then, even before I saw the books properly—I realized this just as I caught sight of the letter "C" on a volume in the third room—it dawned on me: each chamber contained one letter of the alphabet. Indeed, in the next section all the books were marked with the letter "D." Suddenly, driven by a sense of foreboding, I began to run. My steps reverberated in a jumbled echo that vanished in the murky distance. Excited and breathless, I came to the letter "M," and, with a clear aim in mind, I took down one of the books. With the sense that I had read about it once somewhere, I realized that this collection was the renowned Encyclopedia of the Dead. Everything became clear right away, even before I opened the massive tome.

The first thing I saw was his photograph, set between two columns of text, roughly in the middle of the page—the same photograph you saw on my desk. It was taken in 1936, the twelfth of November, in Maribor, just after his release from the Army. Under the photograph were his name and, in parentheses, the years 1910-1979.



Wornout Love Affair

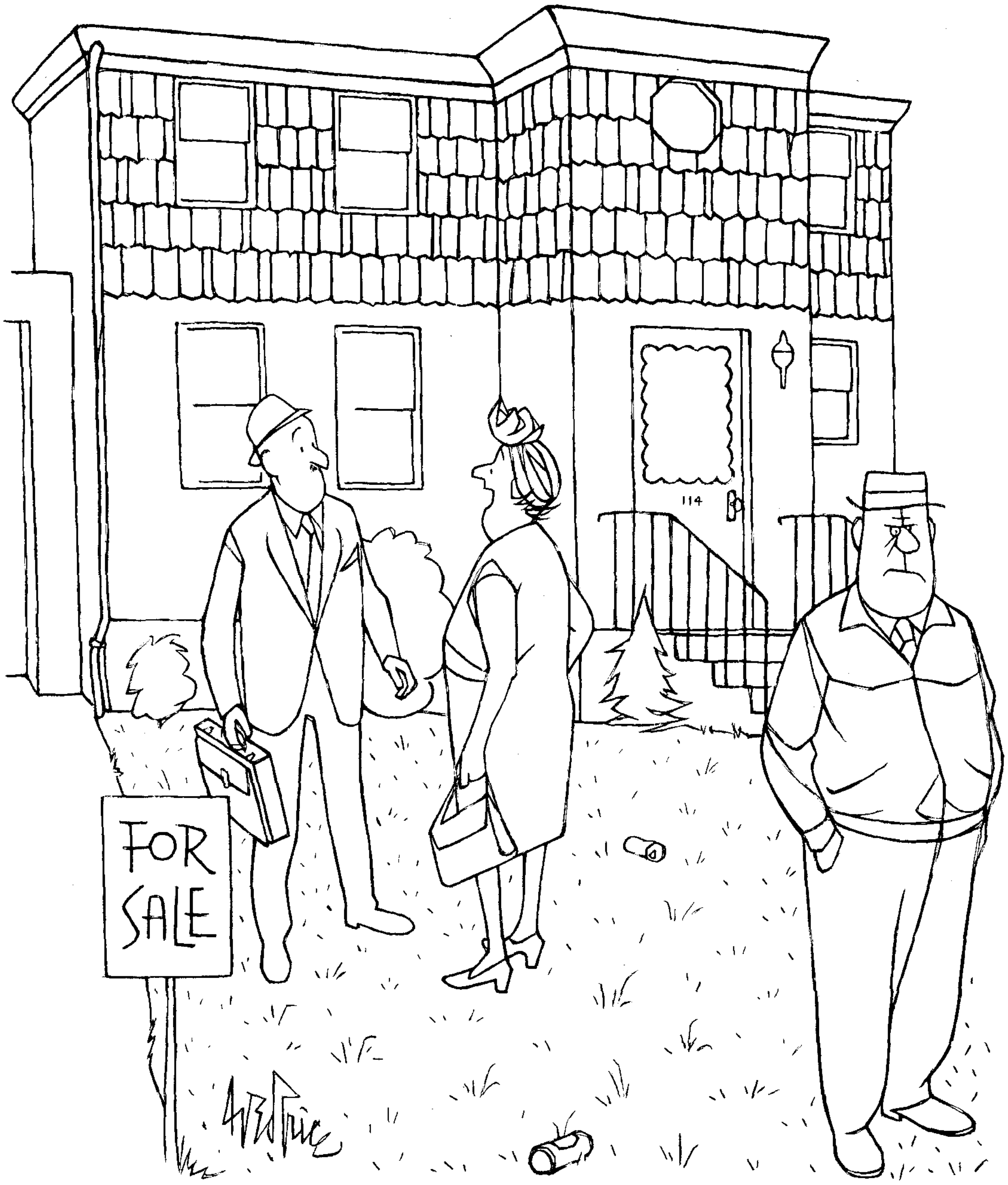
You know that my father died recently, and that since I was a small girl he and I were very close. But I will not go on about that. What matters is that he had died barely two months before my trip to Sweden. In fact, I had decided to take this trip as a way to forget the grief that struck me. Like everybody under the stress of misfortune, I thought that a change of scene would help me put my pain aside, as if we don't bear our calamity within us.

Leaning against the shaky wooden shelves and holding the book in my arms, I began to read Dj. M.'s biography, losing all track of time. As in medieval libraries, the books were fastened to thick chains fixed to iron rings on the shelves. I realized this only when I tried to remove the heavy volume and bring it closer to the light.

I suddenly felt apprehensive, for it seemed that I had already stayed too long, and that Mr. Cerberus (as I called him) might ask me to interrupt my reading. I began skimming paragraphs, maneuvering the open book toward the pale light as far as the chain allowed. The thick dust that had gathered on the edges of the bindings, and the mass of dark, swinging cobwebs, bore clear witness that no one had moved these volumes. The books were forged in their fetters like galley slaves, and there were no locks on the chains.

So this, I thought to myself, is the famous Encyclopedia of the Dead! I had pictured it as an ancient book, a "book of lore," something like the Tibetan Book of the Dead, or the Cabala, or the "Lives of the Saints"—one of those esoteric creations of the human spirit, to be savored only by hermits, rabbis, and priests. At a certain point, realizing that my reading would last till dawn, and that no concrete trace of it would remain for myself and for my mother, I decided to copy out some of the most important facts to make a kind of summary of my father's life.

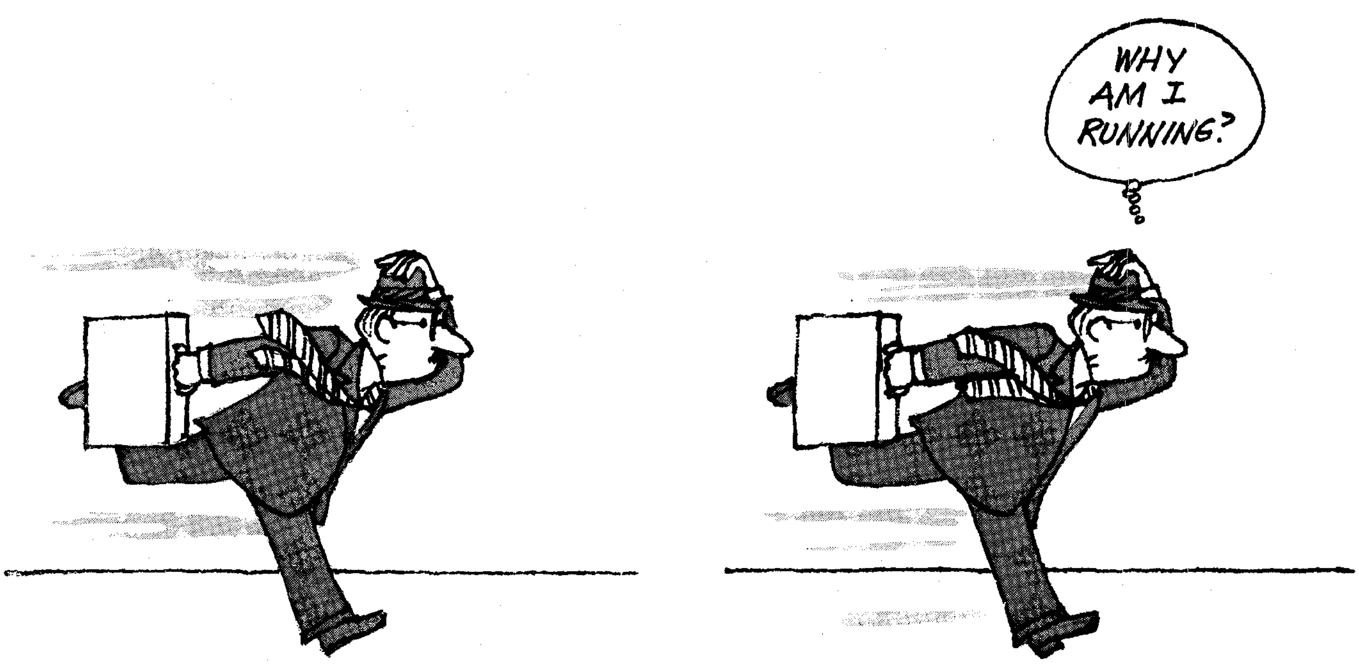
What is written here in my notebook is simply reference data, meaningless to anyone but my mother and me: names, places, dates. That was all I was able to jot down, sometime around dawn. Yet what makes this encyclopedia truly unique—aside from its being the sole copy in the world—is the way it depicts human relationships, encounters, landscapes: that abundance of detail our life is composed of. For example, complete and accurate data on my father's birthplace ("Kraljevčani, municipality of Glina, Sisak district, Banija province") are followed by geographic and historical remarks, for the book records everything. Everything. His native region is portrayed so vividly that, as I picked my way through the lines and paragraphs, I felt I was right there, in the heart of it: snow on distant mountain peaks, bare trees, a frozen river on which, as in a Bruegel landscape, children on skates slip by; and among them I saw my father clearly, though he wasn't my father yet, only someone who would become my father, who *had been* my father. Suddenly the whole area came to life: flowers budded on the trees, pink and white, clusters of wild hawthorn berries ripened before my eyes, the sun hovered over the village of Kraljevčani, bells rang from the village church, cows mooed in the barns, the red reflection of the morning sunshine sparkled on the windows of the houses, melting the icicles on the gutters.



"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid Mr. Tetlow feels he couldn't live with '114 Pussy Willow Lane' on his personal stationery."

Then, as if everything were unfolding before my eyes, I watch a funeral procession turn toward the village cemetery. Four bareheaded men carry a pine coffin on their shoulders; at the head of the procession, hat in hand, walks a man who I know—so it is written in the book—to be my father's father, Marko, whose wife is being ushered on her eternal course. Everything about her is noted here, too—her date of birth, the cause of her sickness and death, the progression of her illness. The book tells what clothes she is buried in, who bathed her, who placed the coins on her eyes, who bound her chin, who carved the coffin, where its timber was felled. From all this I imagine that you can gather, at least to some degree, the quantity of data set down in the Encyclopedia of the Dead by those who undertook the difficult and praiseworthy task of recording—no doubt objectively and impartially—everything that can be recorded concerning those who have ended their earthly stay and set off on the path toward everlasting existence. These brave editors believe in the miracle of Biblical resurrection, and with this vast catalogue they only prepare the coming of that moment. In these volumes, each being shall be able to find not only his fellow-creatures' but also his own forgotten past. When that time comes, this record will stand as a great treasury of remembrances and a singular support for resurrection.

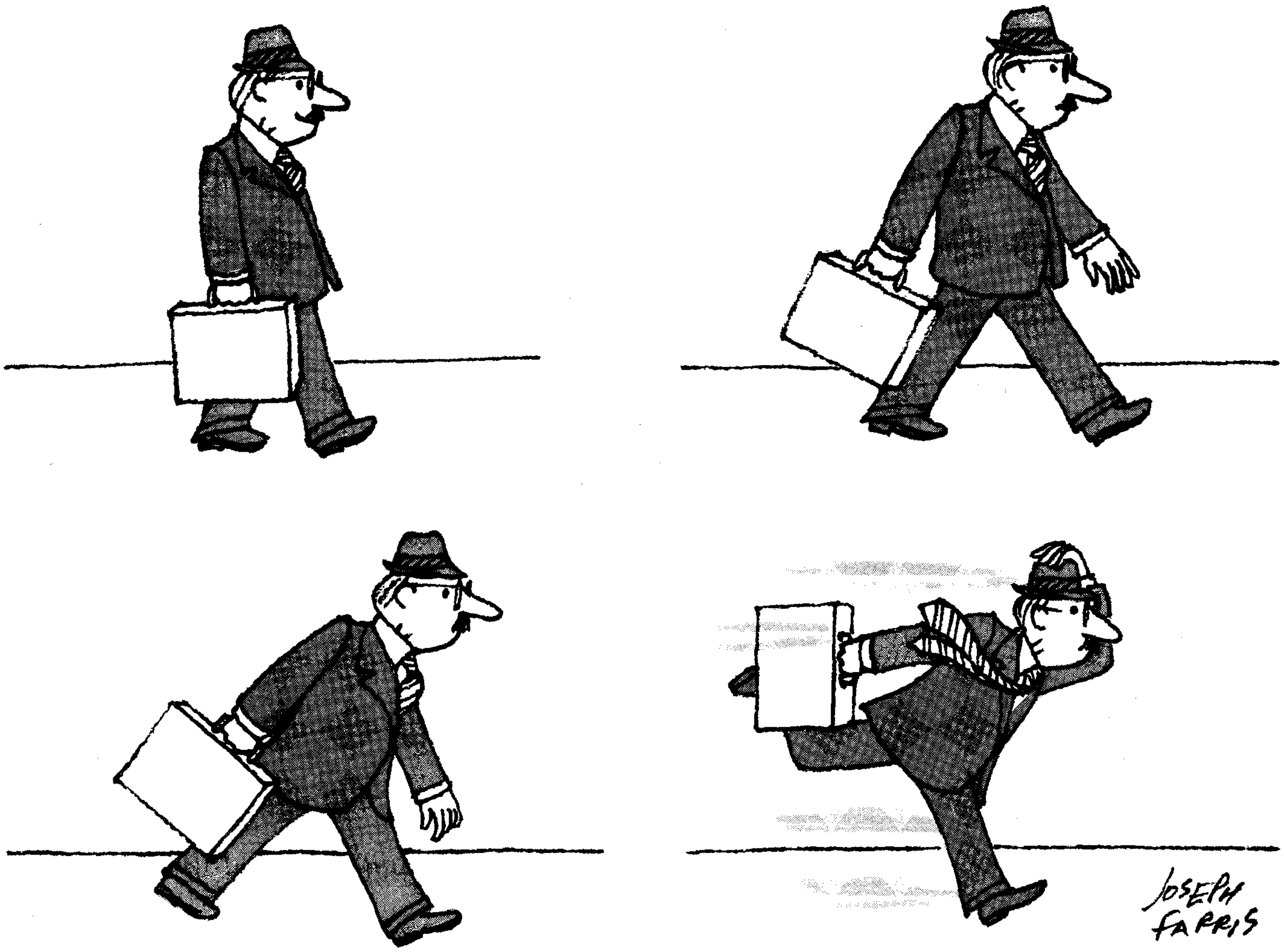
Apparently, where a human life is concerned, the authors make no discriminations among some provincial merchant and his wife, a village priest (which is what my great-grandfather was), and the local bell ringer, whose name also appears in the book. There is only one qualification (this is some-


WHY AM I RUNNING?

thing I understood immediately; in fact, the thought came to me even before I had read far enough to verify it) for gaining entry into the Encyclopedia of the Dead: *Anyone whose life is recorded here cannot have been included in any other encyclopedia.* The thing I noticed right away, as I leafed through this volume—one of thousands of volumes marked "M"—was the absence of famous people. (I checked this easily, as I turned the pages looking for my father's name.) Neither Mažuranić nor Meyerhold, neither Mahlenburg nor Maretić (from whose grammar my father studied), neither Meštrović (whom he saw once on the street) nor Dragoslav Maksimović (a sawmill worker and socialist deputy from Kragujevac district, whom my grandfather knew), nor Tasa Milojević (Kautsky's translator, with whom my father once talked at the Russian Czar Café) appear in the Encyclopedia under their own headings. The Encyclopedia of the Dead is the work of some organization or religious sect that, on democratic principle—no doubt inspired by some Biblical postulate—stresses an egalitarian vision of the world of the dead, with the goal of righting human justice and giving all men an equal place in eternity.

It soon became clear to me that the Encyclopedia does not probe the deeper darkness of history and time but begins sometime after 1789. This strange, erudite brotherhood must have adherents all over the world who burrow persistently and discreetly among obituaries and biographies and then process their data and send them on to headquarters, there in Stockholm. (Might not, I wondered for a second, Mrs. Johnsson be one of their agents? Wasn't it she who led me to this library—after I had confided to her my unhappiness—so that I might discover the Encyclopedia of the Dead and find in it a morsel of consolation?) That is all I have been able to gather, the only inkling I have about their work. One reason for their secrecy can be found, I believe, in the Church's long history of persecution and anathema; in addition, it must be taken into consideration that work on an encyclopedia such as this requires a certain understandable discretion, to avoid pressures of vanity and prevent any attempt at corruption.

NO less marvellous than the authors' covert activity or their approach, however, was that uncanny amalgam of an encyclopedia's lapidary precision with Biblical eloquence. This scanty bit of information that I find in my notebook, just as I wrote it, appears in the Encyclopedia in a few lines of such density that, suddenly and magically, fleeting pictures—a whole sunlit world—glow in the reader's spirit. Now a three-year-old boy is being carried on a hot summer day up a mountain path, on his way to stay with his grandfather (his mother's father), while in the background, on the second or third plane (I am not quite sure if that is what it should be called), appear Army troops, customs inspectors, gendarmes; the distant thunder of cannon and the howling of dogs can be heard. Then an abridged chronology of the First World War: the roar of trains through a market town, a brass band playing, water gurgling from the mouth of a canteen, a burst of shattering glass, the flutter of kerchiefs. . . . Each event appears as a separate paragraph, each period is given metaphorically, in some kind of poetic quintessence—not always chronologically, but in some odd symbiosis of time past, present, and future. How else to explain the line in that album covering the early five years of his life at his grandfather's in Komogovina—the sad commentary worded, if I remember correctly, "These *will be* the most beautiful years of his life"? Then comes a summary of childhood images, reduced, so to speak, to ideographic signs: the names of teachers and companions, the boy's "most beautiful years" in the turning of the seasons, rain falling on his bright face, swimming in the river, the flight of sleds down a snow-covered hill, trout fishing; then—or simultaneously, if such a thing is possible—soldiers returning from the European front, a canteen in the boy's hands, and, near a dam, a gas mask with its glass broken. And names, biographies. The widower Marko's encounter with his future wife, Sofija Rebrača, born in Komogovina; the wedding celebration,



• •

the suggestive toasts, the race of the village horses and the waving of pennants and ribbons, the ritual of exchanging rings, singing and dancing before the church doors, the boy in his ceremonial suit, a white shirt with a sprig of basil in his lapel. . . .

Here, in my notebook, only the word "Kraljevčani" is recorded. But in the Encyclopedia all the details of that departure are condensed into a couple of paragraphs. There is a note on the early hours of that wedding day, when the cuckoo in the clock on the wall announces it's time to get up, when the boy rouses himself from a heavy sleep. The names of the carriage drivers are listed, and the names of neighbors who walked beside the coach; a portrait of the schoolmaster, and his advice to the boy's new mother; the priest's counsels, the words of those who lingered on the outskirts of the village to wave once more in farewell.

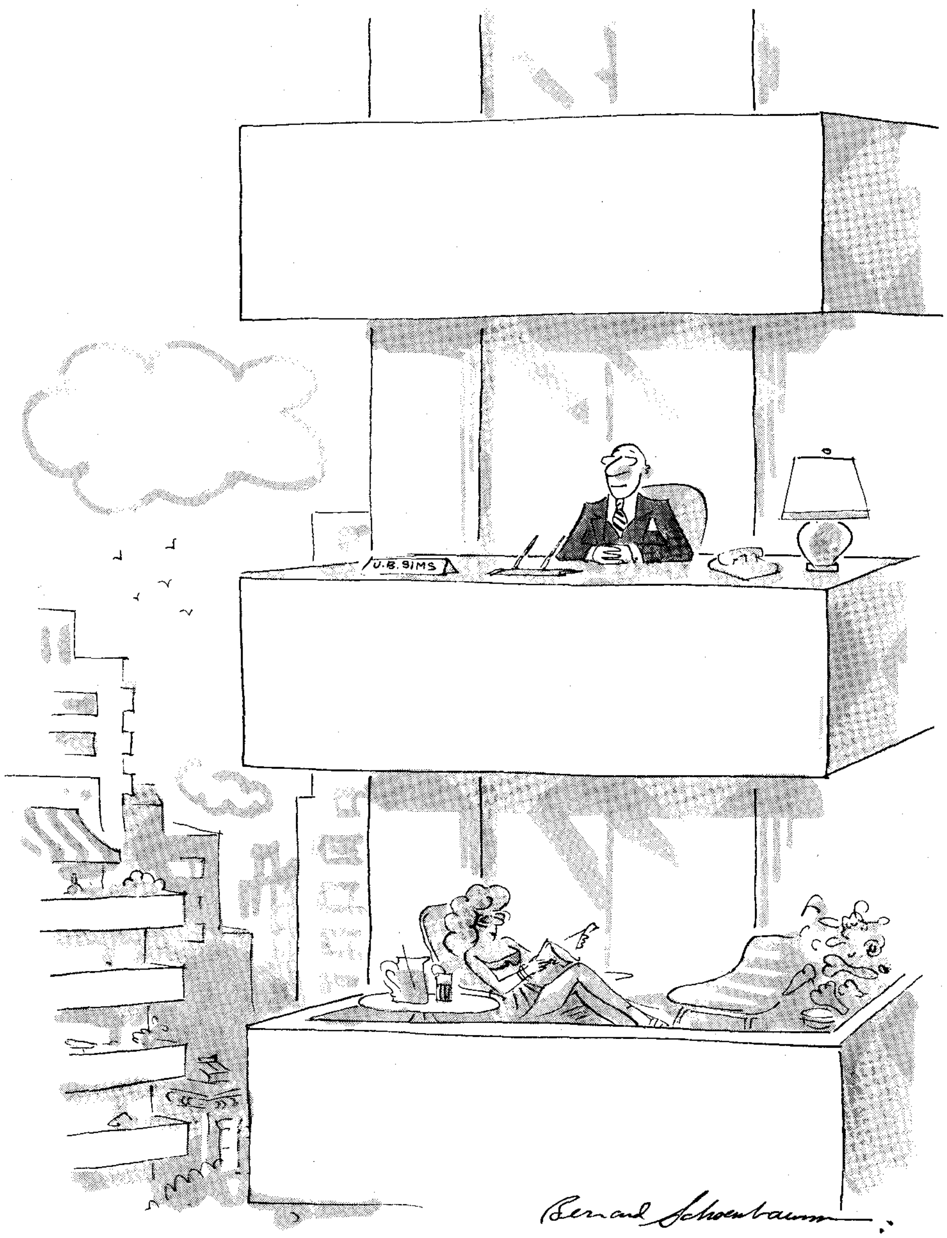
Nothing is lacking here, nothing is left out, neither the look of the road nor the color of the sky; Marko's inventory is noted to the last detail. Nothing is forgotten—not even the names of the authors of the old textbooks full of well-intentioned guidance, didactic stories, and Biblical parables. Every period of life, every event is recorded: every fish hooked, every page read, the name of every flower the boy picked.

AND here is my father as a young man, with his first hat, on his first carriage ride, at dawn; the names of girls, the words of the songs sung in those days, the text of a love letter, the newspapers he read—the whole of his young manhood compressed into a single passage.

Now we are already in Ruma, where my father attended *Gymnasium*. Let this instance give you an idea to what extent the Encyclopedia of the Dead is "omniscient," as they used to say. The principle is clear, yet one can only stand breathless before such erudition, before such a determination to record everything, everything that human life is made of. There is a condensed history of Ruma, a record of the city's climate, a description of the railroad junction; the name of the printer and everything he printed then—which newspapers and which books; the performances of the travelling theatres and the attractions at the visiting circuses; a description of a brick field where a young man, leaning against a locust tree, whispers into a girl's ear some romantic and rather risqué words (the text is given in full). And all of this—the train, the printer, the play, the circus elephant, the track that splits off and runs to Šabac—is set down as a function of the person spoken about. There are excerpts, too, from the school grade book: evaluations, drawings, names of classmates, all the way up to the seventh grade (7B), when the young man had a run-in with Professor L.D., his history and geography teacher.

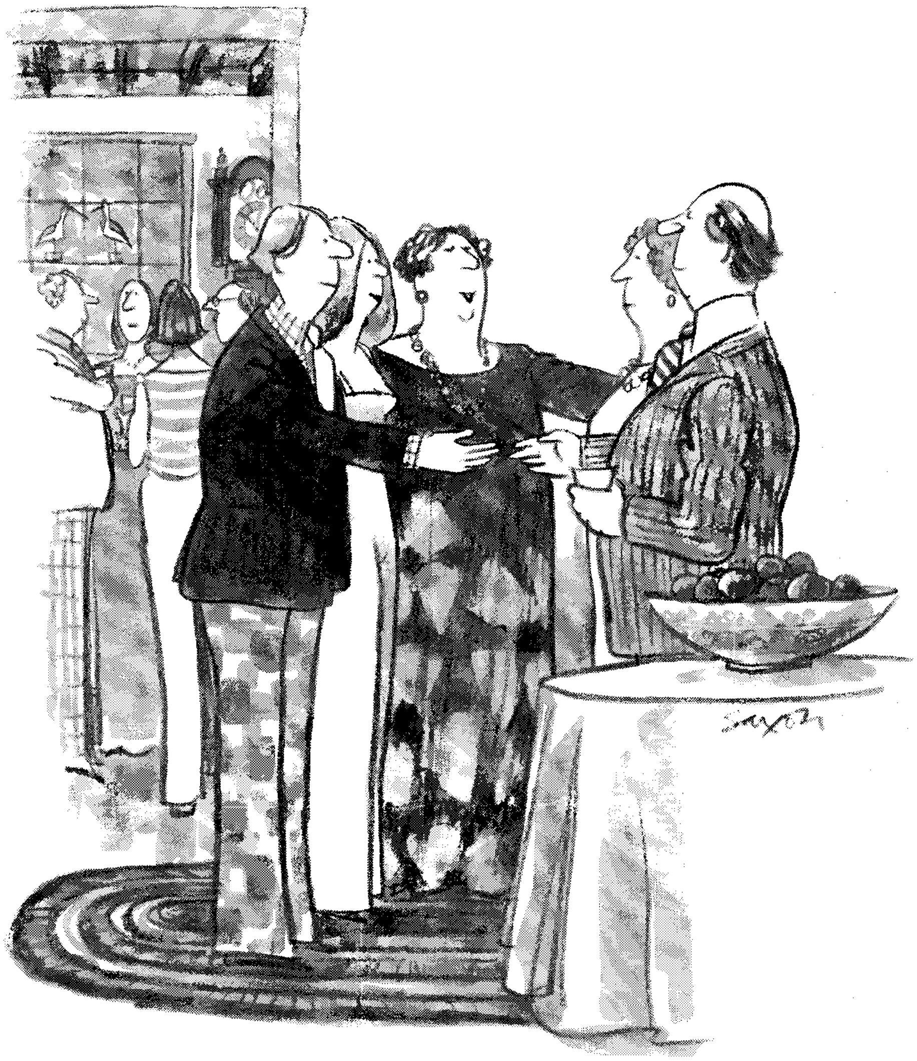
Suddenly we are in the heart of a new city. It is 1928, the young man wears a school cap with the mark "VIII" on it; he has let his mustache grow. (This is the mustache he was to have his whole life. Once, not so long ago, he carelessly cut a bit of it, and so he shaved it completely off. Looking at him, I started to cry: this was another man. In those tears there was a momentary, vague realization of how much I would miss him when he died.) Now he is at the door of the Metropolitan Café, after that in a movie theatre, where a piano plays while "Journey to the Moon" unfolds on the screen. Later we find him in front of the billboards at Jelačić Square, looking at the freshly posted bills, one of them—and I give you this detail only as a curiosity—announcing a lecture by the writer Krleža. The name of Anna Eremija, his mother's sister, with whom he will stay in Zagreb on Jurišić Street, appears, along with the names of Križaj, the opera singer, whom he once met in town, and of Ivan Labus, a cobbler who fixed his shoes, and of Ante Dutina, in whose bakery he used to buy rolls.

Back in that distant year—1929—one arrived in Belgrade by the Sava Bridge, just as one does today, and I suppose with the same delight. The clatter of trains over the grille of railroad trestles can be heard, the Sava flows muddy green, a locomotive rounds a curve and slows, and at the window of a second-class car my father appears, contemplating the distant view of an unknown city. The morning is fresh, fog slowly lifts off the horizon, black smoke rises from the chimney of the steamer Smederevo, the sombre horns of boats, about to embark for Novi Sad, resound in the air.



MY father spent, with minor interruptions, about fifty years in Belgrade, and that sum of living—that total of eighteen thousand or so days and nights (four hundred and thirty-eight thousand hours)—is set forth in the Encyclopedia in the space of five or six pages! And at least in the larger scheme of things the chronology is respected, for the days flow like the river of time, downstream, toward death.

In September of that year, my father enrolled in surveyor's school; the Encyclopedia describes the establishment of the Belgrade School of Surveying, and Director Stojković's introductory lecture admonishing the future surveyors respectfully to serve the King and the Fatherland, for on their shoulders falls the formidable task of recording and mapping the new borders of our homeland. The names of the most celebrated battles and the no less celebrated defeats of the First World War—Kajmakčalan, Mojkovac, Cer, Kolubara, Drina—mingle with the names of fallen professors and students, my father's grades in draftsmanship, history, catechism, drawing, and calligraphy. The name Roksanda-Rosa, a flower vender with whom Dj. M. "flirted," as they used to say, also appears here, as do the names of Borivoje-Bora Ilić, a café owner; Milenko Azanja, a tailor; Kosta Stavroski, at whose place he stopped every morning for hot burek; and someone named Krtinić, who fleeced him once at cards. Next comes a list of movies and sports events he saw, then the dates of his trips to Avala and Kosmaj, the weddings and funerals he attended, the names of streets where he lived (Cetinjska, Queen Milica,



"I want you to meet the Clayburns. The Clayburns are Edgartown."

Gavrilo Princip, King Peter I, Prince Miloš, Požeška, Kamenička, Kosmajska, Brankova); the names of the editors of his geography, geometry, and planimetry textbooks; titles of books he liked ("The Mountain Czar," "Stanko the Rebel," "Peasant Uprising"); church services, circus performances, scout parades, school shows, an art exhibition (where one of my father's watercolors won an honorable mention). Also noted is the day he lights up his first cigarette, in the school lavatory, spurred on by a certain Ivan Gerasimov, son of a Russian immigrant, who is to take him a week later to one of those Belgrade cafés popular at the time, where a gypsy orchestra played and Russian counts and officers wept along with the balalaika and guitar. Nothing is left out: the unveiling of a monument on the Kalemegdan, food poisoning from some ice cream bought on Macedonia Street, the flashy shoes his father bought him as a reward for doing well on his final exams.

The next paragraph tells of his departure for Užička Požega; it is the year 1932, May. He is travelling by train, second class, together with Gerasimov, the immigrant's son. It is their first assignment: they survey the terrain of Serbia, chart boundaries and file land registrations, they take turns carrying the levelling rod and theodolite; they wear straw hats—it is already summer and the sun is burning; they climb a hill, call, bellow; the autumn rains start, pigs squeal, the cattle grow uneasy; the theodolite, which attracts lightning, has to be put under shelter. Evenings at the home of the village schoolmaster Milenković, they drink plum brandy, the barbecue spit turns, Gerasimov curses alternately in Serbian and Russian, and not only because the brandy is so strong. In November of that same year, poor Gerasimov dies of pneumonia, and Dj. M. will stay by his deathbed and listen to his raving—as he will stand by the grave, head bowed, hat in hands, thinking about the fleeting nature of human life.

That is what remains in my memory from that reading, that is what remains in the notes I wrote hurriedly, my fingers numb, that night—or morning, actually. And then come another two years, two apparently monotonous years, when from May to November—the brigands' season—Dj. M. carries tripod and theodolite over mountains and valleys; the seasons change, rivers swell and fall again, the leaves turn green, then yellow; my father sits in the shade of a blossoming plum tree, then withdraws under the eaves of a house; lightning illuminates the evening landscape, the echo of thunder resounds over the ravines.

Summertime, 1934: the midday sun blazes, and our surveyors (someone named Dragović is with him now) stop at one of the houses (street and number are given), knock on the door, and ask for water. A girl fetches them a jug of cold water, as in some folktale. This girl—as you may already have guessed—would become my mother.

I cannot convey to you now, from memory, everything as it is described in the book—when and how he proposed, the traditional wedding (with no expense spared), the whole gamut of lively folklore that was a part of that life—for I know it would all seem vague and fragmentary compared to the original. Yet I cannot help mentioning to you that the book gives a list of the witnesses and the guests, the name of the priest who performed the ceremony, the toasts and songs, the presents and who gave them, and everything there was to eat and drink. Then, chronologically, come the winter months, from November to May, when the young couple settled in Belgrade; the book relates the arrangement of rooms and furniture, the price of the stove, bed, and dresser, as well as those intimacies of everyday life which are always so alike yet always so different. For—and this is, I believe, the central message of the Encyclopedia's authors—nothing ever

"I, for one, have had it with arugala."

repeats itself in human history; all things that, at first glance, seem to be the same are barely similar; every man is a single star unto himself; everything happens always and never, everything occurs endlessly and never again. (Having taken this into account, the compilers of the Encyclopedia of the Dead, that magnificent monument to diversity, insist on particularity; thus, to them, every human being is sacred.)

Were it not for the compilers' obsession with the uniqueness of each human being, the singularity of every event, what would be the point of giving the names of the registrar and the priest, a description of the wedding attire, and the name of the village—Gledići, near Kraljevo—together with all those details that connect a man and a place? The book describes my father's arrival "in the field" that May again, and his stay through November, in the different villages. It records the name of Jovan Radojković (in whose inn the surveyors drink chilled wine in the evenings, and where they are served on credit), as well as the name of my father's godson, Svetozar, the son of Stefan Janjić; it mentions Dr. Levstik, a Slovenian exile, who prescribed medication for my father's gastritis, and a certain Radmila-Rada, with whom Dj. M. will have a roll in the hay in some stable.

Regarding my father's stint in the Army, the book traces the maneuvers of the 5th Infantry Regiment (stationed in Maribor); it also notes the names of officers and enlisted men with their ranks, the names of his bunkmates, the quality of the food in the mess hall, his knee injury on a night march, the disciplinary action he faced for losing a glove, the name of the bar where he celebrated his transfer to Požarevac.

At first glance, all this seems quite similar to any tour of duty, any transfer. Yet from the vantage point of the Encyclopedia's compilers Požarevac and my father's seven-month stay in the barracks were unique: never again, never, will a certain Dj. M., surveyor, in the middle of 1935, live in the barracks at Požarevac and draw plans near the stove, thinking how, on a march one night, two or three months back, he saw the sea.

THAT sea he gazed at, from the slopes of the Velebit, for the first time, in his twenty-fifth year—April 28, 1935—lingered in him as a revelation, a dream he carried within him for forty years with undimmed intensity, like some secret or spectre of which one cannot speak. After all those years, he himself was not quite sure if he had actually seen the surface of the open sea or only the sky meeting the horizon, and the only true sea for him would remain that aquamarine on maps where the depths are marked with darker and the shoals with lighter tones of blue.

I think that was the reason he refused to go on summer vacations for so many years, even when it had become the custom to go to seaside resorts—trips arranged through union organizations or tourist agencies. In that refusal of his there was a strange fear, as if he were afraid of being disappointed, as if a close encounter with the sea might destroy that distant vision that had illuminated him on April 28, 1935, when, for the first time in his life, he had seen, from afar, sometime in the early dawn, the blue of the Adriatic.

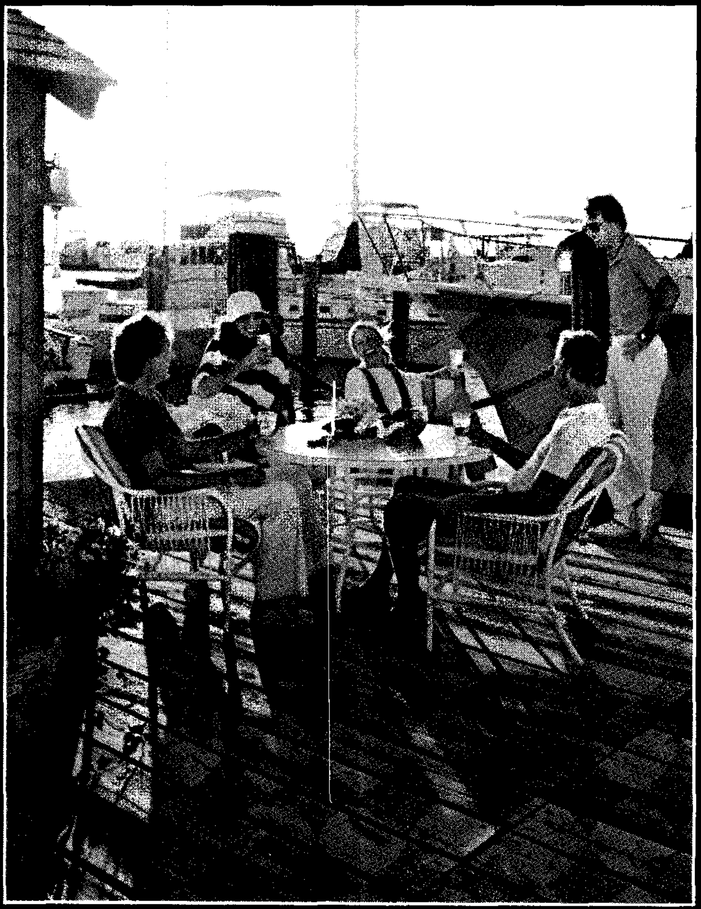
And all the excuses that he used to postpone that encounter with the sea were somehow unconvincing: he didn't want to vacation like some tourist on a budget, he didn't have enough money (which wasn't far from the truth), he couldn't stand strong sun (although he spent his whole life under strong sun), we should leave him in peace, he was perfectly all right in Belgrade behind drawn shades. Under this heading, in the Encyclopedia of the Dead, his association with the sea is analyzed in detail, from that first lyric sighting, in 1935, up until his actual face-to-face meeting with it, forty years later.

And that—his first real encounter with the sea—took place in 1975, when finally, at the family's insistence, he agreed to go to Rovinj with my mother and stay in a friend's house that was empty that summer.

He came back early, dissatisfied with the climate, dissatisfied with the service, dissatisfied with the TV programs, dissatisfied because of the crowds, because of the polluted sea, because of the jellyfish that washed in, because of the prices, because of "wholesale robbery." Of the sea itself, aside from complaining about the pollution ("it's a public toilet for tourists") and the jellyfish ("they're at-

You belong where the Beefeater® is.

Imported From England
BEEFEATER
LONDON
1873 1911 1924
London Distilled Dry Gin
PROOF
Distilled and bottled by
James Burrough Limited in London England
U.S. Importers Kobrand Corporation N.Y. N.Y.



BEEFEATER® GIN. The Crown Jewel of England.™

Refresh with sherbet intermezzos between dinner courses. Delicious fruits, freshly squeezed citrus juices and beautifully sculptured garnishes are imaginatively served. It's called a touch of Hyatt.

Other hotels try to give you a touch of Hyatt, but only Hyatt gives you them all. It's this basis for comparison that means you get your money's worth.

Capture the Hyatt spirit at 109 hotels worldwide. Weekend rates are another special touch of Hyatt. For reservations, call your travel planner or 800 228 9000.

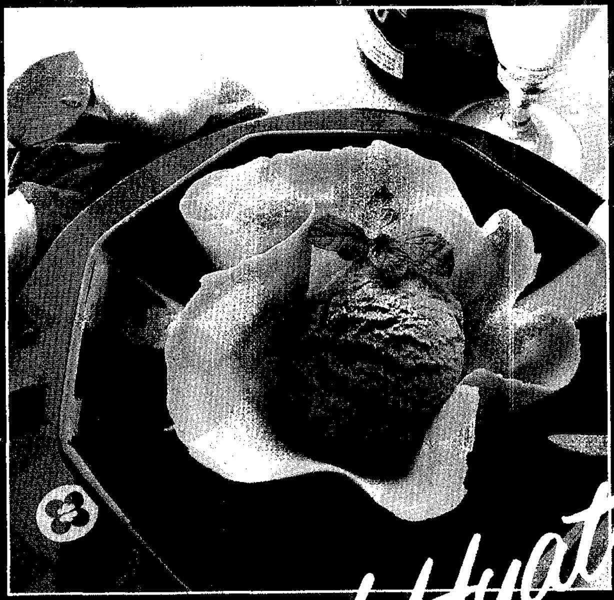
BALTIMORE
Overlooking the Inner Harbor, the spectacular new Hyatt Regency Baltimore is connected to Harborplace.

NEW ORLEANS
Adjacent to Superdome, Hyatt is near French Quarter, Bourbon Street.

NEW YORK
Grand Hyatt on fashionable Park Avenue at Grand Central.

ORLANDO
Thrive in the sunshine at Hyatt, neighbor to Walt Disney World.

TAMPA
New Hyatt Regency Tampa is downtown, 6 miles from airport, with health club, indoor whirlpool, outdoor pool.



a touch of Hyatt

HYATT HOTELS

© 1981 Hyatt Corp

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tracted by human skin, like lice"), he said nothing, not a word. He just shrugged. Now I understand what that meant: his age-old dream of the Adriatic, that far-off vision, was more beautiful and more impressive, more innocent and stronger than the dirty water in which greasy fat men paddled along with oil-covered women, "black as coal."

That was the last time he took a vacation by the sea. Now I know that—like some precious being—a distant dream, a distant illusion (if it was an illusion), that he had harbored for forty years died then.

AJAX
MOTORS
CAR
AS
MYTH

IN one headlong leap of time, I have skipped over those forty years of his life. Chronologically speaking, though, we are only in the years '37 and '38: Dj. M. already has two daughters (a son will follow), conceived somewhere in the obscure corners of Serbian villages—in Petrovac on the Mlava River, or in Despotovac, Stepojevac, Bukovac, Čuprija, Jelašnica, Matejevica, Čečina, Vlasina, Knjaževac, or Podvis. Picture a map of the region in your mind, enlarge every one of those dots on the map or military chart by a ratio of 1:50,000, note the streets and houses where he lived; then walk into a courtyard, into a house, map out the rooms, make an inventory of the furniture and the orchards, not forgetting the flowers that grow in the garden behind the house, or the news in the papers he reads—news of the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact, of the royal government's escape, of the prices of cooking fat and coal, of the feats of the flying ace Aleksić. There, that's how the Encyclopedia's masters handle it.

As I said, every event connected with his destiny—each bombardment of Belgrade, each advance of German troops to the east, and each of their retreats—is given from his vantage point and insofar as it has bearing on his life. A house on Palmotićeva Street is described at this point, including everything significant that can be noted about it and its tenants, because in the cellar of that building my father later, along with us, will live through the Belgrade bombardments. The house on Stepojevac Street is also described (owner's name, layout, and so on), where Father will shelter us during the war, and the prices of bread, meat, fat, poultry, and brandy are noted. In the Encyclopedia you will also find his conversation with the chief of police in Knjaževac, a document verifying his release from duty in 1942, and, if you read carefully, you will see how he gathers leaves in the Botanical Gardens or on Palmotićeva Street, how he presses them and glues them into his daughter's herbarium, writing, "Dandelion (*Taraxacum officinale*)" or "Linden (*Tilia*)," in the calligraphic hand he used to inscribe "Adriatic Sea" or "Vlasina" on maps.

From the immense river of his life, from that genealogical novel, streams branch off; in the course of describing his stint in the sugar factory in the years 1943-44 there appears, in a kind of digested chronicle, the destiny of my mother, and us, his children—whole volumes condensed into a few eloquent paragraphs. His early rising is linked with my mother's (she goes out to some village to barter an old wall clock, part of her dowry, for a hen or a side of bacon) and our departure for school. This morning ritual (in the background, the tune "Lili Marlene" comes from a radio somewhere in the neighborhood) is used here to convey the family atmosphere in the laid-off surveyor's house during the years of the occupation (skimpy breakfasts of chicory and melba toast), and also to review the fashions of those years, when people wore earmuffs, shoes with wooden soles, and topcoats cut from army blankets.

The molasses that, at great risk, my father brought home under his coat from Milišić's factory, where he worked then as a day laborer, has the same importance for the Encyclopedia of the Dead as the raid on the Eye Clinic right in the neighborhood, or the exploits of my uncle Cveja Karakašević from Ruma, who used to pilfer from the German Officers' Club at No. 7 France Street, where he worked as a stock boy. The curious fact (for which we had Cveja Karakašević to thank) that, during the occupation, we often ate fattened carp (that swam in our big, enamelled bathtub during the night) and practically bathed in French champagne brought from the Drei Husaren (that same Officers' Club) did not, of course, escape the attention of the Encyclopedia's editors. Just as, following the logic of their principle that in life there exist neither meaningless things nor a hierarchy of events, they entered all our childhood illnesses into the book—mumps, tonsillitis, whooping cough, rashes—so they recorded the infestation of lice, and my father's lung troubles (the diagnosis given here agrees with Dr. Djurović's: emphysema, the result of heavy smoking). The book also records the notice on the bulletin board near Bylon's Market, with its list of reprisal victims, among whom are my father's close friends and acquaintances; the names of hanged patriots whose bodies swing from the electric poles near the theatre; the words of the German officer who demands to see his "Ausweis" at the station restaurant in Niš; a description of a Četnik wedding in Vlasotinci, where rifle shots rang throughout the night.

The street battles in Belgrade in October, 1944, are described the way he sees them, with the view from Palmotićeva Street, where the Alpine Battery rolls by and a dead horse lies on the corner. The deafening din of the half-tracks momentarily drowns out the interrogation of some Volksdeutscher named Franjo Hermann, whose curses seep through the thin wall of the neighboring building where an OZNA officer carries out the people's justice and vengeance. The burst of machine-gun fire echoing sharply in the abrupt silence after the passing of a Soviet tank, the bloody stain on the wall that my father was to see through the bathroom window, and the corpse of the miserable Hermann, curled in the fetal position, are all recorded in the Encyclopedia in the same manner: through the commentary of a hidden observer.

For the Encyclopedia of the Dead, history is the totality of the human condition, the entirety of ephemeral events. Because of this, every action, every thought, every breath, every peak elevation marked in the land register, every shovel scooping mud, every motion that went into clearing bricks from the ruins is noted.

THE job my father had in the Department of Land Records after the war, when the land was remeasured and again entered into the books (as it is after all great historic upheavals), is treated here with the full chapter this would require: nature of terrain, deed and title records, new names for the vacated German villages and new names for the developing settlements. Nothing is missing: loam stuck in rubber boots he bought from a drunken soldier; the diarrhea he got from eating spoiled sauerkraut at some hole-in-the-wall in Indija; an affair with a Bosnian woman, a waitress, in Sombor; his fall from a bicycle, injuring his elbow, near Čantavir; the ride by night in the cattle car on the Senta-Subotica line; the plump goose he bought to take home for New Year's; a drunken party with some Russian engineers in Banovići; the pulling of a molar, in the field, near some well; a mass meeting where he was soaked to the bone; the death of Steva Bogdanov, surveyor, who hit a mine at the edge of some woods, and with whom he had played billiards the day before; the reappearance of the stunt pilot Aleksić in the sky over the Kalemegdan park; an awful hangover in a place called Mrakodol; a ride in a crowded truck on the muddy road from Zrenjanin to Elemir; a run-in with his new boss, Šuput, somewhere in the area of Jaša Tomić; waiting in line at the Dunav station at four in the morning, in minus-fifteen-degree weather, to buy a ton of coal; his purchase of a marble-topped table at a flea market; a breakfast of "American" cheese and powdered milk in the workers' restaurant Bosnia; the illness and death of his father; a visit to the cemetery on All Saints' Day; a violent quarrel with a Petar Janković and a Sava Dragović, advocates of Stalin's line; their arguments and counter-arguments (ending with Father's hoarse "Screw Stalin!").

Thus the Encyclopedia gives us a sense of the time and the political events of the period.

The fear that overtook my father—and that silence I myself remember so well, a heavy and painful silence—is explained by the book as an infectious fear: one morning he found out that that same Petar Janković, his kinsman and colleague at work, went at six every morning to the State Security building for a talk (on the heels of a report on him by the aforementioned Dragović) and arrived at work late, his face black and blue, swollen from beatings and lack of sleep; it went on like this every single morning, at daybreak, for about six months, until Petar managed to recall some other people who shared his delusions about the Russians and listened to Radio Moscow.

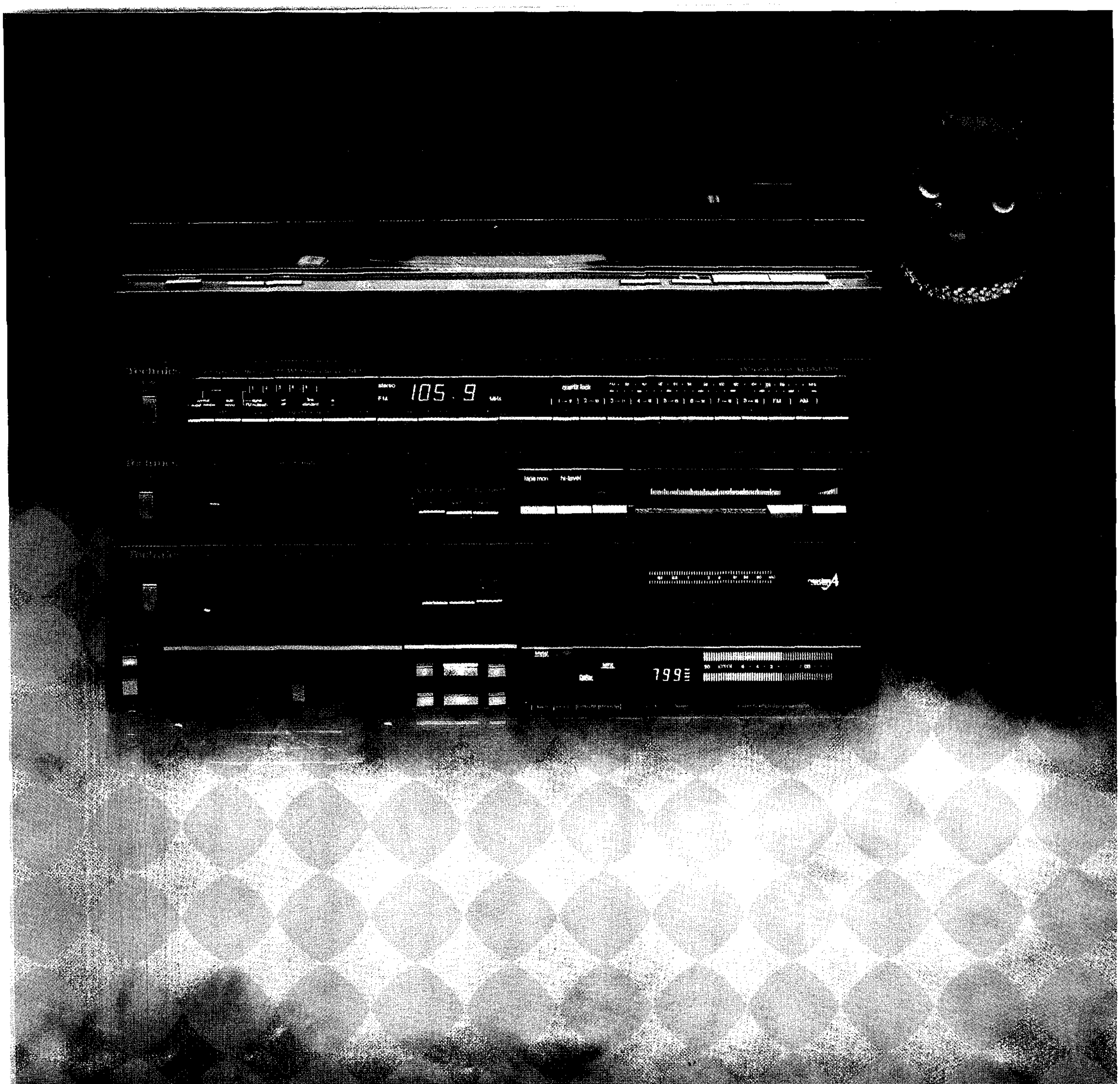
I skip over the smaller streams: quarrels, reconciliations, trips to the spa—the whole family history in miniature. I also pass over the inventory of things that my father brought into the house and that are listed in the Encyclopedia with a housekeeper's diligence. I will only mention further the Orion radio, the "Collected Works" of Maxim Gorky, an oleander in a large wooden pot, and a barrel for pickling cabbage, for they seem to me more important, compared to all the other trifles the book mentions, omitting neither the fabric nor the lining I bought for him from my first pay, nor the bottle of Martell brandy which he downed in the course of a single evening.

The Encyclopedia of the Dead does not concern itself only with material goods; it is not a double-entry ledger or an inventory book, nor is it a catalogue, like the Book of Kings or Genesis, though it is that as well. It also speaks of the state of a man's soul, his outlook on the world, on God, his doubts as to the existence of the other world, his moral standards. Yet the thing that is most astonishing is that unique link of the external and the internal, that insistence on concrete facts which are then brought into a coherent connection with man, with what we call his soul.

If the editors give certain facts without commentary—the installation of electrical outlets in tile stoves (1969), the beginning of my father's baldness and his reckless gluttony, the refreshing drink he made from elderberries, following a recipe in *Politika*—they do, on the other hand, interpret his compulsive stamp collecting in his old age as compensation for his prolonged immobility. It is obvious to them that his examination of stamps through a magnifying glass was only part of that stifled sense of fantasy often hidden in calm, stable people little inclined to travel or adventure—the same veiled burgher's romanticism that determined Father's attitude toward the sea. He exchanged journeys and distant horizons for those comfortable sojourns of the imagination, and he used his first grandson's interest in the butterfly world of stamps to keep from looking ridiculous in the eyes of others, or in his own.

This is already, as you can see, that part of his spiritual landscape that is quite close to the river's mouth, where his friends' funerals follow one another with such frequency that every man—even someone less inclined than my father to quiet rumination—becomes a philosopher, insofar as philosophy is the contemplation of the meaning of life.

Discontented with his life, consumed by the melancholy of old age (which nothing can assuage, neither devoted children, good grandchildren, nor the relative serenity of everyday life), he began to grumble and get drunk more often. Then he would



Technology made Seductive.
The Studio Collection from Technics.

When it's more than an alluring look or a sensuous touch. When it's something irresistible, something you've never seen, felt or heard before. It's the Studio Collection™ from Technics.

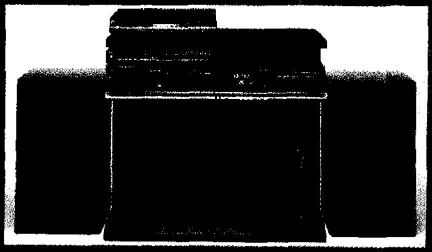
Experience the elegance of a power amplifier that's as ravishingly beautiful as it is sonically pure. Discover the sheer sophistication of a preamplifier that gently hands you its tone controls in a hideaway motorized drawer.

Be captivated by the crystalline accuracy of a quartz-synthesized tuner that tunes up to 8 FM and 8 AM stations, not just automatically but perfectly.

To entice you even more, there's a 3-head metal cassette deck with the precision of quartz-locked direct drive. And an ultra-slim, linear-tracking turntable with the accuracy of direct drive.

Most exciting of all is listening to all this technology through Technics Honeycomb Disc speakers, a dramatic approach to sound reproduction.

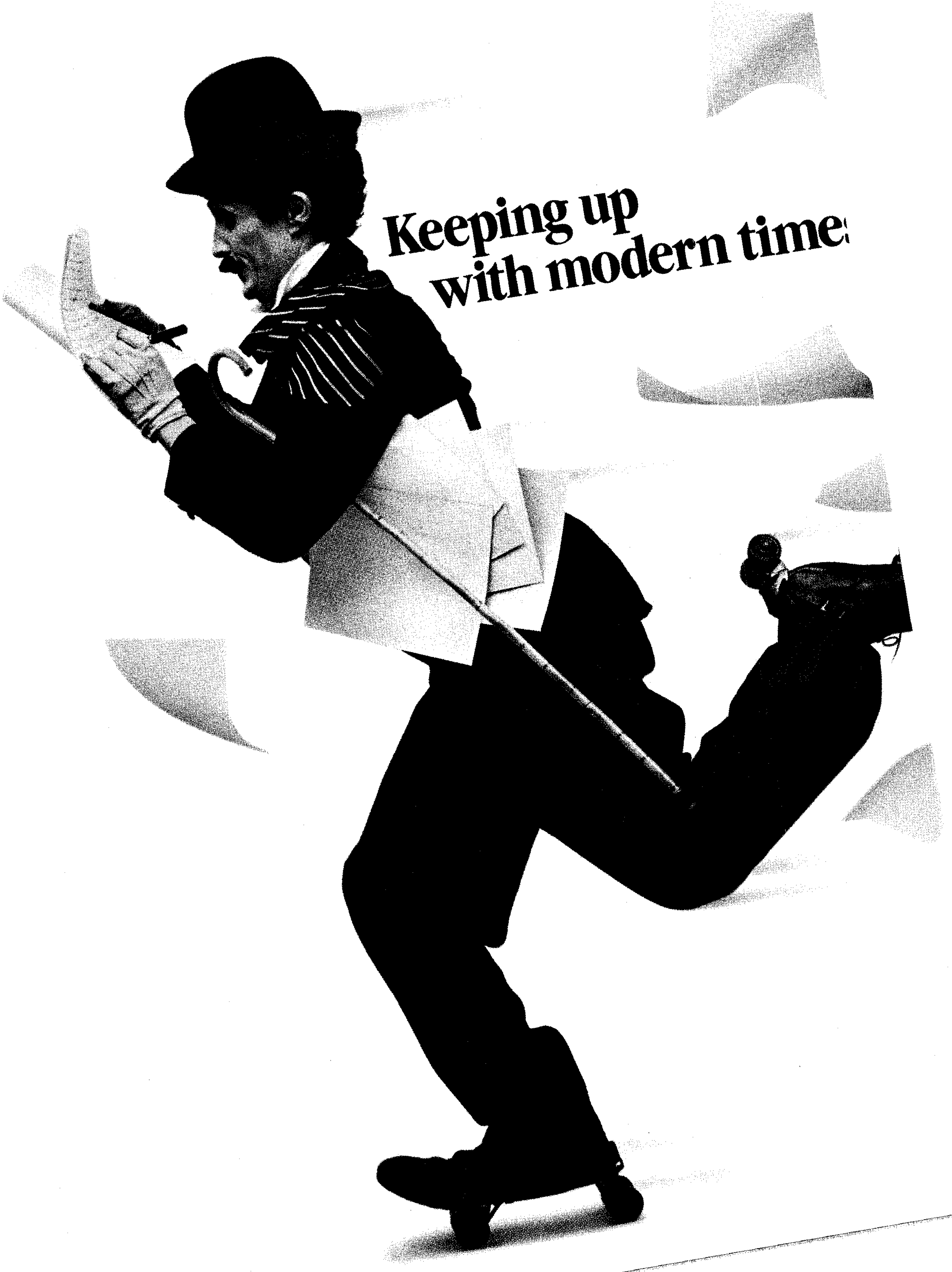
Of course, words alone can merely tantalize. Listen to the Studio Collection from Technics. Let it seduce you.



Diamonds by Harry Winston Inc.

Technics
The science of sound

Keeping up with modern times



Roller skates can gain you a little speed. But they can't help with the unprecedented pressures, problems and paperwork of this information age.

That kind of challenge calls for a special solution—a tool for modern times: the IBM Personal Computer.

Getting things accomplished.

The most-often-asked questions about this tool are: how easy is it to use, and just what do I use it for?

The first question is simple to answer, because the IBM Personal Computer is surprisingly simple to learn.

The second question has no single answer, however. Because the uses for the IBM Personal Computer are as varied as your needs—as limitless as your imagination.

Storing form letters at the office, for example. Attendance records at school. Or tax records at home.

Keeping track of accounts receivable. Or when you last paid the orthodontist.

Completing sales reports as easily as your kids can revise and print book reports.

Or teaching students "dry" subjects in game form (while they learn there's more to computers than intergalactic battles).

Plan on it.

Keeping up with modern times is tough enough. But intelligent planning is key. What if interest rates plummet? What if property taxes soar?

What's the latest stock report? What's the Aspen ski report?

With an IBM Personal Computer, and an expanding library of software, you can forecast. Plan ahead. Test contingencies. Tap information networks that bring the world into your lab. Your office. Your classroom and your living room.

What's in store?

So to keep up with modern times, visit your authorized IBM Personal Computer dealer today.

Ask what programs are available now. Get a demonstration.

IBM PERSONAL COMPUTER SPECIFICATIONS

User Memory
16K-256K bytes*
Microprocessor
16-bit, 8088*
Auxiliary Memory
2 optional internal diskette drives, 5¼", 160K bytes per diskette
Keyboard
83 keys, 6 ft. cord attaches to system unit*
10 function keys*
10-key numeric pad
Tactile feedback*
Diagnostics
Power-on self testing*
Parity checking*

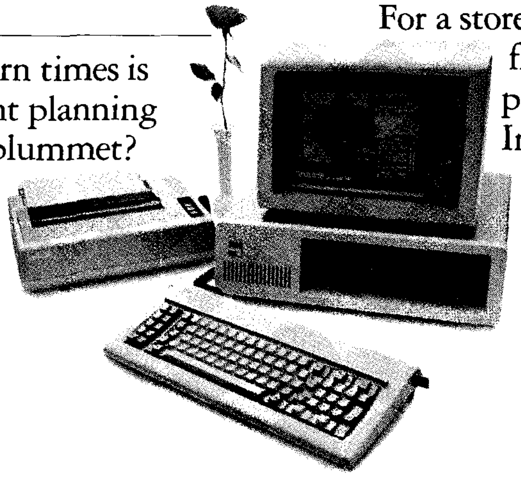
Display Screen
High-resolution*
80 characters x 25 lines
Upper and lower case
Green phosphor screen*
Operating Systems
DOS, UCSD p-System, CP/M-86†
Languages
BASIC, Pascal, FORTRAN, MACRO Assembler, COBOL
Printer
Bidirectional*
80 characters/second
12 character styles, up to 132 characters/line*
9 x 9 character matrix*

Permanent Memory
(ROM) 40K bytes*
Color/Graphics
Text mode:
16 colors*
256 characters and symbols in ROM*
Graphics mode:
4-color resolution: 320h x 200v*
Black & white resolution: 640h x 200v*
Simultaneous graphics & text capability*
Communications
RS-232-C interface
Asynchronous (start/stop) protocol
Up to 9600 bits per second

*ADVANCED FEATURES FOR PERSONAL COMPUTERS

And be sure to check the hardware features that set this personal computer apart. (Bring the box above to simplify comparison shopping.) You'll find that the quality, power and performance are what you'd expect from IBM. The price isn't.

For a store near you (or for information from IBM about quantity purchases) call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400. In Alaska or Hawaii, (800) 447-0890. IBM®



The IBM Personal Computer
A tool for modern times

†UCSD p-System is a trademark of the Regents of the University of California. CP/M-86 is a trademark of Digital Research, Inc.

“Inspired by the Country Wines of Europe.”

LIGHT COUNTRY WHITE pays tribute to the innovative winemaking tradition of AUGUST SEBASTIANI. To produce this light wine, we select grapes with ideal sugar/acid balance. Because sugar, as well as alcohol, contains calories, we then ferment the wine to *dryness*. This exciting new wine is inspired by the Country Wines of Europe – the light, crisp flavors of Italian Soave and French Macons and the refreshing, light wines of Germany. LIGHT COUNTRY WHITE is all of these things, yet it is also distinctly a California wine . . . very much a wine for Americans who want a lighter, drier taste. Serve well-chilled on any occasion that calls for a light, refreshing beverage. Enjoy!

Lighter, Drier, Fewer Calories

Only 57 Calories In Each 100 ml

Light
Only 57 Calories
In Each 100 ml Serving
WINES IN THE TRADITIONAL FAMILY STYLE
August Sebastiani
SERVE CHILLED
1980
Light Country White
A Dry California Table Wine
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY SEBASTIANI VINEYARDS
SONOMA, CALIFORNIA ALC. 9% BY VOL. BONDED WINERY

1.5 LITER MAGNUM

ALSO IN 750 ml

Light Country White

©1982 SEBASTIANI VINEYARDS — A FAMILY WINERY IN THE SONOMA VALLEY

burst into sudden fits of anger, something quite unexpected from this quiet man with the gentle smile. He would curse God, heaven, earth, the Russians, the Americans, the Germans, the government, and all those responsible for allotting him such a measly pension for his lifetime of toil, and most of all he cursed television, which filled the barrenness of his evenings and, insolent to the point of offense, carried into his house the great illusion of life.

The next day, coming to himself, in a kind of sullen remorse he would start feeding the goldfinch on the balcony, talking to it, whistling, holding the cage high above his head, as if brandishing a lantern in the darkness of human misery. Or, finally taking off his pajamas, he would get dressed, moaning, put on his hat, and go to the main post office, on Takovska Street, to buy stamps. Afternoons—sipping his coffee, sitting on the edge of the armchair, his grandson next to him—he would arrange the stamps in albums, using small tweezers.

Sometimes, in hours of despair, he longed for the past, whining like an old man: that God never gave him the chance to get an education, that he would leave this world ignorant, not having seen the good, never having properly seen either seas or cities, never having seen what an educated or a rich man could see. But his trip to Trieste ended just as ingloriously as his trip to Rovinj.

It was, at the age of sixty-six, his first step across the border. That journey, too, came after much insistence and persuasion by the rest of us. Even then, he defended himself with arguments that were not easy to counter: that a clever man doesn’t go to a country whose language he doesn’t know, that he has no interest in dealing in the black market, that macaroni and Chianti in Trieste mean nothing to him, he’d rather drink simple white wines from Mostar or Prokuplje at home.

Nevertheless, we managed to persuade him to get a passport.

He came back from that trip in an ugly mood, having fought with my mother: the shoes she bought him leaked and gave him blisters, and the police kept searching the travellers for contraband and ransacked their luggage just as they reached Belgrade.

Need I say that this trip to Trieste and the downpour there, when he stood under an awning in front of the Hotel Adriatico without an umbrella, as lost as an old wet dog, while my mother rummaged through shoes on the Ponte Rosso—that all of this found its place in the Encyclopedia of the Dead, the place that such an episode deserves? The only thing on that disastrous trip to Trieste that somehow consoled him was buying flower seeds he found displayed in front of a shop. (Luckily, the flowers were pictured and the price indicated on the small packets, so he didn't have to struggle with the woman at the counter.) For at that time Dj. M. is already quite "involved in raising decorative flowers," as the Encyclopedia puts it. (There follows an inventory of flowers in jars, pots, and pans on the front and back terraces.)

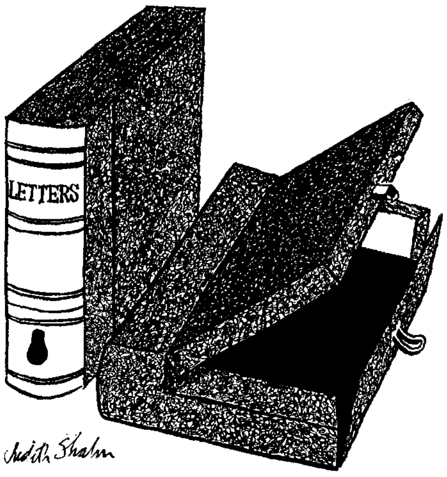
Somehow, about the same time, in a kind of floral epidemic, he starts filling his free time by painting flowers around the house. This sudden outburst of his talent for painting came without warning. Dissatisfied—as he was dissatisfied with everything—with the way a retired officer, a novice housepainter, had done the bathroom, leaving wide streaked areas (the man sang partisan songs all day long, to give his arm the proper rhythm), my father stepped in and rolled up his own sleeves. Unable to eliminate the darker patches on the wall, he decided to cover them with oil paint, tracing the outlines where the dampness had seeped through. Thus the first flower was created in the bathroom: a huge bellflower, or a lily, or whatever it was.

We all praised him. People from the neighborhood came to see his handiwork. Even his favorite grandson expressed sincere admiration. That's how it all started. Next came the window in the bathroom. He painted some small field blossoms on it—blue, like cornflowers—and left them unfinished, oblique, so that the floral motif, painted directly on glass, gave the illusion of a windswept curtain.

From then on he painted all day, untiringly, smoking one cigarette after another. (In the silence one could hear the hissing of his lungs, like bellows.) On old scratched chests, china lampshades, cognac bottles, plain glass vases, Nescafé jars, and wooden cigar boxes, he painted flowers that hardly resembled real ones. On a big seltzer bottle he painted, over an aquamarine background, the names of Belgrade night spots, with the same lettering used to mark islands on maps: The Brioni Islands, La Boca, The Seagull, The Sailor, Dawn, Café Serbia, Vidin's Gate, Stambol Gate, Skadarlija, Three Hats, Two Deer, Under the Linden, A Bunch of Grapes, The Woody Forest, Seven Poplars, The Carp, Three Tobacco Leaves, Manège, Little Paris, There Are Days, The March on the Drina, Kalemegdan, Kolarac, The Fatherland, The Plowman, Obrenovac, Oplenac, Dušan's City, The River Mouth, Smederevo, The Hunter's Horn, The Question Mark, The Last Chance.

THE authors did not fail to notice the curious fact that my father died on his first grandson's twelfth birthday. Nor did they disregard his resistance to our naming his last grandson after him. We thought he would be flattered and take it as a gesture of special attention and favor. He just mumbled something, and in his eyes I saw the shadow of that dread that was to glow under his glasses a year later, when the certainty of the end became clear to him. That trail of the living and the dead, that prevailing myth of the succession of generations, that feigned solace men devise that they may more easily accept the thought of dying, my father experienced, that instant, as an insult: by this magical act of giving his name to a newborn child, however much his own flesh and blood, they "broke the bread" over him and pronounced his death sentence. But I didn't know that he had already felt an unusual growth in the area of his groin, and that he had suspected—or maybe knew with certainty—that in his entrails a strange, poisonous plant bloomed from its bulb.

In one of its final chapters, the Encyclopedia even notes the route the funeral procession took, the name of the priest who conducted his Requiem Mass, the way the wreath looked, the list of those who saw him off from the chapel, the number of candles lit for his soul, the text of the obituary in *Politika.*



The eulogy given over his bier by Nikola Bešević, a long-standing colleague from the Department of Land Records ("Comrade Djuro M. served his country honorably, with equal dedication both before the war and during the occupation, as well as after the war, in the time of the renewal and rebuilding of our devastated and afflicted homeland"), is given in full. Despite certain exaggerations and clichés, despite rhetorical lapses, that speech by Bešević over the bier of his dead comrade and countryman doubtless held, in itself, something of the message and principle delineated by the great Encyclopedia of the Dead. ("His memory will live on eternally. May he be granted grace and go in glory!")

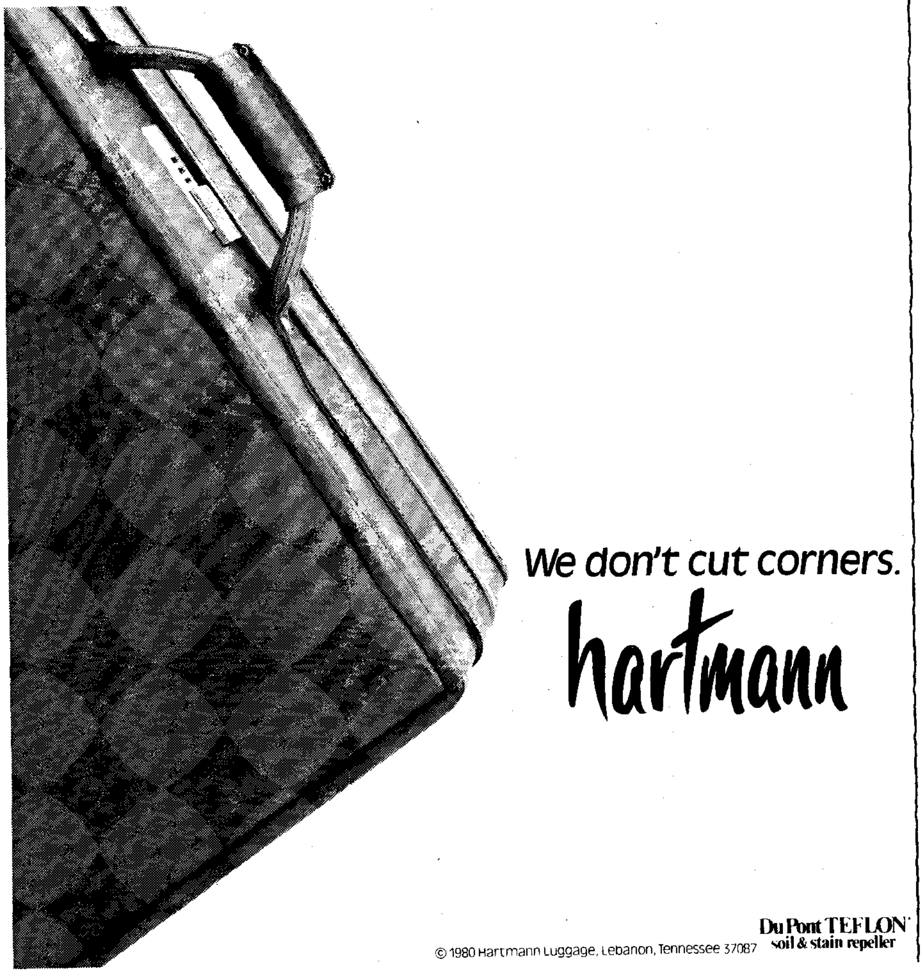
There; and this may even be the end, for here my notes stop. I will not mention the sad inventory of things he left behind: shirts, passport, documents, glasses (and the light of day glistened painfully off the vacant lenses just removed from their case)—all the things given my mother at the hospital the day after his death. For it is all painstakingly recorded in the Encyclopedia; not a single handkerchief is omitted, neither the pack of cigarettes nor the copy of *Ilustrovana Politika* with the crossword puzzle partly solved in his handwriting.

The names of doctors, nurses, and visitors follow, the day and hour of the operation, when Dr. Perović made the incision and then closed it, seeing that the operation was in vain: sarcoma had already spread to his vital organs. I haven't the strength to describe his gaze as he said goodbye to me on the stairs of the hospital a day or two before the operation; it encompassed all of life and the true terror that comes with the realization of death. *Everything a living man can know of death.*

I MANAGED, numb and in tears, to go over all the pages concerning him in a few hours. I was, I must say, completely oblivious of time, of place. Had I been in this bleak library an hour or had dawn already broken outside? I hastened to write down as much data as possible about my father, so that I might have, in my hours of despair, some evidence that his life was not in vain, that there are still some people who record and give value to

PURE WOOL
Lambswool—
merino extrafine
Consummately soft, an extraordinary wool in a superlative sweater set.
JACQUES deLOUX
Bucks County, PA
1410 Broadway, New York, NY 10018

Hers: Lambswool, Merino Extrafine cable front sweater with three button placket. MADE IN USA
His: Lambswool, Merino Extrafine cardigan.



© 1980 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

every life, every affliction, every human existence. (Consolation, however slight it may be.)

Suddenly I saw, somewhere in the last few pages dealing with him, one flower—one unusual flower—that at first glance seemed to me to be printed as a vignette, or a diagram of some plant found in the world of the dead and preserved here as an example of extinct flora. I read, however, the explanation that it was the basic flower motif in my father's paintings. With trembling hands I began to trace that strange flower. It resembled, more than anything, a peeled and cracked orange, intersected by thin red lines, like capillary veins. For a moment I was disappointed. I was familiar enough with all the drawings my father had made on the walls, on boards, bottles, and boxes in his leisure time, but not one was like this. Yes, I said to myself, even *they* can make a mistake. Then, having traced that huge, peeled orange into my notebook, I read the last paragraph and I let out a shriek. I woke up in a cold sweat.

Then I wrote down everything I remembered from that dream, and here is what remains of it all.

Do you know what was written in that last paragraph? That Dj. M. began painting the moment the first signs of cancer appeared in him. It is clear, then, that his obsessive painting of floral motifs coincided with the development of the disease.

When I showed this drawing to Dr. Perović, he affirmed, with some astonishment, that the sarcoma in my father's bowels looked exactly like it. And that, without a doubt, the *efflorescence* had gone on for years.

—Danilo Kiš

(*Translated, from the Serbo-Croatian, by Ammiel Alcalay.*)

•

"We've tightened our belt as much as we can," he stated.

With that he showed where in the 1982-83 year the district would operate with one less elementary teacher; one and one-half less secondary teachers and a vocational director. Positions will be eliminated through nutrition.—*Colville (Wash.) Statesman-Examiner.*

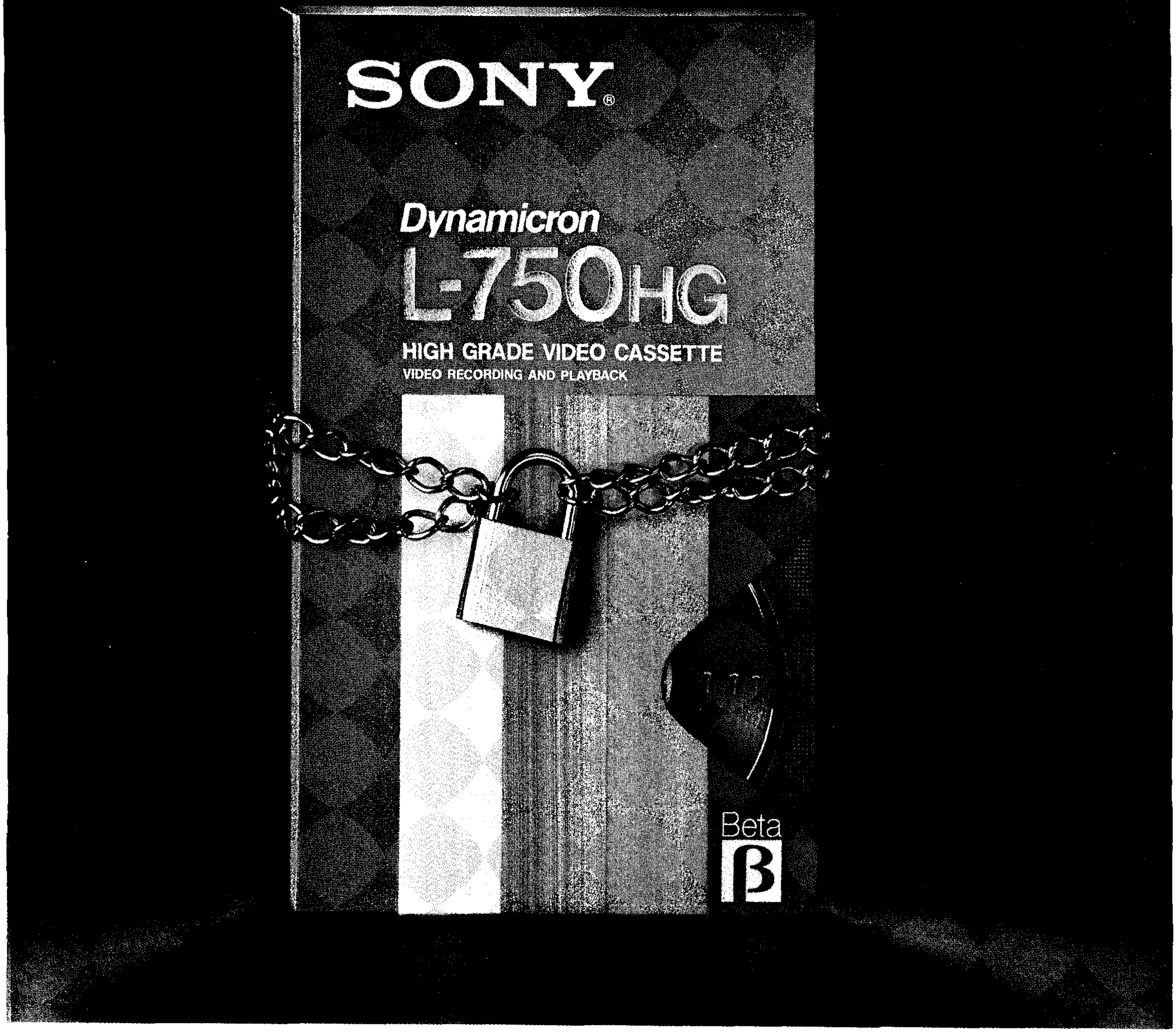
Let them eat junk food.

•

"We're sitting on top of something that could be as explosive and important as the Monkees or the Partridge Family," averred Charles Koppelman, prexy of The Entertainment Co.—*Variety.*

Don't light any matches, Koppelman.

SONY INTRODUCES A VIDEOTAPE THAT'S ALMOST TOO GOOD TO USE.

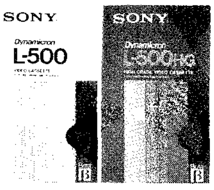


New Dynamicron High Grade is a bit like the family silver: it's meant for truly special occasions.

You see, *regular* Dynamicron, the best-selling Beta tape, is perfect for most recording needs. But there are times when you may need something even better. Like when you're making a home movie of a special occasion and want a master tape to make duplicates. Or when picture and sound quality are critical. Or if you want (and can afford) to always use the very best.

Sony Dynamicron High Grade has even better picture and better audio quality than our superb regular Dynamicron. It's got higher picture resolution at each recording speed. So you can tape at the Beta III speed and get a picture that's the same quality as recording regular Dynamicron on Beta II. It begins with a better picture, and it stays that way longer.

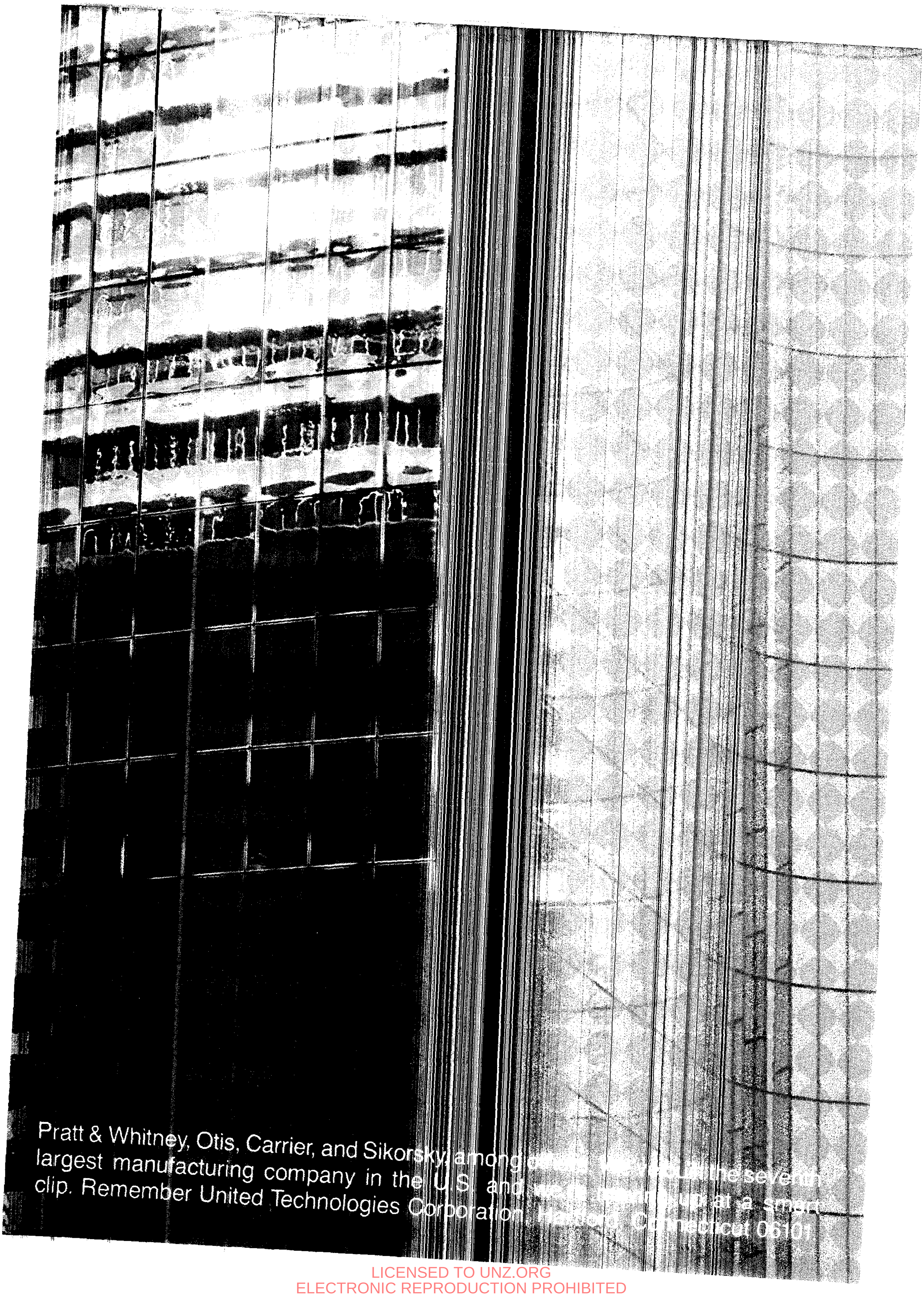
So when you need a superior Beta tape, get Sony Dynamicron. And when you need a *superior* superior Beta tape, get new Sony Dynamicron High Grade. It's a fine distinction.



SONY
Dynamicron™

© 1982 Sony Tape Sales Co., a Div. of Sony Corp. of America. Sony and Dynamicron are trademarks of Sony Corp.

BRILLIANT Now buildings can be intelligent *and* beautiful. Building Automation supplies the brains to manage energy, communications, security and other functions. Building Automation is a United Technologies company. So are



Pratt & Whitney, Otis, Carrier, and Sikorsky, among others. We're now the seventh largest manufacturing company in the U.S. and we're growing up at a smart clip. Remember United Technologies Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.

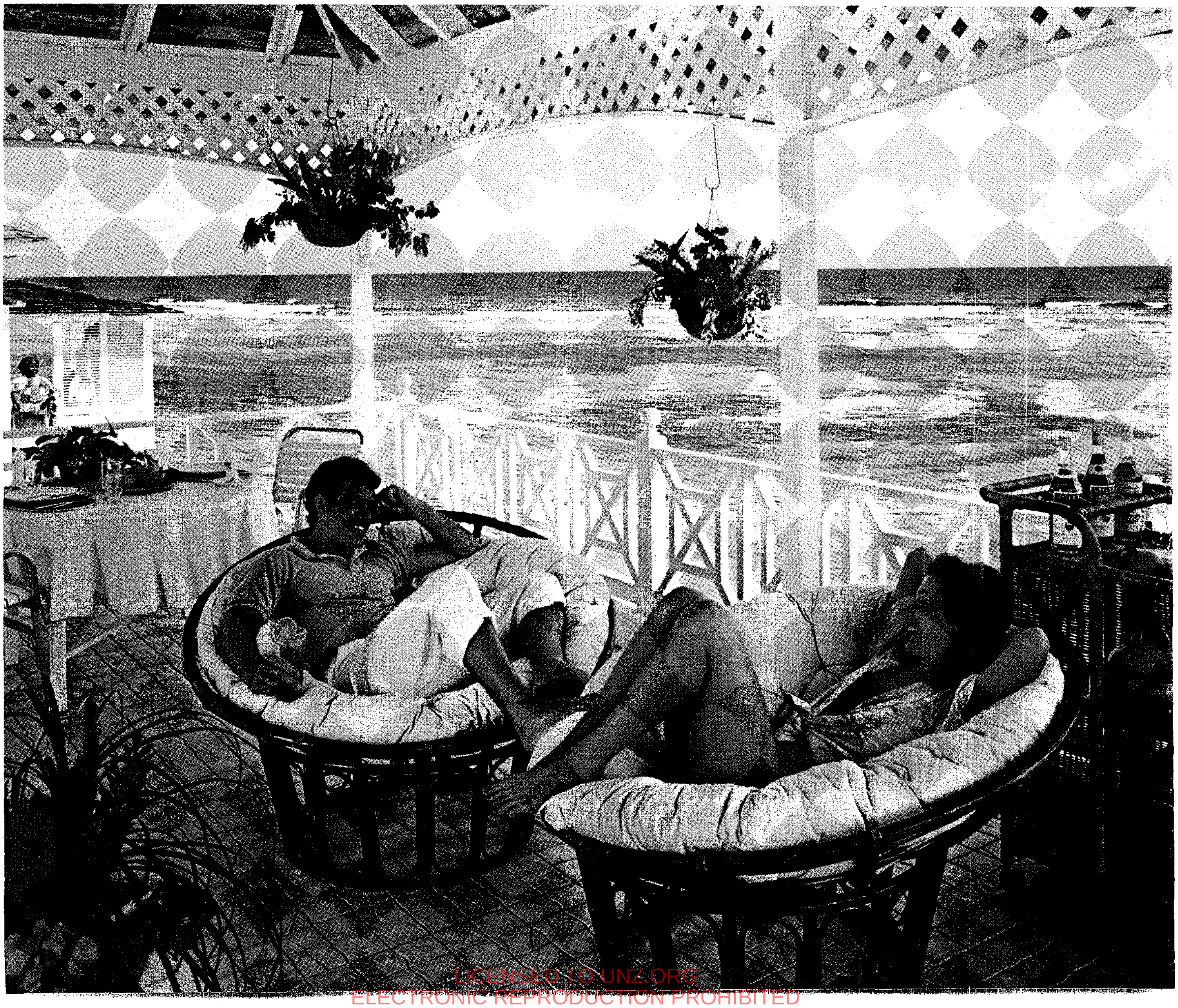
JAMAICA

There's no place like home.

Here's you, at home in Jamaica in your very own villa, all pastels and privacy. With Evangeline to pamper you: she's going shopping soon, to surprise you with a lobster for dinner. Madly extravagant? Not at all. There are hundreds of villas for rent, all over Jamaica. Bring your family, or share one with your best friends, and the cost becomes insidiously attractive. And what nicer way to experience the bountiful wonders of Jamaica than to have your own special place to return to each evening, where you can sit back with a rum punch, talk about tomorrow, and say to yourself, "There's no place like home."

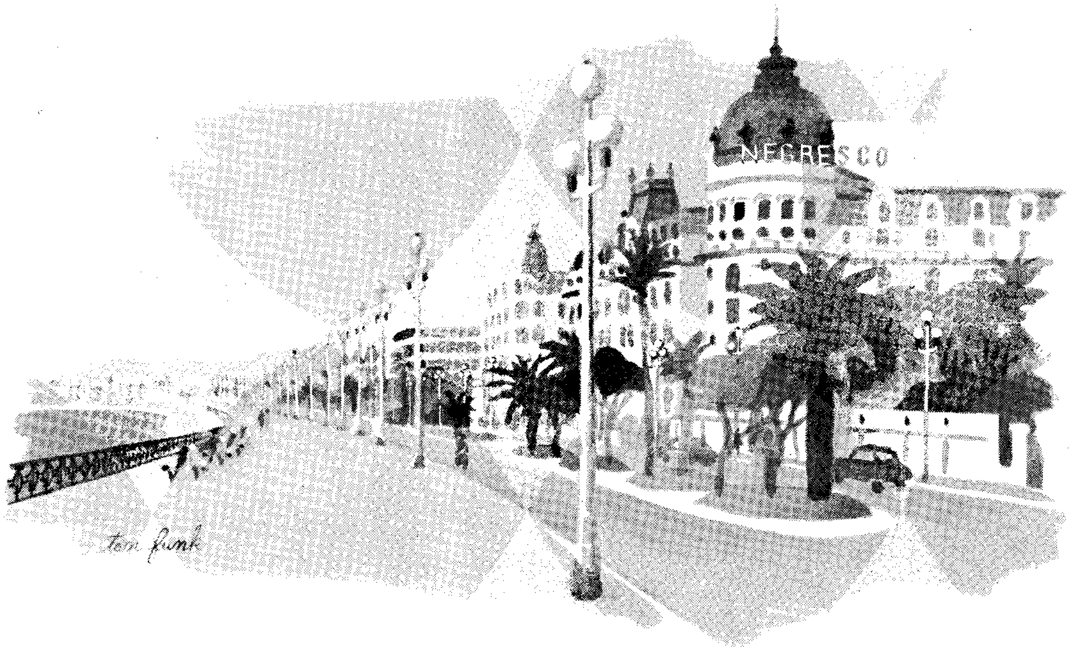
Make it Jamaica. Again.

Jamaica Tourist Board



A REPORTER AT LARGE

PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS



Monday: Sudden sunlight. The sharpness of it is unchanged. Only the means of getting here have altered. Today, the morning flight from London and a surly cab driver, suspicious of the airport-to-hotel transport voucher, provided by the travel agency, that I wave at him. He knows that it means *service compris*—in other words, no tip. Was it for this that he put imitation-leopard-skin covers on the seats of his Mercedes? He accelerates grumpily past palms, pedestrians, the seafront residences and hotels. In the back seat, I am separated from my companion by raincoats, magazines, a handbag, and other travel paraphernalia, but I feel that she is thinking of the last time we arrived here. Then it was the night train and cramped couchettes. There was little sleep to be had in the steel compartment, with its rattling bunks and the noises from other passengers, who included a young mother and her baby. Besides, on that previous trip I was bothered by the insistent memory that, the week before, the Nice-Paris express had come off the rails near Avignon, at a hundred and twenty kilometres an hour, scalding to death a number of people in the carriage behind the engine. Lying on my berth, I could imagine the headlines: "RAIL CRASH—ENGLISH HONEYMOONERS AMONG VICTIMS." But travel on this route has always had its anxieties—the Channel packet, the lee rail, the entrance to Calais harbor (*vide* J. M. W. Turner's painting, which shows the frenzied overfalls, waves crashing on the breakwater, and the crazed look of the helmsman). For the next stage—well documented by Tobias Smollett, among others—the traveller hired a diligence for the long trip south and then had squabbles with the owners of horses and the *patrons* of *auberges*. Axletrees broke; wheels flew off; the postillion was struck by a sizzling bolt from the blue. And yet at last the coast, the sunlight, the azure sea. Romance! Twenty years ago, we sat drinking *café filtre* out of low white cups in the jouncing P.L.M. restaurant car as it turned the corner at Marseilles and ran eastward past the capes and bays. Today, the Super Caravelle throttled back and came down through thin cloud, jolting as the undercarriage was lowered, and the pilot banked us in a tight turn over Cannes—blue sky one side, blue sea the other, our faith suspended between—and set us down at Nice-Côte d'Azur. Only ten minutes into town.

The taxi speeds along the Promenade des Anglais, braking sharply for the traffic lights. The Promenade, despite its name, seems to have become a six-lane shorefront motorway. But we walk the last minute of our journey, carrying our own bags, because our hotel—the Alfa—is in a pedestrianized section of the Rue Masséna, a block north of the Promenade. We walk—*nous nous promenons*. There is something intensely intimate about French reflexive verbs like *se promener*, which make it seem as if we were we in a redoubled way, almost embracing one another or holding hands. Outside the hotel, pausing at the entrance, I say, "This is the place," and smile at Margot, my wife. Here we are. Again.

Two anniversaries are involved. It is twenty years, within a month or so, since we got married and caught the train on our first trip to Nice. We walked down the aisle of Beverley Minster, in East Yorkshire, and, after a few gulps of champagne and a bite of cake, were hustled off from the reception (which went merrily on without us) to catch the London train. And it is three years since I started La Conversation Française (Intermediate), a language class taught by Mme. Monique Gaze on Wednesday evenings, during the academic year, at Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, London. I generally walk to the class through a decrepit section of the city. I thought that Margot and I might celebrate both anniversaries by going to Nice, where I could walk along the Promenade des Anglais.

I had picked the Alfa from a travel agent's brochure, attracted by its claim to be of modest size, comfortable, and family-run. Our room is at the front, on the *deuxième étage*. We can stand in the tall French windows and look out over a narrow balcony at the windows of the buildings opposite, at the shops and cafés below, and at people walking along the Rue Masséna. Signs declare this to be a *Zone Piètonne*, where vehicles are permitted only when making deliveries between 6 and 11 A.M. I plump down on one of the beds, whose mattress sinks in a deep, sagging curve beneath me. This is a problem. I have "a back"—the modern malady—and a hard bed is the only thing. But for the moment I mustn't make a fuss about it. A letter from Antoine has been waiting for us, delivered by hand, and asks us to call

up. We try to remember the name of the street on which Antoine and Lili lived when we stayed with them twenty years ago. At last, it comes to mind—Rue Gubernatis, a street nearly in the old town, behind the market, in the direction of the port. Margot sees me putting on my jacket again, and says she will ring Antoine and Lili while I go for a stroll.

TUESDAY: Antoine is sitting in the lobby waiting for us when we come from the breakfast room. *Twenty years!* Smiles, embraces, a multitude of questions, and answers that bring about further questions. So much catching up to do. Statements like "You don't look any different," which mean that we can see in each other's faces the chief characteristics of the persons we faintly remembered. And after a few minutes of this we all suddenly feel a need for air. Walking, we will be less choked by emotion, perhaps. We go out and walk along the Promenade, arm in arm, Antoine in the middle. Soon he and Margot are exchanging references, almost passwords, to the time when he and her father were best friends.

This friendship had been our chief reason for coming here the first time. Years before, Antoine had invited Margot's father and mother to visit him and Lili; but Margot's parents never came—we came instead. To seal this partial transfer of old ties to a new generation, Antoine and Lili's daughter Monique, who was studying English in England, had come to our wedding. Studying languages is at the root of the connection. Antoine speaks English in a heavily accented, Maurice Chevalier way, all the more redolent of roadsters, boaters, and girls in cloche hats for being at this moment, as we walk, concerned with the past. Antoine had been sent to England at eighteen to study the language in *preparation for a career in hotelkeeping.* He stayed in a boarding house in Ilford, on the northeastern outskirts of London; at meals there, he sat opposite a young Englishman who for two months did not speak a word, though he did nod to Antoine from time to time. Typical English, thought Antoine. Then, one day, the young man, whose name was Jim Speight, abruptly said to Antoine that if he wanted to learn English properly he ought to be staying with a family. The young man spoke in an accent that Antoine found curious; it was explained when the Englishman (who was roughly Antoine's age) said that he had just finished an engineering course and was going home to Hull, in Yorkshire. Why didn't Antoine come and stay with the Speight family?

And that was what Antoine did. For a year, he lived with the Speights, at 738 Holderness Road, Hull, paying for his keep, and fell into their ways. The house was always called Seven Three Eight. Jim was called Boy by his family. Boy's father was dead, but holding the reins were Uncle Leonard, who controlled the family finances, and Granny Speight, who ran Seven Three Eight. Antoine got to be friends with Boy's sisters, Nance and Helen, who were still at home, and he would have liked to become friends with a half sister, Margot, but for some reason she was rarely there. In Boy's company, he became well acquainted with the local pubs, sports grounds, and race tracks.

We walk along the inshore side of the Promenade, on a broad sidewalk. Six lanes of traffic, divided by a narrow median strip, pass between us and the even broader shorefront sidewalk, which is above the beach and overlooks the sea. Antoine is diverted from his ebullient memories of Seven Three Eight and Boy by the need to point out to us changes that have occurred since we were last here—like a new hotel housing a casino. We pass the Royal Hotel, where Antoine was once manager of the restaurant. He worked, he reminds us, in many such places—managed a hotel at Orly Airport for *British European Airways, and ran a* night club in Juan-les-Pins—but he is now retired, living with Lili and Monique and Monique's husband, Jean, and two granddaughters, in a large country house at Levens, fifteen miles north of Nice, in the foothills of the Alpes Maritimes. Antoine drives his granddaughters to school in Nice every morning, and Jean, who is the director of a large real-estate company, brings them home. As we walk, Antoine waves at many of the passersby, and they wave back. "*Salut!*" "*Ça va?*" We pass the front door of the Hotel Negresco just as a big Citroen pulls up and a tall, well-dressed man gets out. He greets Antoine, says hello to the doorman (who is in eighteenth-century costume), and enters the hotel, followed by two aides.

"Jacques Médecin," says Antoine,

proudly. "Our mayor—and so was his father. He is also the Minister of Tourism of France."

"Why aren't *we* staying here?" Margot asks me. The Negresco is the *grand hôtel de luxe*—white dome, pink roofs, Art Nouveau décor—founded by the Rumanian entrepreneur Henri Negresco in 1912; once-crowned heads and film stars stayed there.

"Next time you will," Antoine says tactfully. "Boy and I used to go to the Four-in-Hand—or was it the Hare and Hounds? He showed me the form sheet he was keeping on the dogs at the local track." He sighs dramatically.

"The apartment on the Rue Gubernatis," I say. "Was it opposite a bank?"

"Yes," says Antoine. "The bank is still there." One implication is that the bank might easily not have been there, such is the tide of modernization and redevelopment sweeping Nice.

"And that tennis match," I continue. "Do you remember taking us to it?"

"Ah, yes—it was in Cannes."

Our lives overlap. Our stay with Antoine and Lili for that one week is in Margot's and my memory as much as his stay in Hull is in Antoine's. Margot remembers the tiles in Lili's kitchen and the way she sliced tomatoes and sprinkled them with *herbes de Provence*. I remember the light coming in through the louvered shutters of our bedroom, and the rough linen sheets on our oak-headboarded bed. I remind Antoine (we are sitting in a café now, drinking coffee, with cars going by, palm fronds waving, shimmer of sea beyond), "The organizers had sold too many tickets for the match. There were fights between people who had tickets for the same seat. Gendarmes broke up the fights and sat down in the seats. People in the crowd outside were standing on the roofs of Rolls-Royces and sitting on the booms of construction cranes, which they swung overhead. Some were tearing down the fine privet hedge around the ground."

Margot says, "We also went to a restaurant near Saint-Paul."

"Les Oliviers, perhaps," says Antoine.

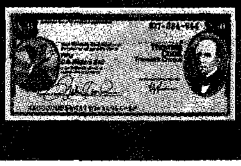
"That's the one," Margot says. "We ate outside. Roast lamb, grilled on an open fire, quite pink, with garlic. Stuffed tomatoes. Wine and then champagne. Some musicians walked in from the road, and one played on an

GORDON'S
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J.
It's crystal-clear.
It's a bit more expensive, but for a crisp Gin & Tonic, the world comes to Gordon's.®

The Stanford Court

Thomas Cook spoken here.

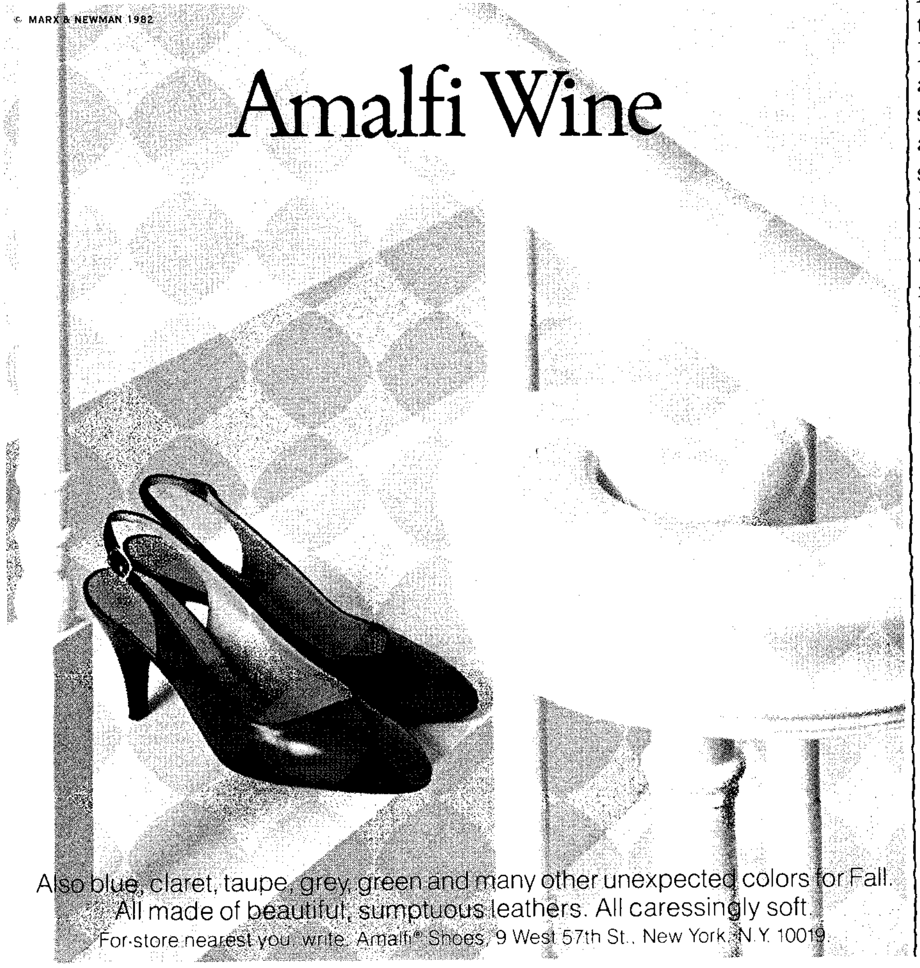
Nothing turns frowns into smiles like Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques. They're known and welcomed at prestigious establishments in literally every corner of the globe. And, should your Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques ever be lost or stolen, emergency refunds are always readily available. Worldwide. Insure your next trip. Carry Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques.



Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques

© MARX & NEWMAN 1982

Amalfi Wine



Also blue, claret, taupe, grey, green and many other unexpected colors for Fall. All made of beautiful, sumptuous leathers. All caressingly soft.
For store nearest you, write: Amalfi® Shoes, 9 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

accordion while the other sang. Tony cried because it was so beautiful."

MARGOT and I spend the afternoon on the beach. We choose an uncrowded section of *la plage publique*. There are also *plages concédées*, with names like Miami, Ruhl, Bambou, Lido, and Sporting, where you pay for the privilege of having mats, chairs, and towels brought to you. The beach is made of flat stones—all shades of gray and a few slightly ochre. On the *plages concédées*, the attendants rearrange and flatten the stones with wooden rakes. The beach is fairly crowded, but only one or two people are swimming in the calm, blue, slightly antiseptic-looking sea.

Antoine has gone to meet Jean on a business errand; we have arranged to meet again tomorrow. Margot is painting a beachscape in watercolors—the French word *aquarelle* expresses the watery softness of the medium. She carries her supply of water for painting in a dried-milk carton. The people near us are mostly French; there are also a few elderly English and Americans, and a number of youngsters, college-student age, who appear to be American and Dutch. I doze for a while, making up for sleepless hours last night before I shifted my mattress to the floor. Waking up from my nap, I keep my eyes closed for a moment and put my hands down to feel the stones; then I pick up several and look at them. They are small, flat gray stones—but the one in my right hand has writing on it: careful, black, indelible felt-tip Spanish words, "*Hoy mi ventana bebe el sol.*" I roll over onto my right side and, where my hand had found the stone, find two more with messages on them. One says, "*Como te clamas?*" And the other, "*Contemplada la ciudad.*" Three stones among millions of stones, and I knowing little Spanish—but it is hard to avoid the feeling that they were put here for me to find.

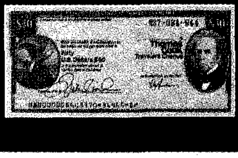
Leaving Margot painting, I make a reconnaissance of the nearby section of the Promenade des Anglais. We once lived on a street west of Central Park, in New York, and the buildings here remind me of Central Park South, though they are slightly lower, and have beach and sea in place of the Park. Modern concrete-and-glass apartment buildings are set among older blocks of flats with names like Le Milord, Le Roi Soleil, and Villa Saphir (intimations of Babar). There are doctors' offices in ground-floor suites, and flags of all nations flying from the hotels—the Saudi-Arabian today at the Negresco. There are other buildings done in Racquet Club Beaux-Arts Classic; a few, like the Palais de la Méditerranée Casino, are in thirties Odéon style, or basic Mussolini; and a scattering of late-nineteenth-century villas have outcropping conservatories and balconies and sundry rococo flourishes. The mall dividing the highway is planted with palms and bougainvillea. The shorefront road that starts about half a mile to the east below the Mont aux Morts, with its castle remains and cemetery, is called Quai des États-Unis, but at the Jardin Albert I$^{\text{er}}$ (built over the tunnel through which the River Paillon reaches the sea) the road becomes the Promenade des Anglais. The slice of it on which one walks next to the sea—what in English seaside resorts would be called the front—is generally thirty feet wide, is paved with a crushed-raspberry-colored asphalt, and is flanked by a wall that drops ten feet to the beach. Along the pavement are placed green steel chairs and white wooden benches on which one can sit with one's feet comfortably resting on the rail that runs along the edge of the wall. But not all of the crushed-raspberry *trottoir* is for promenading. Parts of it are given over to car parking, and mopeds and motorcycles operated by nonchalant youths ignore the signs forbidding them access and weave in and out among the strolling people—some of whom raise their fists and shout at the riders "*Imbecile!*" or "*Drug addicte!*"

I walk for a little way and then flop down in one of the chairs. With hills close behind it, the city squats along the curve of the Baie des Anges—the Bay of Angels—with Cap d'Étretat to the west and, to the east, Cap Ferrat (beyond which lie Monte Carlo and Menton). Today, the blue-and-white distinctness of Mediterranean light is blurred by petroleum haze. The sea looks clean but slightly dead, with no visible seaweed or marine life; more pigeons than seagulls fly over the beach. But fortunately some of the noise and smell of traffic are wafted off inland by a light onshore breeze. On the beach, sunbathers are taking the sun seriously; women of all ages conduct public beauty treatments on themselves, rubbing oils and lotions on and off, and glancing up from these narcissistic exercises only to stare at anyone who looks like venturing, bizarrely, into the water. A number of these

RESTAURANT
Lutece
249 East 50th Street · New York City
TÉLÉPHONE PLAZA 2-2225
ANDRÉ SOLTNER CHEF PROPRIÉTAIRE
MEILLEUR OUVRIER DE FRANCE

Thomas Cook spoken here.

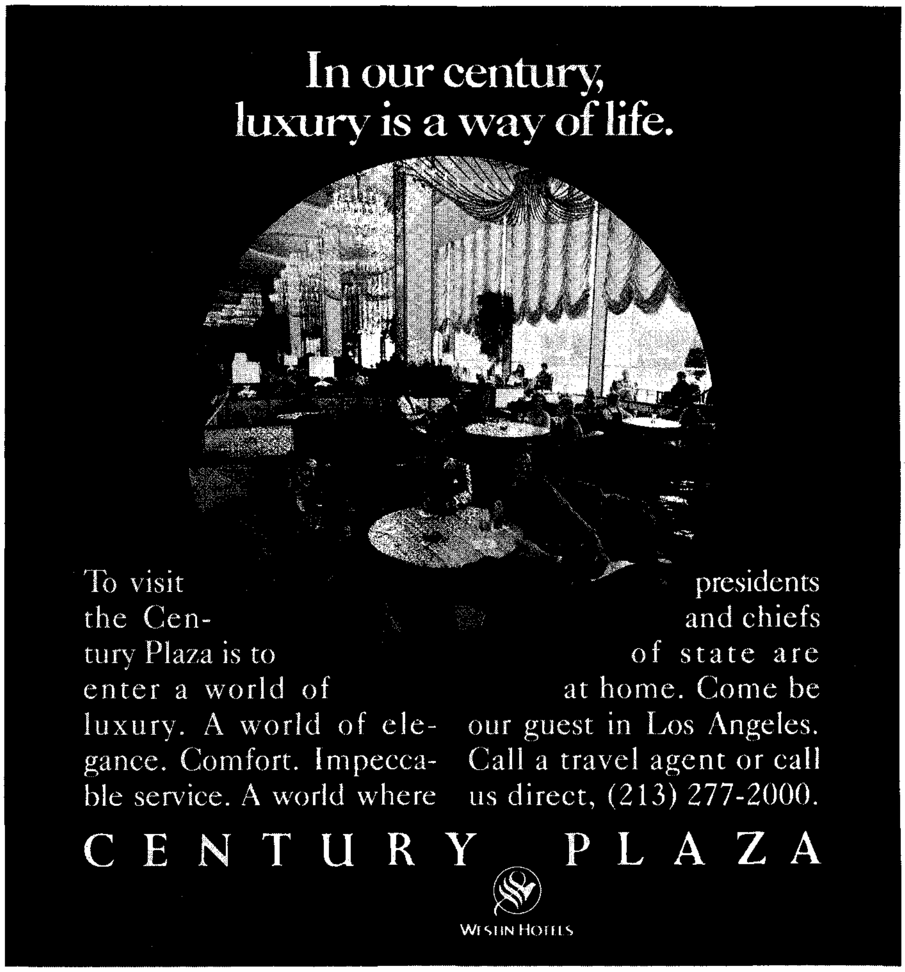
Nothing turns frowns into smiles like Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques. They're known and welcomed at prestigious establishments in literally every corner of the globe. And, should your Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques ever be lost or stolen, emergency refunds are always readily available. Worldwide. Insure your next trip. Carry Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques.



Thomas Cook Travelers Cheques

Look into the Christian Dior eyewear collection.

Exotic is Your Dior.



In our century,
luxury is a way of life.

To visit the Century Plaza is to enter a world of luxury. A world of elegance. Comfort. Impeccable service. A world where presidents and chiefs of state are at home. Come be our guest in Los Angeles. Call a travel agent or call us direct, (213) 277-2000.

CENTURY PLAZA

WESTIN HOTELS

香港
HONG KONG

This year experience one of life's great adventures.

For free color literature on Hong Kong, simply return this ad to:
Hong Kong Tourist Association,
P.O. Box 476 San Francisco,
California 94111.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

NY/CO/7/12/82

sunbathers, both middle-aged and *en fleur*, are dressed only in the bottom halves of their bikinis and lie on their backs, sunny-side up. Although a few energetic spirits are paddling kayaks or pedalling *pédalo* catamarans a yard or so out to sea, serious activity on the beach is confined to various venders, carrying wicker panniers and crying their wares. A woman with bulky baskets suspended from her shoulders clatters over the stones, which click and slither beneath her feet; she is selling pralines and copies of *Nice-Matin*, the local paper. A young man calls out, "*Glaces*, *chocolat*, *bière*, *soda!*" and then, "*Orangina*, *Coca-Cola*, *bière*, *Schweppesssssssss!*"

When I return from my small exploration, Margot says, "Do you remember, I bought a bikini and lost the top half of it out of my bag while we were walking back from the beach?"

"So you were the one who invented this topless thing?"

"I think the Germans did. Anyway, I had to use the top of my old black one."

"The black and tans."

And a little later I remember: "The haircut."

"It was the best haircut you ever had."

I wonder if I could find that barbershop again. Some things don't come back, though one is aware of them, almost—aware that one ought to be able to recall whether he did such-and-such but can't.

Margot takes off some clothes to reveal a one-piece swimsuit. She walks down to the water and plunges in. Along the entire beach, as far as I can see in either direction, only one other person is in the water.

When she is getting dry, she says, "Frenchmen do have hairy legs. Aunt Helen always said they did."

Of my wife's father's three sisters, Nance died giving birth to a daughter; Margot (after whom my wife was named) disappeared from family view; and Helen lived for many years with her second husband, Leon (a Polish Army officer who came to England during the war), in Pau, on the French side of the Pyrénées. In the twenties, Helen was often here in Nice. According to Dien Creeft, a Dutch woman we met in Amsterdam, later on our honeymoon, she and Helen once slept on the Nice beach all night in their ocelot coats. And that was earlier in the year than the present month of June—which was then considered unchic and out of season.

Tourisme d'été was only just beginning.

THE Alfa serves no meals except breakfast. Our *demi-pension* arrangement is subcontracted to a restaurant, Le Grillon, around the corner on the Rue Halévy, where we may eat the prix-fixe, twenty-two-franc three-course dinner without any money changing hands—though we pay for extra dishes and for drinks. In fact, since we invariably pay for wine, we generally feel that we might as well stretch out in other directions, à la carte. Margot admires tripes niçoise. I eat tarts and crêpes galore. Our only doubt is whether our affability will survive our being thrown at each other in this way, by eating meals in restaurants—indeed, by being on holiday. At home, children prevent us from being so much alone. Here we have waves of affection and bouts of grumpiness, emanating from the feeling that we are packaged together. It seems wrong to read while eating, in a public place, as we do in our own kitchen, though such books as my phrase book and the Michelin Guide Vert to the Côte d'Azur lie on the checked Le Grillon tablecloth. And we do read them under the pretense of consulting them. Margot has also brought along a copy of G. M. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi and the Thousand," and this—after several meals of amicable *en vacances* conversation between us—has begun to compete successfully with me for her attention. (Garibaldi was born in Nice in 1807.)

I say, between forkfuls of spaghetti, "The Promenade des Anglais has three stars in the Michelin guide. '*Jusqu'en 1820, la côte, à cet endroit, était d'accès difficile. Vers cette époque, la colonie anglaise, nombreuse depuis le 18e siécle, prit à sa charge l'établissement du sentier riverain qui est à l'origine de la voie actuelle et qui lui a donné son nom.*' "

"What's a *sentier riverain*?" Margot asks.

"Strictly, a riverside path, but I imagine they mean a waterside path in this case," I reply after consulting my pocket dictionary.

"Tell me more."

"*Demain.*"

WEDNESDAY: Old guidebooks mention an "English library." According to a late-nineteenth-century Baedeker I have, this library was in the Crédit Lyonnais building, but it is there no longer. Antoine thinks that it may be somewhere near the English church, which is on the Rue de la Buffa. Today, I went looking for it, but before doing so I decided to have a conversation about the soft bed with the Alfa's *patron*. My difficulties with it are combined with those arising from our position at the front of the hotel, overlooking the picturesque *Zone Piétonne*. There, as it has transpired, people walk and talk each night until 3 A.M., and then the café proprietors (one of whom owns an irritable German shepherd) put their chairs and tables away—the sounds of metal scraping over the paving, chairs clattering together—and next a number of small-hours hooligans take advantage of the empty street to rocket through it on their motorcycles. All this accounts for my haggard looks this morning. The Alfa's *patron* is about my age, in the mid-torrent of life—a genial fellow, I thought. But now the honor of his hotel appears to be at stake. *No one* has ever complained about a mattress before. The French like them. The Swedes like them. So do the Japanese. *There are no harder beds in the hotel.* This is not, of course, the Negresco. But, Monsieur. . . .

I explain, *aussi en français*, that the problem is more common than he imagines. *Une condition humaine.* Most English hotels can provide a piece of plywood for those who need such extra support under their mattresses. I tell the *patron* that I sleep on a hard bed at home and, without something to stiffen his soft bed, will not sleep at all. What a way to enjoy Nice!

Great Gallic shrugs. Well, he will look and see. There is no plywood in the hotel, but perhaps . . . he will see.

HOLY TRINITY, the English church, two blocks inland from the Promenade, has a graveyard with numerous nineteenth-century tombstones commemorating those English who died here, invalid consumptives or fever-stricken colonials on their way to or from the Indies. "To the memory of Colonel Bentham Sandwith, Bombay Light Cavalry, died at Cannes 1850." "In memory of Rev. H. F. Lyte, author of 'Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.' " The graveyard is overgrown rather than overcrowded. Marguerites, geraniums, and lilies flower beneath tangled shrubbery. A black cat stalks through tall, dark-green, Rousseau-like grass. High, nondescript apartment buildings hem in the funereal plot on three sides, and in the basement of one, fronting the Rue de France, is what is now called the English-American Library—a single long room lined with dark shelves, and with a few tables and chairs where members may sit and read papers and magazines. Here I introduce myself to Mr. A. Wilner, the library secretary. A dapper, elderly gentleman, he tells me that until his retirement he worked for Barclays Bank in Nice. (Somerset Maugham was a customer.) Mr. Wilner also tells me that there are fewer English in Nice than there were before the war; the loss is noticeable in winter. Now Nice has more tourists, fewer foreign winter residents. It is a much bigger city. The French retire here. The last British consul left Nice in January, 1976, and is now in Marseilles.

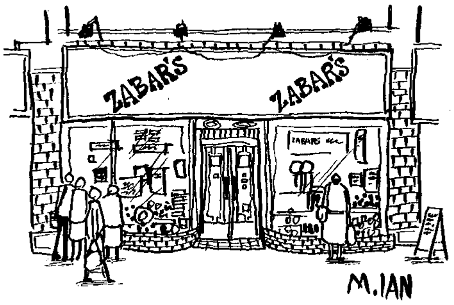
I poke around in the library, whose shelves hold the collected works of Georgette Heyer and Mazo de la Roche. (Maugham is in a special cabinet.) I find accounts in various books of the coming of the English in the mid-eighteenth century to this sleepy Mediterranean port—an ancient Greek settlement named after Nike, the goddess of victory. The English were drawn southward, despite brigands and cold in the mountains, by such attractions as the university and school of medicine at Montpellier. From there, they travelled east to Nice, which was then part of the Kingdom of Sardinia, and where they found cheap living in a good climate. No proper road existed along the coast; feluccas carried the travellers from Marseilles or Antibes. An early publicist of Nice's advantages was Smollett, who came here in 1763 for a pulmonary disorder. He bathed every day, even in winter. He liked the "serene sky," the "not unwholesome" water, the readily procurable good food, and the fact that fogs were unknown. In Nice, he said, "I have breathed more freely than I have done for some years, and my spirits have been more alert." Soon the English were building villas; they distributed Bibles and took long walks. Although there was an English exodus during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, when the Comté de Nice was occupied by the French, the English returned in 1814, when Nice was handed back to the House of Savoy.

The founder of the Promenade des Anglais arrived in 1822. I admit to a slight *frisson* of alma-mater pride on reading that Lewis Way was, as I am, a former member of Merton College, Oxford. He became both a minister and a barrister, and then, at the age of thirty-two, inherited three hundred thousand pounds. He decided to throw up the law, and set forth to convert the Jews to Christianity and restore Palestine to them. Nice was to be his base for approaching the Jews of the Mediterranean coast with this scheme. He brought his family overland, while dispatching the children's ponies, Mrs. Way's piano, and their daughter Drusilla's harp by sea. In Nice, Way the philanthropist was soon known as Louis d'Or. "People are plaguing Lewis for money," Mrs. Way wrote to her mother. "He has advanced £150 to one, and made an allowance to another for 3 or 4 years." Lewis Way found in Nice an impoverished government and people. The citrus crop had failed. In order to help the unemployed peasants, who had flocked into the city, and at the same time benefit the English residents, who liked taking walks by the sea, Way organized charity drives and with his own funds paid for the construction of *le sentier riverain*. When he left Nice, in 1824, a path had been built, two yards wide, westward from the mouth of the Paillon as far as the Rue Meyerbeer—close to where, on the Promenade, the Hotel Westminster now stands.

And so, although his conversion plans came to nothing, Way's way became a success; it was gradually lengthened, widened, and improved. In 1844, La Strada del Littorale was officially renamed the Promenade des Anglais. By that time, it had reached the Quartier Baumettes, near the Boulevard Carlone. In 1856, it arrived at the Magnan Torrent, which is possibly a torrent in comparison with the Paillon, a stream generally described in the guidebooks as insignificant. In summer, the Paillon's wide, stony bed is dry, save for a trickle down the middle. (However, a note from Antoine: "In the old days, the Niçoises did their washing in what there was of the Paillon, and would leave their laundry to dry on the flat stones of the riverbed. After a heavy rain in the mountains, the Paillon would come down like a small Niagara, and a man on horseback would gallop ahead of the waterfall, shouting—in the Nice dialect—'*Paillon ven! Paillon ven!*' He was on the city payroll.")

In 1860, when a plebiscite was held and Nice rejoined France, there were more improvements on the Promenade: horses, carriages, and walkers were disentangled; people on foot were given a wide pedestrian way, lined with trees; palms were planted. At this time, says the "Histoire de Nice," edited by Maurice Bordes, the Promenade was the symbol of the town and of "*sa vie de saison*." Yet it was not entirely urban: shepherds and their dogs, if not their sheep, were seen on it. In 1895, according to Baedeker's guide for that year, the Promenade had just been prolonged to the western suburb of Californie. In 1931, the Duke of Connaught opened a further enlargement of the Promenade. In 1940, under the Vichy regime, the unemployed were once again set to work on it.

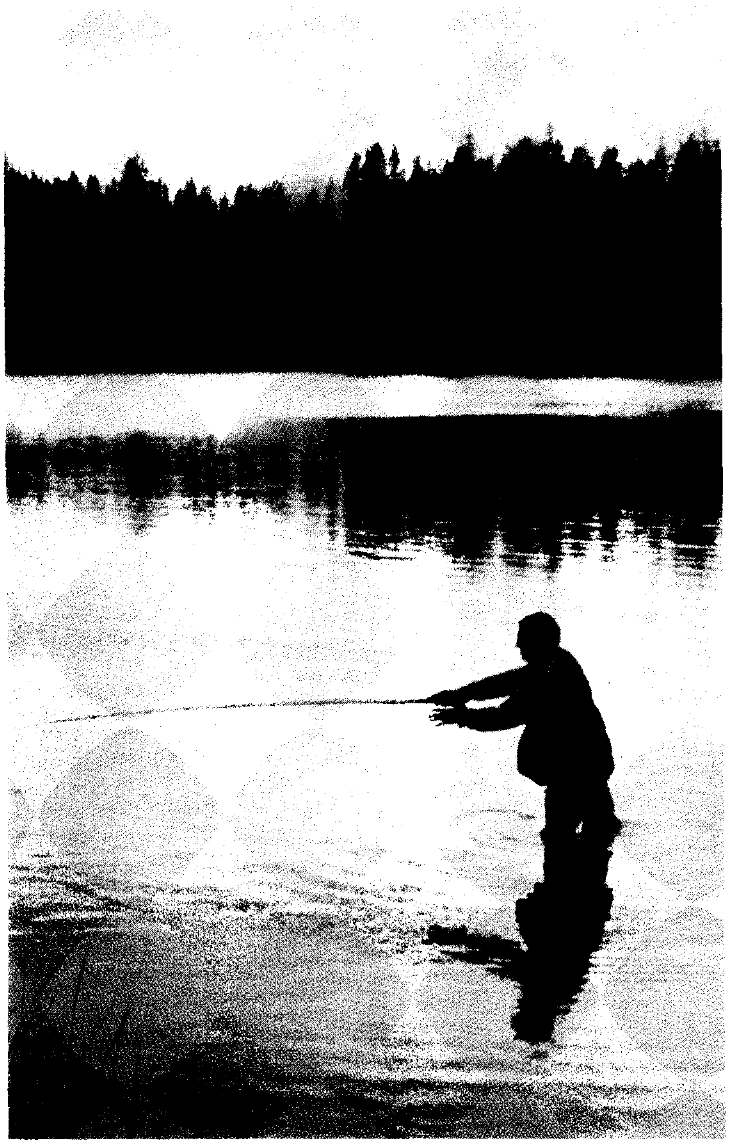
WALKING back to the beach, to join Margot, I am twice approached for money. Many people in Nice are retired or are on holiday or simply at leisure, and a large number of layabouts are occupied in making them feel guilty about their good fortune and in removing any spare cash they have on them. Panhandlers and mendicants abound. The outstretched hand is everywhere. North African peddlers hawk jewelry and leather goods. Gypsy women hold out to you their shawl-swaddled infants. Tough local scroungers and young international hippies team up for intimidating effect. Others simply stick out their palms and mumble a need for alms. The mothers have their babies, and the hippies have one another—some have found, apparently, that working in pairs softens up the potentially charitable. Many of these beggars work both the Promenade des Anglais and the pavement cafés on the Rue Masséna, where the open palm suddenly appears as you are about to bite into a pizza or take a sip of Ricard. Along the Promenade, there are gangs of beggars, but this tends to be counterproductive: If you gave to one, wouldn't you have to give to all? And you give more readily to those who make some sort of return. A young couple with guitars do a round of the little restaurants singing songs of the "Tomorrow Doesn't Matter" / "La Vie en Rose" kind—the troubadour tradition. A fire-eater hangs out on the Promenade and now and then makes sorties onto the streets between it and the Rue Masséna, shooting forth a jet of blazing petroleum vapor from his mouth while members of his motley entourage collect francs from passersby and people sitting in nearby cafés. After nightfall, the coming of this band is heralded by the sudden glow of the ejected fireball; the group's passage through an area is indicated by a long-lingering smell of kerosene. (Antoine, after a day or so, gave me the words one ought to have at one's disposal in Nice, as I heard him say to one of the child-carrying gypsy women, "*Non, j'ai donné déjà aujourd'hui, Madame.*" The statement that one has already made one's daily charitable gift lets one off the hook.)



AT dinner at Le Grillon, after we have been serenaded by the two young guitarists, Margot tells me about Garibaldi. At the age of fifteen, he and several friends ran away from Nice by boat, but they were caught off Monaco and brought home. A long time later, he declared, according to Trevelyan, "It gives me joy to bring to mind the young men of Nice: agile, strong, brave, splendid social and military material, but unfortunately led on the wrong path, first by the priests, then by depravity brought in from foreign parts, which has turned the beautiful Cimele of the Romans into the cosmopolitan seat of all that is corrupt." Something here of the feelings of a local when faced with tourism, I suspect.

After eating, we stroll along the Promenade. I whistle snatches from the between-the-wars song "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo": "As I walk along the Bois de Boulogne, / With an independent air, /

We can't tell you who banks at Morgan. But we can tell you why.



Why do people choose Morgan Guaranty as their personal bank?

It's not because we have a branch at every corner. Or gift programs. Or all-night banking. We don't.

It's simply because individuals with substantial income and assets find we provide a quality and consistency of service unique in personal banking. They say:

"The same Morgan banker has handled my account for 10 years."

"There are no long lines."

"Mistakes are almost unheard of."

"They're prompt and professional and as close as my phone."

"They care."

We're not a retail bank

Unlike banks with scores of retail branches, we're not distracted by thousands of small accounts and transactions. You receive individual attention whether you're investing in money-market instruments or tax-exempt securities, sending funds abroad, arranging a loan, or cashing a check.

You're not a number

Your signature is recognized and honored at each of our New York banking offices. We can also provide you with banking introductions when you travel. With our World Check™ Card, you can cash your Morgan checks at major banks in most countries.

At Morgan Guaranty Trust Company you can also get help with your investments. Custody service, for example, that goes beyond safekeeping. We will collect interest and dividends for immediate credit to your account, carry out your orders to buy or sell, and keep close track of bond maturities, redemption calls, and tender offers.

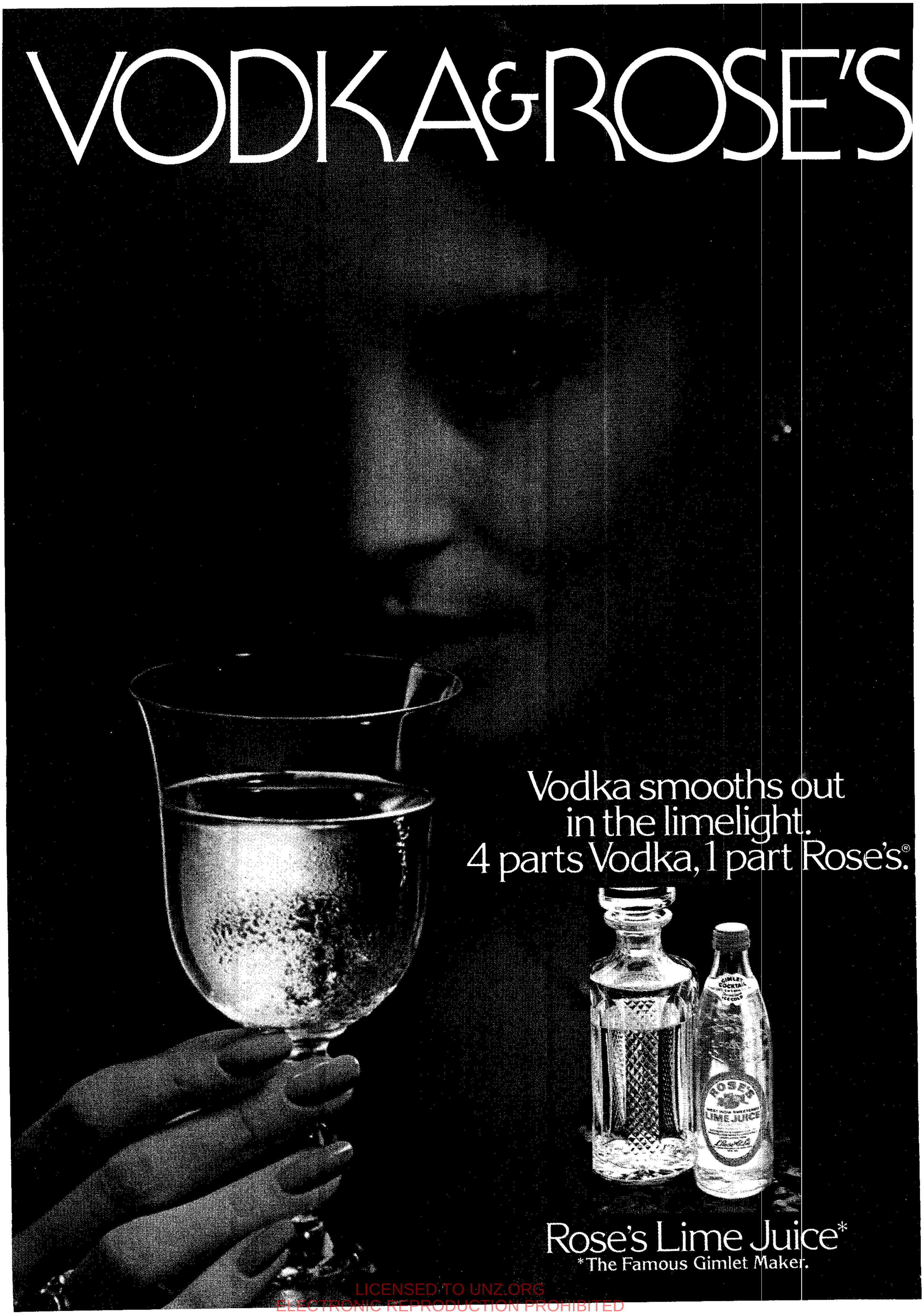
If you have a sizable portfolio we'll be glad to introduce you to our specialists in investment management and trust administration.

An invitation

A banker at any of the Morgan Guaranty offices in New York will give you more information: 23 Wall Street, 522 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, 616 Madison Avenue at 58th Street, 40 Rockefeller Plaza. Or you can telephone Peyton F. Carter, Vice President, at (212) 997-8321.

Member FDIC

The Morgan Bank



VODKA & ROSE'S

Vodka smooths out
in the limelight.
4 parts Vodka, 1 part Rose's.®

ROSE'S
WEST INDIA SWEETENED
LIME JUICE
GIMLET COCKTAIL

Rose's Lime Juice*
*The Famous Gimlet Maker.

All the people stare . . ." In a little while, we sit down in two chairs on the seaward edge of the Promenade, backs to the traffic, and regard the sea, the beach, and the lights of the Promenade and its extensions curving with the bay around us. There is a magic moment around nine-thirty, as the lights come on along the whole length of the Promenade, and sky and sea go dark together. A dot of bright light appears over the sea. Is it a planet or a plane coming in to land? The darkening of the slate-colored sea makes the small fringe of surf seem whiter; it arrives, gleaming, on the yard or so of wet shingle from which the tide has withdrawn—as much as it ever does. The light of the Promenade reflected in the water is a sort of white shadow that runs in, preceding the surf's splashy face. High on the façades of the more important buildings, big neon names light up: "NEGRESCO." "RUHL." "WESTMINSTER." From Cap Ferrat, to the east, the lighthouse flashes regularly every three seconds. From Cap d'Antibes, westward, a light emits two long blinks in an occulting cycle, three seconds and seven seconds apart. On the beach in front of us, a few people are trying to skip stones. A young couple walk down to the water's edge and stand looking out; she wears a shiny black raincoat. Twenty years ago, Margot had a coat like that. The girl, black-haired, looks like Margot then. The young man takes his shoes off and wades. It is as if we were sitting watching ourselves. Time has stopped, or circled back on itself. But the Antibes light keeps flashing, the blink followed by first a short, then a long, dark interval.

THURSDAY: Driving with Antoine eastward on the Moyenne Corniche—up behind Villefranche, behind the skyscrapers of Monaco, to join the new motorway into Italy. Market day in Ventimiglia. It takes us a while to find a parking space, and probably we burn in fuel what Antoine saves on the three bottles of Ricard—the duty-free quota—he buys here because it is cheaper than in France. Then we drive back across the border to Menton, where Antoine was born. Today would have been his mother's birthday, if she were alive, and up on the hill overlooking the town and the harbor we visit the Trabuquet cemetery, where Antoine installs in a vase on the family plot a bunch of gladioli brought from the Nice market. The water tap is locked, and Antoine fills his vase with water from an empty vase on a nearby grave. He looks at the headstone, with the surname "LANTERI" and the various Christian names underneath; there is room for him. Along each side of the path are graves: more English consumptives, naval men and colonials, and soldiers of the First World War who died in hospital here. Several ranks of graves belong to French soldiers from African territories, such as Chad and Mauritania, who died, so their headstones say, "*Pour la Patrie*," but a long way from home.

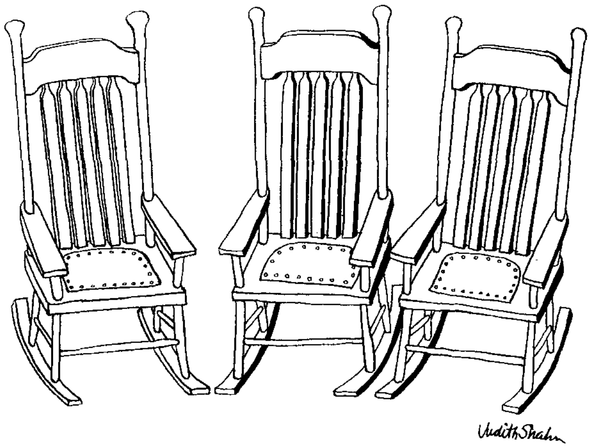
We walk in the old part of Menton and lunch at a splendid restaurant on the Quai Bonaparte: La Belle Escale. We sit outside, with a view of the harbor. At the suggestion of the *patronne*, I have grilled *loup de mer*, which is sea bass, and regret it only when I get the bill; it is my treat. We take the lower road back to Nice, past a restaurant where, Margot and I remember as we catch sight of it, we lunched with Antoine twenty years ago. We pass through Roquebrune, with its small stone "V" memorial to the English *hivernant* Sir Winston Churchill. As we go by the Monte Carlo casinos, Antoine remembers that he and Margot's father used to play a lot of vingt-et-un, or blackjack, under its English name of pontoon. "Pontoon and bust!" says Antoine. He has memories of coming in late with Boy and making the long climb up the squeaky stairs of Seven Three Eight to the attic room they shared. The trouble with coming in late in winter was having no hot-water bottle when you needed it most. Boy had a whippet. Antoine ate fish and chips with gusto and liked British beer. And then there was Boy's half sister, Margot, seen infrequently but much admired by Antoine. What ever happened to her? My wife has a faint recollection that Margot went to Argentina and was never in touch with the family again.

Antoine sets us down near the Jardin Albert Ier, and we arrange to see him again on Sunday, for a day with his family. We thank him. He is *très gentil*—the word means kind but has the extra overtones to the English of gentle and gentleman.

"Ah," says Antoine, "as you know, I would have liked to do this for Boy and Betty"—Margot's mother—"but they would never come here. So I do it for you."

AT the hotel, I have a problem requiring diplomacy. Yesterday, the proprietor found me two planks, which helped a great deal—the bed was no longer a soft pit of discomfort, compelling insomnia. However, the *Zone Piétonne* remains a small-hours bedlam. Now that I have my *planches*, I feel churlish in presenting the proprietor with a further difficulty, but it is (I say to him when I meet him in the entrance hall) important that we move to a quieter room—perhaps one at the back of the hotel. I have done my research in dictionary and phrase book. I give him a graphic description of noises in the Rue Masséna at 3 A.M. The *patron* grips the reception desk as I go through the list of aural horrors; *le chien méchant* and a loudly rendered "*Rowf, rowf, rowf!*" really clinch it. The *patron* says, resignedly (a party of Swedes has stopped to listen), that the room across the hall from our present room is free. We may move into it. I tell him, happily, that I will carry over my planks myself. You can just about see him thinking, *Mon Dieu, ces Anglais* . . .

FRIDAY: Margot and I aren't talking today. Whose fault is it? Something I said? Something I didn't say? Something chemical, or alchemical, or the stars? She goes off to paint on the beach, and I go to the library, where I read how Napoleon improved the roads and, consequently, the English could reach the Riviera in less than a fortnight. But despite the natives' custom of calling all foreigners "English" it wasn't just the English who came. All the royal families of Europe turned up in Nice, and so did statesmen like Talleyrand and Metternich,



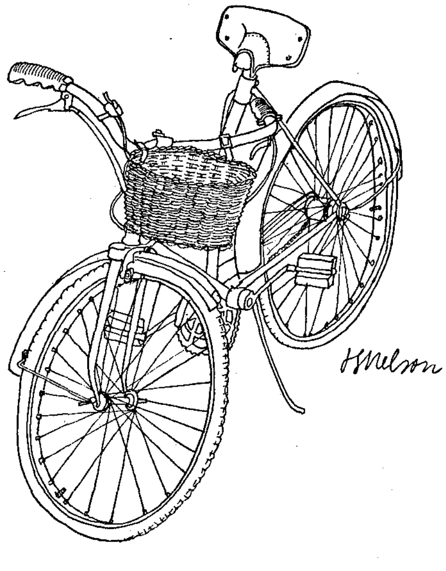
and such men of letters as Alexandre Dumas, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Guy de Maupassant, who had "*quelques liaisons*" here. Offenbach wintered in Nice. Berlioz lodged in rooms in Les Ponchettes, a low terrace of buildings between the market and the Quai des États-Unis. "There," he said, "I live alone, I write, I sing. I believe in God." He also took walks on the rocks overlooking the sea, and on one such stroll he was arrested; he was thought to be an accomplice of revolutionaries, and was immediately asked to leave Nice. Paganini, although he was very rich, lived parsimoniously in a third-floor room on the Rue de Préfecture, and he died there, in May, 1840, having refused the last rites of the Church; he was denied burial in consecrated ground. Friedrich Nietzsche, then a professor at Basel, spent part of five winters here, from 1883 to 1888, writing "Beyond Good and Evil." An earth tremor on February 23, 1887, frightened many into leaving town, but Nietzsche stayed put. Berthe Morisot painted in Nice, as did Rosa Bonheur, who lived in the Villa Africaine, on the Promenade des Anglais, with her friend Mlle. Nica—also a painter—and numerous animals, including sheep and goats. Dressed in velvet pantaloons and a circus lion-tamer's blouse, Rosa Bonheur would stride along the Promenade sporting the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur.

Many of the great villas that rose along the Promenade during the nineteenth century were occupied by Russians. The Czar and Czarina used to arrive by sea, with a Russian naval flotilla in attendance. The Grand Duke Constantine stayed in the Maison Dalmas; and at the Villa Romanoff, also on the Promenade, dwelt the Bashkirtseff family—one member of which, Marie, was a young diarist and consumptive who wrote and wrote under the nom de plume of Moussia. (Eighty-four volumes of her diary, covering the years 1873-84, are in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.) She used to ride along the Promenade in a basket cart, lined with white bearskins, pulled by two matching ponies. She wrote come-hither letters to Maupassant. In her highly emotional journals, she wrote about getting up to watch the sunrise over the coastal mountains, "clearly etoned against the blue sky—a soft vaporous blue," and about "the nights when the moon cuts a swath in the sea, like a fish with diamond scales." She was the object of a literary cult in France, but in England one reviewer wrote, "Mademoiselle Bashkirtseff attracts and repels alternatively, and perhaps repels as much as she attracts." A more recent Russian memoirist, Vladimir Nabokov, recalls in "Speak, Memory" the occasion when his invalid grandfather was being rolled along the Promenade des Anglais in his wheelchair and mistook his attendant for a long-deceased colleague in the Russian Cabinet. The Russian Revolution affected Nice badly. One observer there, a journalist named Herbert Adams Gibbons, noted, "Before the end of the war, the center of the Russian colony was a soup kitchen on a side street, presided over by princesses . . ."

I CLIMB forth from the dimly lit cellar and go out to the Promenade for lunch in the sun. I sit on the terrace of a café next to the Palais de la Méditerranée, the casino that Frank Jay Gould, the American millionaire, built in 1929. The terrace is screened with glass, like most such places along the Promenade, to keep out traffic noise and fumes. My table is one of the few that are unshaded by umbrellas, but it is fine to sit here dipping into an old book I have borrowed from the library, drinking a beer, and watching people walk by. I write a poem:

En plein soleil, sans parapluie,
Parmi les pigeons du Casino,
Je bois un Kronenbourg
Et lis
Un livre d'autrefois.

I spend the afternoon back in the library. It seems that the railway made a great change in Nice. Trains reached Toulon about 1855 and Nice in 1864: a day and a night's journey from England. The age of milords ended. Nice was accessible to the middle classes. By 1880, ten big hotels had been built, including, on the Promenade, the Victoria (now the West End), the Hôtel de Luxembourg, and the Hôtel des Anglais, all of which closed "out of season;" that is, in summer. The Blue Train—the Calais-Paris-Nice express—made its first run in December, 1883, with only ten passengers and a valet in each blue-and-gold-liveried *wagon-lit*. To welcome the new train service, Nice put on a *grande exposition*, and various improvements were undertaken: the infamous sewers that emptied into the sea opposite the hotels and villas of the Promenade were rebuilt and redirected; the Place Masséna, over the mouth of the Paillon, was enlarged, and a municipal casino opened there to lure gamblers from Monte Carlo, a new rival. In the propaganda war that took place at the time, Nice portrayed Monte Carlo as a highly dissolute spot, where visitors often committed suicide after losing at roulette. Monte Carlo published its death records to counter these slurs, and engineered press reports that Nice was in the grip of a cholera epidemic.

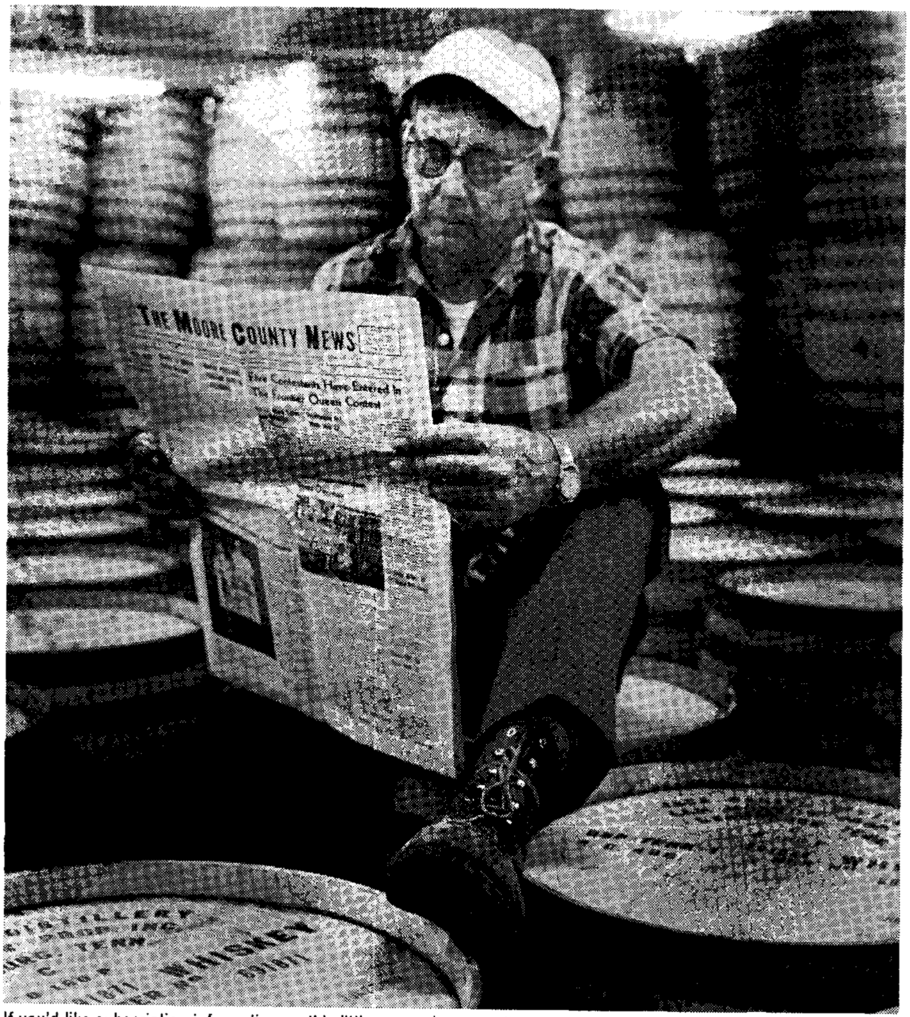


It helped that Her Britannic Majesty liked Nice. Queen Victoria used to stay in the suburb of Cimiez, and often drove around town in her little donkey cart, preceded by a *piqueur* who called out, "*La Reine passe!*" Her eldest son, later Edward VII, generally lodged on the Promenade under the incognito of Baron Renfrew and tried to stay out of Mama's way. Oscar Wilde, shortly after being released from jail, saw the Prince of Wales one day and raised his hat as the Prince drove along the Promenade. Edward failed to recognize Wilde, and a companion said, "That was Oscar Wilde." So the Prince had his carriage turn back and, passing Wilde again, raised his hat and bowed to him.

In the train posters of the nineteen-twenties, elegant men and women are shown in the corridors of the Blue Train, leaning against the window rails or perching on little fold-down seats as the coast goes by outside, with its capes and bays. The passengers look so calm and collected. As for me, I was so very excited getting off our train in Nice twenty years ago that I left my briefcase in the overhead rack. It went off with half a book manuscript in it. I walked daily from the Rue Gubernatis to the police station and the railway station to see if it had been recovered. It was, in fact, recovered at Ventimiglia, and was shipped, courtesy of various European railways, to us in Amsterdam, several weeks later.

Margot and I have regained our companionability this evening. It helps to see other couples fighting. On the Rue Masséna, a woman runs from a man, saying distractedly, "*C'est fini—fini!*" The existential freedom of holidays is hard to cope with, and it seems a good idea to impose on this nerve-racking flux a structure of errands, research, painting, shopping, sunbathing—setting a time for each. Presumably, it is this so-much-time-to-kill vacuum that gambling fills, besides satisfying an urge that many people have. I do not, unless sometimes while I'm racing a sailboat, when I suddenly feel bound to tack on a hunch or a flier. The idea of losing even small sums of money horrifies me—far more than the prospect of sudden riches gives me delight. But, since casinos are part of Nice, Margot and I drop into the Palais de la Méditerranée after dinner, thinking that it may be more agreeable than the newer Ruhl Casino. (Had we but known it, the Ruhl Casino and the Palais were about to be fought over, in what was apparently a gangland war to control Riviera casinos, and in this struggle—with murders, disappearances, vast tax debts, great losses, and great wins—both the Ruhl and the Palais de la Méditerranée were to founder.) For a while, we watch a low-stakes game of chance in a ground-floor room, and then we climb the grandiose staircase in search of baccarat and roulette: the green felt, the shaded lights, women in evening dress, a few piles of chips getting larger while the rest are raked away. An official blocks our path: "*Passeport? Carte d'identité?*" Our passports are at the hotel; the English do not carry identity cards. *Quel dommage*, but there is no entry without them; it has something to do with a list the casino keeps, either of those whom the casino does not trust to pay up or of those who have asked to be barred because their will power has its ups and downs.

Lady Polwarth, in Nice in the seventeen-seventies with her consumptive husband, met Lady Drogheda—"the best and most sensible person, and I am sorry to think that she is married to a whimsical Irishman, who has half ruined himself by gaming and could not help losing two hundred pounds, even here." Kenneth Clark writes, in "The Romantic Rebellion," "When I



If you'd like subscription information on this little paper, drop us a line.

A MAN can read the Moore County News in just five minutes. That's all it takes to keep up with Moore County.

Occasionally, you'll see a piece on Jack Daniel's Distillery. Like when Jack Bateman broke his arm rolling barrels to the warehouse. Or when Frank Bobo (our head distiller) had his grandson born. But normally we don't make the paper much. You see, we've been charcoal mellowing whiskey here at Jack Daniel's since 1866. And according to the editor, there's no news in that anymore.

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the
great European tradition.
Elegant, quiet, unruffled—
never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor
Sales Office: 202-862-1735

THE RAINBOW ROOM
ABOVE ALL
65 floors atop Rockefeller Center.
Dine, dance and romance amid
elegant art deco surroundings and
spectacular views of the city.
Pre-theatre a la carte and after
theatre menus.
The Rainbow Room 30 Rockefeller Plaza.
New York City. Res: 757-9090

And at The Rainbow Grill, "KICKS II" a daring, delightful
French cabaret revue produced by Peter Jackson.

The IBM® Personal Computer-
A tool for
modern times

BOSTON BOUND?
Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.
Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

was young I spent a good deal of time walking up and down the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, waiting for my father to emerge, flushed and victorious—as he always was—from the Casino." Those waits gave Clark the chance to observe various buildings in what he called "that strip of architectural monstrosities," including the Villa Neptune, whose façade was covered with sculptured figures that "heaved and wriggled with tropical abundance;" two of the caryatids supporting the principal window were by Rodin. In the first half of this century, one of Nice's several casinos, resembling a miniature Santa Sophia, stood on a little pier, the Jetée Promenade, near the mouth of the Paillon. The Germans made the Promenade des Anglais off limits during the Second World War. They built a concrete wall at the end of every street leading to it. Antoine says, "On August 25, 1944, all the Niçois ran over the walls to see if our beloved Promenade was still there. Yes, it was, but no more Jetée Promenade—the Germans had destroyed it."

SATURDAY: Antoine drives us to his home in the Alpes Maritimes foothills. It is a large, low house—a *bastide*, it is called—surrounded by a stone wall and overlooking olive groves and fields. Levens sits on a nearby hilltop. Antoine's son-in-law, Jean—whose name is pronounced "Jong," in the local fashion—is already at work in the outdoor kitchen by the swimming pool, preparing pizza dough, chopping mushrooms, making a sauce for the fish, which is dorado. Jean and his father own and manage several apartment houses, which are to the present what hotels were to the last century. Jean is also a great cook. The meal, which takes place on the terrace, lasts a good part of the afternoon. We eat and drink and talk. At one point, Lili says, "*Ah—Tony parle bien français!*" I glow with pleasure at this kindly judgment—some idiom learned one evening in darkest New Cross has just come to me, at the perfect moment, on the wings of wine and out of the exaltation of well-being. *Merci, Mme. Gaze.* Afterward, to walk off some of the physical effects of this repast, Margot and I climb into the little nearby mountains—two hours of rambling among the rocks, sage, and maquis. We walk along paths that with rain might be small torrents. And after we return to the house Antoine and Margot explore Seven Three Eight once again, one memory provoking another.

When Antoine has driven us back, he sets us down in the Place Masséna. We say goodbye and express our thanks with a blitheness, even a brevity, that is camouflage for our feelings that we will probably never see Antoine again. Of course, we say openly that we will always remember this visit and his kindness. Antoine, similarly affected, says he will come to London to see us in the fall. But he will not.

SUNDAY: I slept loglike in the room at the rear of the hotel, *avec mes planches sous le matelas*.

And this is it, the last full day. What am I here for? *Contemplada la ciudad*. Shortly after breakfast, I set off to walk the length of the seafront. I proceed to the eastern end of the Quai des États-Unis, under the castle, on its crag, and start my promenade, sauntering westward with an independent air, exchanging glances of casual curiosity with the people I pass. One purpose of promenading is to take deep breaths in the open while one sees and is seen. It is a form of delight in the existence, or, at least, the appearance, of other human beings—and in one's own existence. The morning is radiant. I stride past Les Ponchettes, the terrace of flat-roofed houses that wall off the market from the esplanade. I pause to admire the ornamental planting in the Jardin Albert I^{er}—palms, pepper trees, aloes, laurels, and myrtles—and the benches, railings, and notices forbidding walking on the grass. Here is the Monument du Centenaire, put up in 1892 to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the first conjunction of Nice and France: a maternal figure embracing a younger woman—France the mother, Nice the daughter.

At the Jardin, the Quai becomes the Promenade, whose continued attribution to the English appears unthreatened by the Middle Eastern flags flying from hotel flagstaffs and the OPEC money that is said to be fuelling the casinos. I see people I have seen during the past few days, strolling or taking it easy. The fire-eater and some of his entourage are stretched out on the beach; he undoubtedly needs the fresh air. In front of the white domes and faded pink roofs of the Negresco, a woman—my wife—is looking out to sea, painting. How attractive she looks, how absorbed in what she is doing! Meanwhile, the German and

Dutch tour buses are trundling by, and planes are taking off from the airport. A length of seawall is being rebuilt, and for a quarter of a mile there are many trucks and loading machines, much dust and noise, and many signs saying "NICOLETTI," the construction firm responsible. Toward the end of the Promenade, after some four miles, I begin to think of food: salade niçoise, tripes niçoise, supion (baby cuttlefish) à la niçoise, ratatouille à la niçoise, Nice biscuits, Garibaldi biscuits, Victoria sponge, Battenberg cake. A motor caravan with British license plates is parked by the curb, and through one window I can see next to the gas stove a tin of Heinz tomato soup.

But the terrain where the Promenade actually ends is not uncharming. A newly grassed hill obscures a pumping works by the shore, and the roadway, renamed the Promenade Edouard Corniglion-Molinier, swings inland past the airport. At the end of the Promenade des Anglais, a little curved breakwater forms a small harbor, where skiffs and small fishing boats are moored. Here, on a strip of sand and gravel, several men are playing *boules* (or, as it is generally called in these parts, *pétanque*), taking turns at throwing, and then huddling over the *boules* to decide, with much discussion, who is closer. Presumably, therefrom came our bowls and bowling. And here, possibly because I have done what I set out to do and need a new challenge, I decide that on the way back I will go and look on the beach for those three stones with Spanish writing on them. It is as if I wanted to prepare a memory for the future. I will say to Margot if we come here in perhaps another twenty years' time, "Do you remember those stones on the beach with the Spanish words on them? Do you remember how, on the day before we left, I went looking for them but didn't find them?"

—ANTHONY BAILEY

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From City Woman, a Canadian magazine*]

In taking its measure, she excavated a forgotten garden in the shadowy loins of history where the seeds of a lust for freedom were sown out of the hammerlock of centuries of sheer stagnation.

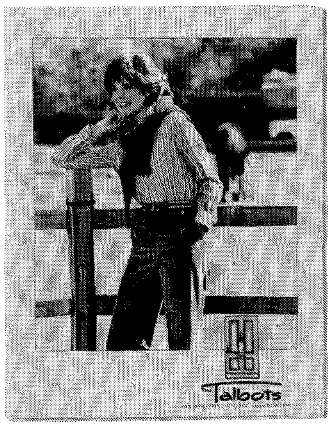
•

The Boston Tow Boat Co.'s new 2,000-horsepower tugboat has been named *Rowe*, in honor of H. S. Payson Rowe's wife, Florence.—*Harvard Magazine.*

He's an old sentimentalist, that's what he is.

HOW TO SHOP SMART

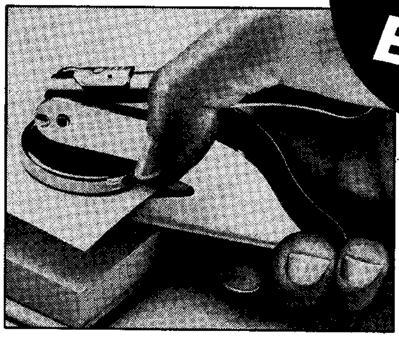
The Talbots Fall Preview Catalog has been created to help you dress smartly and appropriately during the season when days are cold, hot and everything else in-between.
With an eye for good taste and lasting value, we've selected the best of today's fashions for this impossible time of year. For the office, at home or out for the evening, we offer clothes, shoes and accessories that you'll wear, and feel good about wearing, for seasons to come.
Then we've added The Talbots famous personal service and attention to detail. When you call, our personal shoppers are always ready to answer any questions, make suggestions, or help plan a wardrobe. We've been offering personal service for over 35 years, and we always will.
Shop smart, and enjoy the early Fall in style.

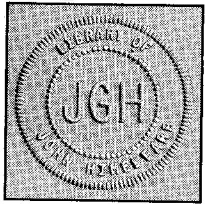


For your free subscription to The Talbots Catalog, CALL TOLL-FREE 800-225-8200 (IN MASS. 800-232-8181) or write The Talbots, Dept. XW, Hingham, MA 02043
Name ______ Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
The Talbots
Since 1947

THE TRUE MARK OF A BOOK LOVER!
JUST $12.95 EACH

Personalize your books and impress your friends with this sturdy embosser, just like those used in libraries. The 1½" diameter seal clearly embosses "Library of (your full name)" and three initials. Book embossers make great gifts, too, for almost any age and any occasion. Not recommended for rare books or first editions. Satisfaction is fully guaranteed.





Send me ______ book embossers, #A9037L, at $12.95 each, plus $2.00 shipping and handling. Add 5% tax if delivered in Texas. Spell the full name this way: ______
Three initials: ______ 1st name ______ 2nd name ______ Last name
To order additional embossers, on a separate sheet of paper specify BOTH full name and three initials for each ordered.
☐ Check or money order enclosed.
☐ Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express
Account # ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Expiration date ______ Signature ______ (required if using credit card)
NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE/ZIP ______
Allow six weeks for delivery. Satisfaction is guaranteed.
Mail to: Grand Finale, Box 340257, Dept. #MB122
Farmers Branch, Texas 75234.
GRAND FINALE

AROUND CITY HALL

TUNING UP

FORTUNATELY for those who want to blow their own horns, it's usually no trick to find an appropriate tune that will deliver the message. Every few days last summer and this, some ceremonial event has provided the signal for a band to assemble around noontime on the front steps of City Hall. Sooner rather than later, the musicians hit the strident beat of "New York, New York," from the movie of that name. The modified-French Renaissance-style seat of local government, completed in 1811, is only two and a half stories high below a two-story bell tower, and, along with the small park in front of it, is deeply shadowed by skyscrapers. The little urban hollow seems to bound and throb as the brass sections start spreading the news that there's no town like this one for challenge and excitement. The local Convention and Visitors Bureau likes to associate itself with this view of the city, as do local candidates for office. The area is also a big favorite with municipal employees and workers in the financial district, who turn up in front of City Hall on their lunch hour. In the plaza—it is what is left of the parade ground where, on July 9, 1776, General George Washington and his troops lined up to listen as one of Washington's aides read aloud a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which had just arrived from Philadelphia—the noon visitors munch on Italian sausages and egg rolls bought from Greek street venders, while their feet tap and their faces noticeably brighten at the assurance that, according to the lyrics of "New York, New York," if they can make it there they'll make it *any*where. Last summer and this, there have been an unusual number of City Hall events that have attracted crowds and visiting dignitaries along with television crews and other photo-opportunists. It is widely assumed that there is a relation between these stepped-up schedules and the fact that in the warm months of 1981 Mayor Edward Koch was in the middle of a campaign for a second four-year term as Mayor, while this summer he is in the middle of a campaign for the Governorship of the state. City Hall doesn't have a Rose Garden, but one can improvise. The Mayor is naturally not averse to hearing that if you can make it in this city you can make it anywhere—even Albany. Still, it was probably mere habit or general exuberance that moved the Big Apple Band, which is made up of students from the city's high schools, to play "New York, New York" five times, by some counts, in just over half an hour one day last month.

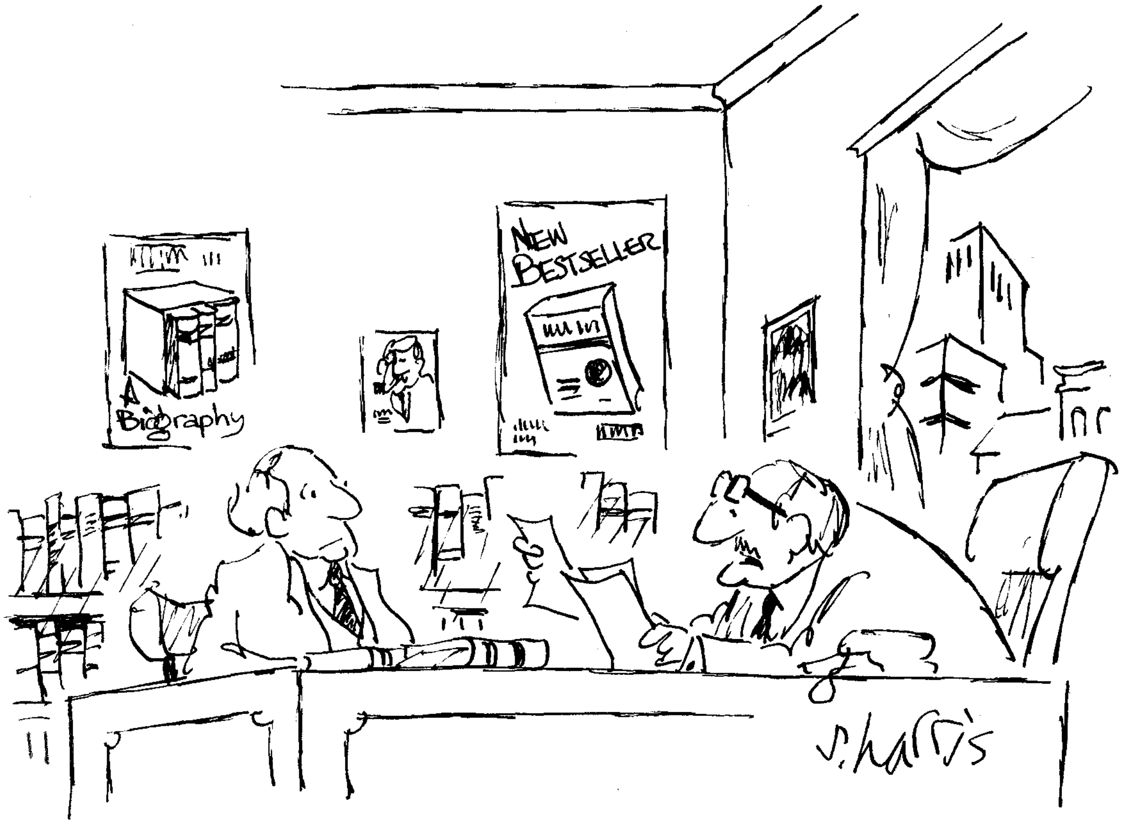
Few people outside show business have as dramatic an occasion to decide what tune they want to encourage an audience to hum at the sound of their names and what hummable message they want their names associated with as do candidates at a political convention. When Koch's name was offered to the delegates at last month's Democratic State Convention, in Syracuse, he did not ask for the song that daily splits ears at City Hall. To win as Governor, he must build up his appeal to voters in areas outside New York, New York, since votes from such areas are expected to account for perhaps forty-five per cent of the total in the Democratic primary, in September, and for seventy per cent in the general election. Not long after Koch announced his formal entry into the gubernatorial race, on April 21st, he amended the prepared text of a mayoral speech. Where it had referred to the political wisdom of "all New Yorkers," he made it "all New Yorkers, *upstate* and downstate." Since then, there have been no more of the familiar Koch japes about how he gets the bends whenever he crosses the northern border of the Bronx. After the Mayor's name was put before the Democratic delegates, the tune played by the convention band, led by Stan Colella, was "I Love New York." Contrary to the impression here in the city, the song does not refer just to Rockefeller Center and environs. It is the musical theme chosen by Governor Hugh Carey's State Commerce Department for television commercials that are part of a campaign to persuade tourists to visit areas all over the state, most of which, like the voters in the November election, are outside the city. According to the state's convoluted political system, although the Democratic and Republican nominees for the November ballot are chosen in the September primary, the parties, at their state conventions, in June, name as a "designee" for a particular office the candidate who gets at least fifty per cent of the delegates' weighted votes. In addition, any politician who wins as much as twenty-five per cent of the vote on any ballot—and there are often several ballots—qualifies as a candidate in the primary.

Judith Shahn

At the Syracuse convention, Koch's only rival for the Governorship was Mario Cuomo, the incumbent Lieutenant Governor, who won thirty-nine per cent of the delegates' votes and so will be on the primary ballot. As Koch frequently points out, the two men ran against each other once before—in the 1977 mayoral race—and Cuomo lost. The song that was played after Cuomo's name was put before the Syracuse delegates was the theme from "Rocky"—appropriate for an Italian-American who is widely regarded as the underdog in the contest. Cuomo later kept shouting to the crowd, "Remember, that's 'Rocky II' "—that is, the movie about the rematch in which Rocky Balboa reverses his earlier defeat.

A candidate who was designated in Syracuse with no opposition was Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who is running for his second term as United States Senator. Although no one needed assurance of the Senator's patriotic fervor, the song he chose to have played in his honor was "Stars and Stripes Forever."

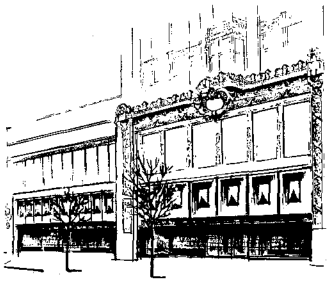
AT the Republican State Convention last month, the field of candidates for Governor was more crowded. Like the Democrats, the Republicans chose their convention site with an eye to doing a little missionary work among the infidels. In this city, the Democratic advantage in registration is more than five to one; outside the five boroughs, there are about half a million more registered Republicans than Democrats. The week before the Democrats met, at a theatre in the Onandaga County Civic Center, in Syracuse, the Republicans convened here, at the Sheraton Centre, at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-third Street. The theme from "Rocky" was also heard during the designating process at the Sheraton Centre, but the selection had nothing to do with Italian-Americans or pugilism. It was played for the demonstration that followed the nominating of Richard Rosenbaum, a Rochester lawyer and former Republican State Chairman, and it reminded the delegates that Rosenbaum had been a close ally of Nelson Rockefeller in the days when the name Rockefeller was a symbol not only of great wealth but also of national political power. During the convention, political veterans among the delegates reminded one another of Rosenbaum's account of a time when he was travelling on Rockefeller's F-27 on the way back from a trip among Western Republicans. The plane passed over Mt. Rushmore in the early evening, and Rosenbaum said he was sorry that it was too dark to see the four Presidential faces carved out of the South Dakota mountainside. Rockefeller, who was then still Governor, picked up the phone, the plane circled briefly, and lights bright as day suddenly illuminated the scene. The other Republican gubernatorial candidate from upstate was James Emery, of Livingston County, who is the Assembly's Minority Leader. For Emery's demonstration, the band played "A Wonderful Guy," with what some listeners thought was extra-heavy emphasis on the opening section, whose lyrics mention being as corny as Kansas in August. The assumption was that Emery was making a point about Mayor Koch and the *Playboy* interview given by Koch before he knew he was going to run for Governor, in which he made snoots at the way of life of New Yorkers anywhere outside the city. Emery confirmed this impression when, in a speech on the last day of the convention, he commented that he saw "the Democratic bosses . . . preparing to nominate a candidate who is emotionally and psychologically incapable of representing the entire state." There are also voters in the five boroughs, however. During the designation routine, Emery hedged his bets and had the band also play "New York, New York" in his honor.



"It's Dostoevski. It's Melville. It's Flaubert. But it doesn't dance."

The other two G.O.P. gubernatorial candidates were downstaters. Former United States Attorney Paul Curran, who is philosophically a middle-of-the-road Republican, practices law in Manhattan but lives in Scarsdale, in Westchester County. After his name went before the delegates, the band played the Fordham Rams song, the football theme of his alma mater, which some took as an unsubtle reminder that he was the only Irish Catholic in the race. From the beginning of the convention, the favorite in the polls was Lewis Lehrman, the multimillionaire former president of the Rite Aid drugstore chain, whose headquarters are in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. As Lehrman will be reminded over and over during the campaign, he became an official New York resident in 1977, which was the year after he first registered as a Republican. After he formally entered the race for Governor, on January 11th, he spent almost two million dollars—he has said he expects that the campaign costs might total twelve million—on a series of television commercials designed to familiarize voters with his name, his face, and his political philosophy. The commercials stress his strong law-and-order position and his fiscal conservatism, but they don't dwell on his fervent belief in supply-side economics and the need to return to the gold standard. The song that Lehrman chose for his supporters to march to at the Sheraton Centre was the one from "Applause" that urges all hands to step to the rear and let a winner lead the way—a reminder that the Republicans lost the last two gubernatorial races to Hugh Carey. Lehrman not only chose this message for his supporters to march to but, coatless and wearing bright-red suspenders, which he had flaunted as a kind of trademark throughout the convention, broke with precedent by joining the parade that celebrated his superior qualifications for the nomination.

In the Senate race, the Republicans put three candidates on the primary ballot, two of them women. The district of Assemblywoman Florence Sullivan, in Brooklyn, had been rudely dismembered by a state legislative committee charged with redrawing districts to accommodate the results of the 1980 census. With the encouragement of the Conservative Party (which has given Lehrman its nomination), she had then decided to run



FALL IS JUST A GIDDING-JENNY CATALOG AWAY

Gidding-Jenny's award-winning catalogs and beautiful previews of very special clothing, accessories and gifts for men and women. Your Fall edition is just the first in a year's series including our celebrated Christmas Catalog. Order your year's series today, just $5.00.

Name__________
Address __________
City __________
State______ Zip ______

GIDDING Jenny

Eighteen West Fourth Street
Cincinnati, OH 45202

7 miles at sea . . . an island of pleasure
Martha's Vineyard

A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf and tennis nearby. Famous Navigator Restaurant and Boathouse Bar. Color TV in every room. Season April to October.

For Color Brochure or Reservations
Telephone (617) 627-4321

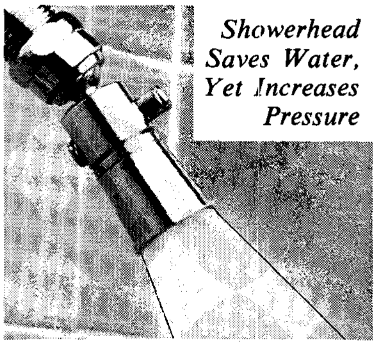
Harborside Inn
EDGARTOWN, MASS. 02539
Master Card • Visa • American Express

Go Bass®
or go barefoot

The BUCCANEER
Your elegant oasis of privacy in the Caribbean.
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands
Reservations:
RALPH LOCKE, 315 E. 72nd St. N.Y.C. 10021
(212) 586-3070 · Toll Free (800) 223-1108
Telex 423282

for the United States Senate. Her musical theme at the convention was a variation on the song whose refrain is "Harrigan, that's me," in which the name "Sullivan" was spelled out with suitably complimentary lyrics. The other woman candidate for the Republican Senate nomination is Muriel (Mickie) Siebert, a former State Superintendent of Banks, who in 1967 became the first woman to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. Her supporters sang, "If you knew Mickie, like we know Mickie, oh, oh, oh, what a girl!" The candidate who, by winning sixty-two and a half per cent of the votes on the third ballot, became the Republican designee in the senatorial primary was Whitney North Seymour, Jr.—like Curran, a former United States Attorney. Seymour and his Democratic opponent, Moynihan, proved that they had one thing in common: they both opted for Sousa numbers at their party conventions. Seymour's choice, "The Washington Post" march, reflected his interest in moving to the capital after the election, and, of course, had nothing to do with the circumstance that the day it was played was the tenth anniversary of the break-in at Watergate—a subject that nobody spoiled the fun by mentioning at the Republican meeting. The band, led by Gregory Raffa, of Roslyn Heights, Long Island, had hoped to pipe in another, higher-level politician. At the end of the convention, the delegates had been invited to meet in the hotel ballroom with President Reagan, who was in town to address the United Nations disarmament conference, but it was decided that the President's brief appearance at a cocktail-party reception did not call for a musical salute, so Raffa and his men didn't get a chance to play "Hail to the Chief"—the ultimate musical signature of American politics.

THE fact that in recent months the Mayor's schedule has been crowded with ceremonial events—on and off the official campaign trail, with and without musical accompaniment—doesn't mean that they didn't celebrate good causes. The cause that brought the Big Apple Band to City Hall last month was a good one. The band had come to play for a ceremony, attended by executives of the Mobil Oil Corporation and a large number of athletes and city officials, at which it was announced that Mobil was providing three hundred and fifty thousand dol-



Showerhead Saves Water, Yet Increases Pressure

Our chrome plated brass showerhead reduces the flow of water, yet increases pressure and saves water and energy. A family of 4 might save up to $250 a year. Use on-off switch without having to adjust to hot and cold flow. Important where water supply is critical. Installs with adjustable wrench. $11.75 *postpaid.*

Yours for the asking: 96-page catalog of more than 400 useful quality items.

4% Sales Tax on Items Shipped to Vermont

MAIL ORDERS TO The Vermont Country Store
Box 352-G, WESTON, Vermont 05161
OR PHONE 802-824-6932 using *Visa* or *MC*

THE VERMONT Country Store®
STORES AT
Route 100 in Village of WESTON VERMONT
Route 103 2 mi. West of Exit 6, I-91. ROCKINGHAM VERMONT

Original Etchings by
AL HIRSCHFELD
Handpulled in limited editions, numbered and signed.

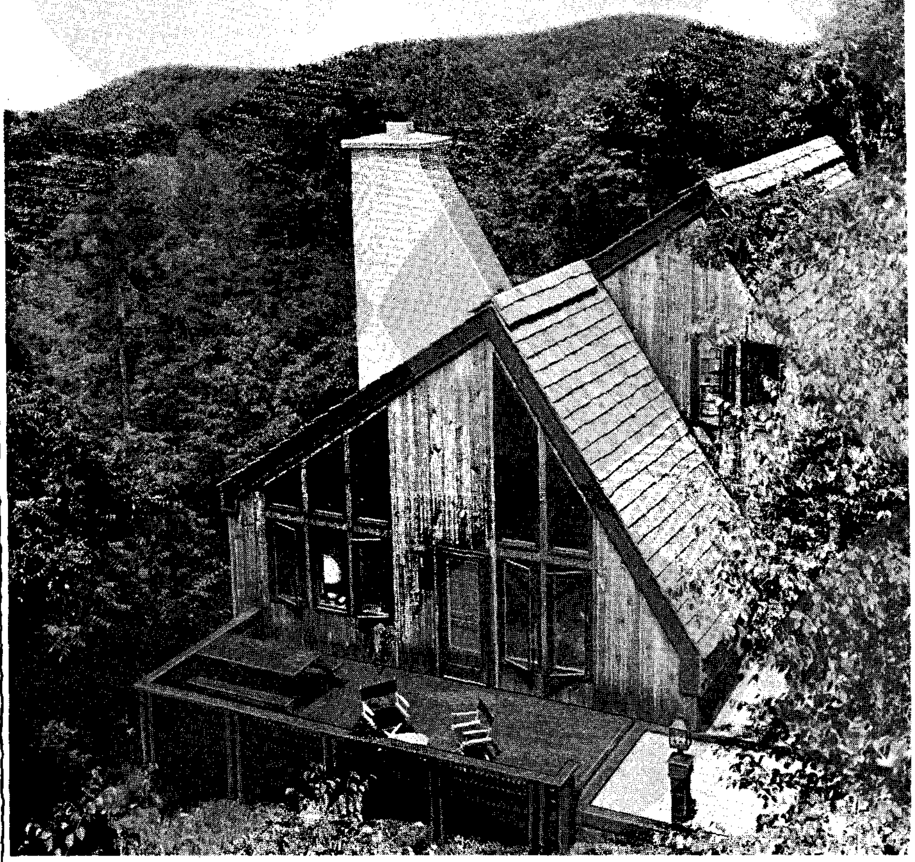
Send for free brochure
GEORGE J. GOODSTADT, INC.
225 Park Ave. So., New York, NY 10003
Telephone: 212-777-6170

ADS—
Audio Apart

THE GOLFER'S COUNTRY INN
Old World Ambience, fine continental cuisine, 500 acres of woodlands, "Golf at the Door" on a links-style, 9-hole course. Since 1913. 80 miles NYC. For reservations or brochure, write/call:
Cliff Park Inn and Golf Course
Milford, Pa. 18337 ♦ (717) 296-6491

lars to help underwrite a project called the Big Apple Games. During the summer, students in programs at more than a hundred local public schools will be coached by well-known athletes and then will compete in a citywide Olympic-style competition. Although a million dollars in state and city funds will also be provided, the enterprise will be known as the 1982 Mobil Big Apple Games. During the ceremony, speakers frequently observed that the city's children were the city's future. While pictures were being taken of the participants shaking hands with the Mayor, the Big Apple Band kept delivering its New York, New York message. Several times during the event, emissaries hurried down from City Hall's second floor with urgent requests for quiet. The City Council Committee on Environmental Protection was hearing testimony from experts, governmental and civilian, on the Reagan Administration's proposal to spend more than four billion dollars on a "crisis relocation" plan for evacuating the populations of large cities—New York City residents would be removed to upstate rural areas—in the event of a nuclear strike. The future of the children as the future of the city was also mentioned at these hearings, although not in connection with volleyball. Eventually, the full Council voted, thirty-five to five, to reject the plan, in the belief that there was no practical way it could be carried out. There were many references to the chaos often caused when a relatively small part of the population leaves the city for an ordinary holiday weekend. The consensus at the end of the hearing was that the only hope was to try to prevent nuclear war.

The nuclear question came up again that day at City Hall. Until early April of this year, the Mayor had not been helpful to those who were trying to arouse public consciousness about the importance of a nuclear freeze. Late in March, a member of the board of the Brooklyn Heights chapter of Sane wrote him a letter asking him to proclaim a Nuclear Weapons Freeze Week. The members of Sane, which was founded in 1957, are generally considered to be the elder statesmen of the anti-nuclear movement. On April 5th, Diane Coffey, Koch's administrative assistant, who serves as his City Hall chief of staff, wrote a letter in response to the Sane request. "Since the Mayor believes in a strong defense and in the importance of maintaining a nuclear capability to resist the Rus-



Before the leaves turn, you could be reading your New Yorker in your own Hawk home in Vermont.

To know that Nature waits just outside your door, yet to have at hand every civilized amenity: this is the Hawk Life.

At its center is your Hawk home, custom-designed to blend with the beauty of its own uniquely landscaped mountain site.

Your Hawk home has a huge fieldstone fireplace, a kitchen capable of producing a feast, luxurious bathrooms (sauna optional). One to four bedrooms.

Just a phone call away, our trained staff stands ready to shovel your walk, chop your wood or cook you a dinner in your own kitchen—if you wish.

Skiing, golfing, tennis, restaurants, shops and fish-filled lakes and streams are a short drive away.

Naturally, many Hawk owners look to their homes for possible tax savings appreciation and rental income.

Under our Property Management Program, we find your rental guests for you. We clean before they come and after they leave. We take care of all the nitty-gritty and look after your home as if it were our own—right down to watering your plants. Finally, we send you regular financial statements detailing rental income and operating expenses.

Hawk has been a way of life in Vermont for nearly two decades. If it sounds like the opportunity you're looking for, please call us or mail the coupon below.

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property.

HAWK

Mail this coupon today or call toll-free 800-451-4109.

24 hours a day, 7 days a week.
From Vermont and Canada call 802-746-8911.

Hawk, Box N8, Route 100
Pittsfield, Vermont 05762

Please send me your color brochure, sample plans and information.

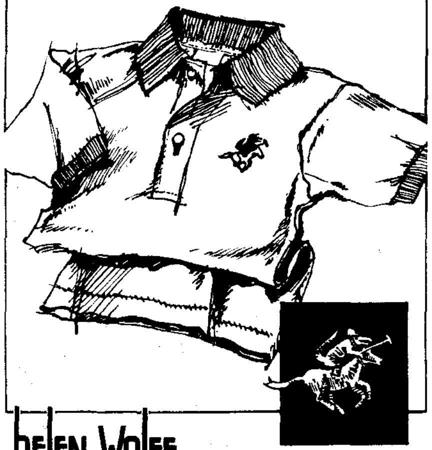
Name (please print)

Address

City State or Province Zip

Area Code, Phone No.

THE "GALLOPING GATOR"
One-upmanship in a great fashion put-on . . . our exclusive combed cotton knit shirt with colorfully embroidered polo playing alligator. $25.



helen Wolff
PLAZA FRONTENAC AND CLAYTON, MISSOURI
LONGBOAT KEY, FLORIDA

Mail Orders: Helen Wolff, 211 Plaza Frontenac
St. Louis, Missouri 63131

☐ Check Enclosed Charge my ☐ Master Card
☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Card #__________ Exp. Date__________

Add $2 shipping/handling. MO. residents add sales tax

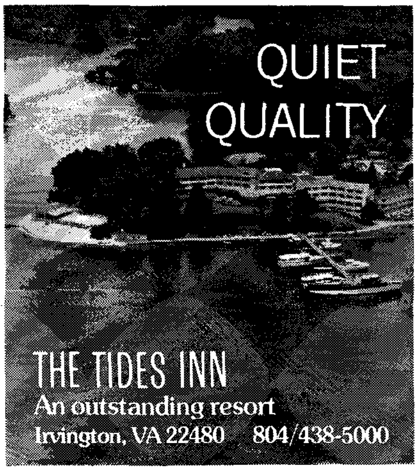
Quantity	M or F	Size	Color 1st Choice	2nd Choice

Women's in scarlet, yellow, pink, sapphire, navy, kelly or white. Sizes S (4-6) M (8-10) L (12-14)

Men's in white, red, navy, yellow, pink, green in sizes S-M-L-XL.

Name __________
Street __________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.



QUIET QUALITY
THE TIDES INN
An outstanding resort
Irvington, VA 22480 804/438-5000

Lunt
Silversmiths–
since 1902

MEXICAN INVESTMENTS?
Do you have Mexican investments or bank deposits? Interested in the outlook for the peso? You should be reading MEXLETTER.
For a free copy write: MEXLETTER,
Apdo. 1335, México, D.F., 06000, Mexico.
or call 905-511-5470.

sians, any statement he would make on this subject would no doubt include a reference to that need," her letter said. "Quite frankly, I do not believe that would serve your purpose. Since the Russians are a threat to our security, it is imperative that we maintain an effective nuclear deterrent." By late spring, many other politicians had concluded that the anti-nuclear movement was a political force to be taken seriously, and President Reagan had demonstrated as much in his March 9th speech, at Eureka College, in Illinois, which represented a partial turnabout for him on the issue. During Koch's tour of the state on April 21st, as he formally entered the race for Governor, one of his aides was seen apparently planting a question with an upstate reporter. When the upstater asked the Mayor whether he favored a nuclear freeze, Koch—to the surprise of reporters from the city—said that he did. On June 9th, which was the day of the Big Apple Band's visit to City Hall, the issue of *The Village Voice* just available on the stands reprinted the response of the Mayor's office to the Brooklyn Heights chapter of Sane. At a brief press conference later that day, Koch was asked to comment on the letter and his sudden shift of position. The Mayor explained that it would have been foolish of him to support a request by any one group. He mentioned that although he had opposed the Vietnam War, he had never associated himself with the people who waved the Vietcong flag. He then dwelt on the terrible error of such flag-wavers, and referred to the suffering of the Vietnamese people under the present regime. Koch added that he opposed chemical warfare, and denounced the Soviet Union for, so he understood, being the only country that used it. As reporters leaned forward to remind the Mayor that the middle-class Brooklyn Heights neighborhood was not a likely site for Vietcong flags, and that all the Sane chapter had asked of him was the proclamation of a Nuclear Weapons Freeze Week, the Mayor said that he had to rush off to another ceremony, at which he was scheduled to hand out medals to Police Department heroes. None of New York's three daily newspapers carried a report on the Sane letter in the *Voice* or the Mayor's comments on it. It's rare for the editors of any one of the three papers to take seriously—or give credit for—a news story broken by one of their daily rivals, and those editors feel even more free to ignore a story that first appears in the rather raffish Greenwich Village weekly. Many New Yorkers may therefore have been puzzled at a line in Cuomo's acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention that mentioned the Mayor's boast that the voters always knew where he stood on any issue. Cuomo asked, "Is he for a nuclear freeze or against it?" On the day of the City Hall press conference that dealt with the Sane letter, the *Post* printed the text of a proclamation by Koch declaring June to be Nuclear Freeze Month.

Koch had announced that he intended to take an active part in the great anti-nuclear rally in Central Park on June 12th. However, the *Times* for the following day did not, as expected, carry a picture of the Mayor with his arms hugely extended, welcoming the demonstrators from the stage, at what was said to be the largest political demonstration in America's history. The leaders of Sane were among the forces that organized the rally. Some of the organizers charged Koch with trying to capitalize on the anti-nuclear issue for political purposes, and one of them announced that if he tried to approach the stage he would be evicted as a gate-crasher. Cuomo, whose position on the nuclear issue the rally leaders found to be more consistent, was invited to lead a contingent into the Park carrying a burning Olympic torch. Although Koch's dispute with the rally organizers about his political motivation was not reported in any of the local dailies, *Newsday*, published on Long Island, did give the details. Still, things didn't turn out badly for the Mayor. He could have walked a few blocks to the rally from Gracie Mansion, but he went instead to Queens and then marched across the Queensboro Bridge with a contingent of Greek-Americans from Astoria. That area is said to have the largest number of people of Greek heritage outside Athens, and there are nearly six hundred and fifty-four thousand registered voters in Queens—more than in any other borough.

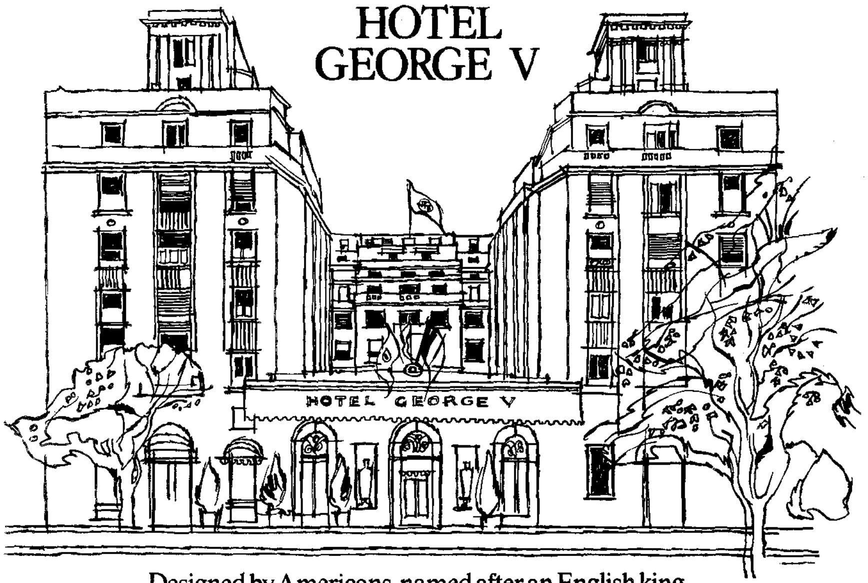
THE standard comment on the two major-party conventions last month was that the Republicans had behaved like Democrats and the Democrats like Republicans. The meeting of the usually disciplined Republicans was a noisy, relaxed, often unpredictable free-for-all. At one point, it appeared that the G.O.P. would end up with the overcrowded, shoulder-bumping kind of primary that is a New York Democratic specialty. (The 1977 mayoral primary, in which Koch beat Cuomo, had seven contestants.) Late on the second night of the Republican convention, there were still four candidates for Governor. Shortly before midnight, however, James Emery withdrew, and Richard Rosenbaum soon followed. Emery had dropped out with the understanding that he would be given the designation for Lieutenant Governor by acclamation; Curran objected to this arrangement. Most of the delegate strength committed to Emery—and some of that committed to Rosenbaum—was then thrown to Lehrman, and gave him almost sixty-nine per cent of the vote. In the home territory of Tammany Hall, the charge of bossism is a potent one in campaigns—so damaging that there is a big question whether a convention designation should be considered anything to take political comfort in. Most convention delegates are county and district leaders—that is, bosses—and their cohorts. As soon as the party meetings are over, the candidates who are on the ballot but didn't receive the convention imprimatur set up piercing cries of "Bossism!" The cries have obviously been heard. The system of convention designations was passed in 1968. Sam Roberts, the political editor of the *Daily News*, recently pointed out that, beginning that year, except for incumbents, only two convention designees for the offices of United States Senator, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, State Attorney General, or State Comptroller have won the following November: Robert Abrams, a Democrat, who was elected Attorney General, and Edward Regan, who won as State Comptroller, both in 1978. Lehrman's overwhelming convention victory would ordinarily have marked him as the candidate of the bosses, but he moved smartly to head this off by announcing that what he had just pulled was a revolution that had overturned the traditional power brokers of the Republican establishment. Presumably, he was referring to the old organization of Nelson Rockefeller, who cut all ties with state politics in the spring of 1977. No survivor of the Rockefeller team now holds important public office or is a political power in the state. Early in 1980, the former Governor's friend Rosenbaum remained politically alive—temporarily, at least—by becoming an ardent supporter of Reagan, Rockefeller's

Gable gave Lombard Platinum.

Rare. Lustrous white. Strongest. No wonder
Clark Gable showed his love with Platinum, the most precious
of precious metals. Shouldn't you?
View the Platinum collection at your jeweler's, or write.
Johnson Matthey Inc., Malvern, PA 19355

In Paris

HOTEL
GEORGE V

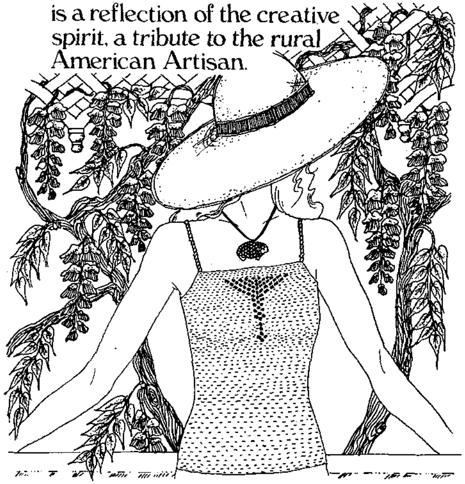


Designed by Americans, named after an English king
and yet uncompromisingly French, the George V is a hotel of warm character
and great distinction. It stands just off the Champs Elysées and
is renowned for its grand and lively atmosphere.

A Trusthouse Forte Exclusive Hotel.

For reservations call toll-free: 800-223-5672 nationwide; 800-442-5886 in New York State;
212-541-4400 in New York City; 1-800-268-9761 in Canada; 416-363-6033 in Toronto.

ARTISANS COOPERATIVE
is a gathering of fine crafts: a handmade quilt collection in colors of the sunset, the sea, the earth; handwoven capes, blankets, rugs; baskets handwoven of honeysuckle, sweet grass, split oak; handwork in metal, clay, wood, glass.
ARTISANS COOPERATIVE
is a reflection of the creative spirit, a tribute to the rural American Artisan.



Cotton knit camisole in slate blue or natural white, sizes: small, medium, and large. $41.00. Machine washable. Sheep pendant, an original design in pewter; also available as a pin. $27.00. Send $2.00 for our current catalogue.

ARTISANS COOPERATIVE
Box 216, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania 19317
(215) 388-1433 - 10AM to 5PM Monday to Saturday
A non-profit corporation representing rural artisans
Chadds Ford, Philadelphia, Ardmore, Boston, Nantucket

THERE ARE ONLY 30 PRESTIGE HOTELS IN BRITAIN

The Close at Tetbury is One

The 400 year old Close, with its internationally acclaimed restaurant, is a beautiful example of the English country house hotel. Deep in the heart of the Cotswolds, two hours from London. For brochures, information, reservations: Scott Calder Int'l, N.Y. (212) 535-9530 • (800) 223-5581.

First the Vassarette®—
What goes on after that
is up to you

LaTerrasse

Delightful French food with classical piano.
3432 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. 387-3778

longtime antagonist. In the last few years, New York State's Republican Party has been so famously disorganized that its leaders have had a hard time even getting anybody in Washington to answer a phone call, let alone being able to arrange for the lights to be turned on over the Black Hills.

One political anomaly in the two conventions was that no women were either designated or put on the primary ballot by the Democrats. As the ratification period for the Equal Rights Amendment was about to expire, at the end of last month, Eleanor Smeal, the head of the National Organization for Women, blamed the Republicans—who had rejected support of the amendment in their 1980 platform—for having actually led the attack on the E.R.A. At their convention in New York, however, the Republicans not only put two women on the ballot in the Senate race but also named Frances Sclafoni, a thirty-two-year-old assistant district attorney in Suffolk County, as their designee for State Attorney General. At the cocktail party at the end of the convention, at which all the designees lined up to pose with Reagan, she received a nice kiss from the President.

In Syracuse, the convention seemed to be almost totally controlled by the Koch forces, who were working hand in glove with State Chairman Dominic Baranello, a Koch supporter, who hopes to remain as chairman if the Mayor becomes Governor. The first nineteen votes in the gubernatorial balloting were those of Suffolk County, where Baranello is the boss. Every one of them went to Koch. Until eight minutes into the roll call, there was no vote for Cuomo. The well-oiled convention process held only two real surprises. When the Mayor needed an upstate Irish-American for geographic and ethnic balance on his slate of designees—all those whom Koch favored were designated—he selected former State Senator Raymond Gallagher, of Erie County, as his candidate for State Comptroller. In the coming months, along with questions about the *Playboy* interview, Koch may have to answer frequent questions about why he selected a running mate who was given a hundred-per-cent-favorable rating on issues by the Conservative Party in 1980, when he was the Conservative as well as the Democratic candidate for State Senator, and who, unlike Koch, opposes the E.R.A., Medicaid funding for abortion, and gun control. The assumption is that, in the belief that his opponent in the general election would be the politically conservative Lehrman, the Mayor, a onetime reform Democrat, decided to bolster his conservative credentials and to abandon to Cuomo (who will be a candidate on the Liberal Party line even if he loses the Democratic primary to Koch) the vote of the philosophical liberals, whom the Mayor tends to treat as a dwindling and discredited species. The other surprise was the thirty-nine-per-cent total Cuomo won in the balloting for Governor—a large share of which was provided by delegates from upstate. Koch had said that if Cuomo didn't get the twenty-five per cent of the votes that would automatically put him on the primary ballot it would be due to his own "ineptitude." After Cuomo did quite a bit better than nearly anyone at the convention had expected, there was no talk of the Lieutenant Governor's eptitude.

THE Mayor did not, of course, appear side by side with Reagan during the most recent Presidential visit to the city. In Syracuse, Koch called Reaganomics "vile and savage and barbaric," and in his acceptance speech he declared that he would not allow the Administration in Washington to lead the state "down into the valley of the shadow of Ronald Reagan." This was a sharp change of script from those days of 1981 and early 1982 when the Mayor had only friendly words for the President. The last time they made a side-by-side ceremonial appearance was on Labor Day last year, at Gracie Mansion (which does have a small rose garden). On that occasion, before hundreds of invited guests standing about on the lawn by the East River, the President and the Mayor exchanged compliments on each other's records. The reason for the ceremony was the presentation of a check for eighty-five million dollars from the federal government for city-owned land along the Hudson River in lower Manhattan—the site of the proposed hugely expensive project known as Westway. This demonstration of the Reagan Administration's helpfulness to the city, presumably as a result of Reagan's friendly relationship with Koch, would be a boon to the Mayor's reëlection campaign, the primary being only a few days away. It would also boost Reagan's standing with labor, which had recently been damaged by his handling of the air controllers' strike. The check that the President presented to the Mayor was alleged to be a facsimile of the real thing, blown up so that it measured about two feet by four feet. The picture of the two leaders wearing hard hats and holding the oversized check at each end was a cinch to make the next day's front pages. The crowd at Gracie Mansion got the impression that the affair had been almost entirely directed and produced by Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan, who seemed to be everywhere that day. A black construction worker had been invited to stand with the President and the Mayor on the dais—an appropriate gesture, it was explained, since Reagan remembered having spoken to this worker at a building site during the 1980 Presidential campaign. By coincidence, the man was an employee of the Schiavone Construction Company—the company whose executive vice-president Donovan had been until he joined the Reagan Cabinet. In recent months, of course, Donovan has been too busy dealing with special prosecutors and congressional calls for his resignation to put on any more Gracie Mansion extravaganzas. The central prop in his 1981 Labor Day show has not been on public display since. Some observers pointed out at the time that the Westway land-rights money would never have been paid directly from the federal government to the city but would have gone first to the state. (The state's chief executive, Governor Carey, who had been an unswerving critic of the Reagan Administration, had not been invited to be one of the stars of the ceremony.) In any event, the eighty-five million dollars has never reached either the state or the city, although the funds were included in the Mayor's 1982 budget. It's the only known time that a two-foot-by-four-foot check for eighty-five million dollars has bounced in this town.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*Bulletin from the Pittsburgh Memorial Society*]

AND NOW—THE ULTIMATE!

A patent has been obtained for a solar-powered talking tombstone!! A tape recorded statement can run for up to two hours. In Canada an entrepreneur proposes to build a pyramid-shaped mausoleum with crypts for 200,000 caskets and niches for 1,000,000 urns. An added feature would be a restaurant at the top of the 534 foot high structure.

SPECIFIC TOURS

DISCOVER TAHITI

As Low As

UTA French Airlines

$759*

Including air fare and six nights accommodations

We have the best prices and a great selection of dream vacations in the South Pacific!

* Based on low season GIT airfare from Los Angeles per person double occupancy. Price subject to change without notice. Seating is limited.

Book with your local travel agent, or send for our award winning 48 page brochure today!

SPECIFIC TOURS • P.O. Box 19309 • Irvine, CA 92713

Specific Tours℠
P.O. Box 19309
Irvine, CA 92713

T-NY

Name ______
Street ______
Town ______ State/Zip ______

At the Palace the Queen lowers the prices, but never lowers her guard.

Leona Helmsley, the proprietress of the Palace Hotel has decreed that this summer, two can stay at the Palace for the price of one. But, she also insists that the same regal standards must prevail.
What better way to treat her royal family. You, her guests.
Sun.-Thurs. from $115* Fri.-Sat. from $95*

*All rates are for single, or double occupancy, from June 25, to Sept. 5, 1982.
Taxes and gratuities not included. By prior reservation only.

The Helmsley Palace

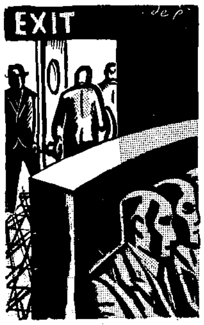
455 Madison Avenue (at 50th Street), New York, NY 10022
For reservations call Toll-free: **800/221-4982.**
In New York, call **212/888-1624.** TELEX: **640-543.** Or call your travel agent.
The Leading Hotels of the World ®

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Baby, the Rain Must Fall

RIDLEY SCOTT, the director of the futuristic thriller "Blade Runner," sets up the action with a crawl announcing that the time is early in the twenty-first century, and that a blade runner is a police officer who "retires"—i.e., kills—"replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. A title informs us that we're in Los Angeles in the year 2019, and then Scott plunges us into a hellish, claustrophobic city that has become a cross between Newark and old Singapore. The skies are polluted, and there's a continual drenching rainfall. The air is so rotten that it's dark outside, yet when we're inside, the brightest lights are on the outside, from the giant searchlights scanning the city and shining in. A huge, squat pyramidal skyscraper (the new architecture appears to be Mayan and Egyptian in inspiration) houses the offices of the Tyrell Corporation, which produces those marvels of energy the replicants, who are faster and stronger than human beings, and even at the top, in the penthouse of Tyrell himself, there's dust hanging in the smoky air. (You may find yourself idly wondering why this bigwig inventor can't produce a humble little replicant to do some dusting.)

The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary, and they're lovingly, perhaps obsessively, detailed; this is the future as a black market, made up of scrambled sordid aspects of the past—Chinatown, the Casbah, and Times Square, with an enormous, mesmerizing ad for Coca-Cola, and Art Deco neon signs everywhere, in a blur of languages. "Blade Runner," which cost thirty million dollars, has its own look, and a visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored—it has its place in film history. But we're always aware of the sets as sets, partly because although the impasto of decay is fascinating, what we see doesn't mean anything to us. (It's 2019 back lot.) Ridley Scott isn't great on mise en scène—we're never sure exactly what part of the city we're in, or where it is in relation to the scene before and the scene after. (Scott seems to be trapped in his own alleyways, without a map.) And we're not caught up in the pulpy suspense plot, which involves the hero, Deckard (Harrison Ford), a former blade runner forced to come back to hunt down four murderous replicants who have blended into the swarming street life. (The term "blade runner" actually comes from the title of a William Burroughs novel, which has no connection with the movie.) It's a very strange tenderloin that Ridley Scott and his associates have concocted; except for Deckard and stray Hari Krishna-ites and porcupine-headed punks, there are few Caucasians (and not many blacks, either). The population seems to be almost entirely ethnic—poor, hustling Asians and assorted foreigners, who are made to seem not quite degenerate, perhaps, but oddly subhuman. They're all selling, dealing, struggling to get along; they never look up—they're intent on what they're involved in, like slot-machine zealots in Vegas. You know that Deckard is a breed apart, because he's the only one you see who reads a newspaper. Nothing much is explained (except in that opening crawl), but we get the vague impression that the more prosperous, clean-cut types have gone off-world to some Scarsdale in space.



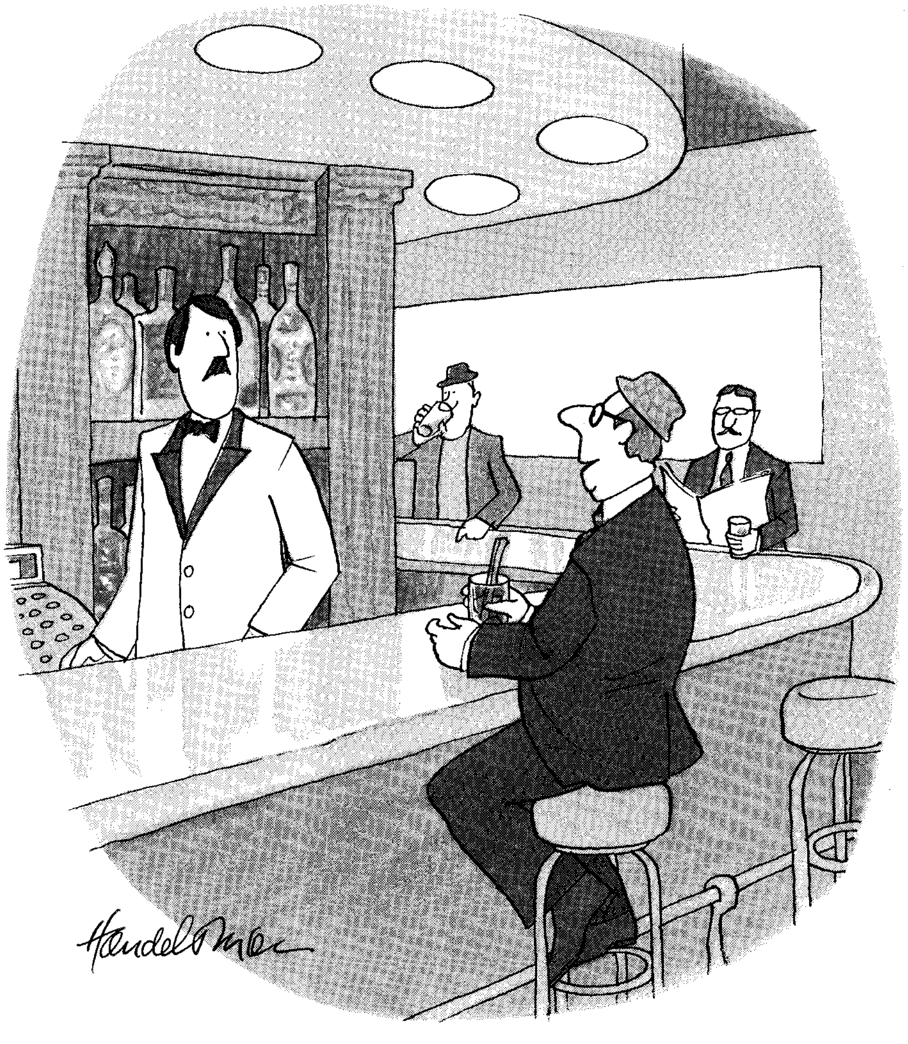
Here we are—only forty years from now—in a horrible electronic slum, and "Blade Runner" never asks, "How did this happen?" The picture treats this grimy, retrograde future as a given—a foregone conclusion, which we're not meant to question. The presumption is that man is now fully realized as a spoiler of the earth. The sci-fi movies of the past were often utopian or cautionary; this film seems indifferent, blasé, and maybe, like some of the people in the audience, a little pleased by this view of a medieval future—satisfied in a slightly vengeful way. There's a subject, though, lurking around the comic-strip edges: What does it mean to be human? Tracking down the replicants, who are assumed not to have any feelings, Deckard finds not only that they suffer and passionately want to live but that they are capable of acts of generosity. They have become far more human than the scavenging people left on Earth. Maybe Scott and the scriptwriters (Hampton Fancher and David Peoples), who adapted the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by the late Philip K. Dick, shied away from this subject because it has sticky, neo-Fascist aspects. But this underlying idea is the only promising one in the movie, and it has a strong visual base: when a manufactured person looks just like a person born of woman—when even the eyes don't tell you which is which—how do you define the difference?

Scott's creepy, oppressive vision requires some sort of overriding idea—something besides spoofy gimmicks, such as having Deckard narrate the movie in the loner-in-the-big-city manner of a Hammett or Chandler private eye. This voice-over, which is said to have been a late addition, sounds ludicrous, and it breaks the visual hold of the material. The dialogue isn't well handled, either. Scott doesn't seem to have a grasp of how to use words as part of the way a movie moves. "Blade Runner" is a suspenseless thriller; it appears to be a victim of its own imaginative use of hardware and miniatures and mattes. At some point, Scott and the others must have decided that the story was unimportant; maybe the booming, lewd and sultry score by Chariots-for-Hire Vangelis that seems to come out of the smoke convinced them that the audience would be moved even if vital parts of the story were trimmed. Vangelis gives the picture so much *film noir* overload that he fights Scott's imagery; he chomps on it, stomps on it, and drowns it.

"Blade Runner" doesn't engage you directly; it forces passivity on you. It sets you down in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Some of the scenes seem to have six subtexts but no text, and no context, either. There are suggestions of Nicolas Roeg in the odd, premonitory atmosphere, but Roeg gives promise of something perversely sexual. With Scott, it's just something unpleasant or ugly. The dizzying architectural angles (we always seem to be looking down from perilous heights) and the buglike police cars that lift off in the street and rise straight up in the canyons between the tall buildings and drop down again give us a teasing kind of vertigo. Scott goes much further, though. He uses way-off-kilter angles that produce not nausea, exactly, but a queasiness that prepares us for the feelings of nausea that Deckard is then seen to have. And, perhaps because of the what-is-a-human-being remnant in the story, the picture keeps Deckard—and us—fixated on eyes. (The characters' perambulations include a visit to the eyemaker who supplies the Tyrell genetic engineers with human eyes, and he turns out to be a wizened old Chinese gent—as if eyemaking were an ancient art. Maybe Tyrell picks up some used elbows in Saigon. His methods of operation for creating replicant slaves out of living cell tissue seem as haphazard as bodywork on wrecked cars.) In Nicolas Roeg's films, the characters are drained, and they're left soft and androgynous in an inviting way; Scott squashes his characters, and the dread that he sets up leads you to expect some release, and you know it's not the release you want.

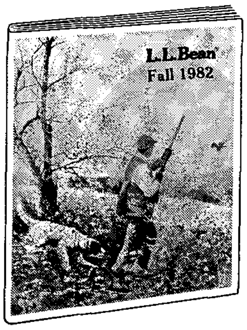
All we've got to hang on to is Deckard, and the moviemakers seem to have decided that his characterization was complete when they signed Harrison Ford for the role. Deckard's bachelor pad is part of a 1924 Frank Lloyd Wright house with a Mayan motif. Apart from that, the only things we learn about him are that he has inexplicably latched on to private-eye lingo, that he was married, and that he's tired of killing replicants—it has begun to sicken him. (The piano in his apartment has dozens of family pictures on it, but they're curiously old-fashioned photos—they seem to go back to the nineteenth century—and we have no idea what happened to all those people.) The film's visual scale makes the sloppy bit of plot about Deckard going from one oddball place to another as he tracks down the four replicants—two men, two women—seem sort of pitiable. But his encounters with the replicant women are sensationally, violently effective. As Zhora, who has found employment as an artificial-snake charmer, Joanna Cassidy has some of the fine torrid sluttiness she had in "The Late Show." (Nobody is less like a humanoid than Joanna Cassidy; her Zhora wasn't manufactured as an adult—she was formed by bitter experience, and that's what gives her a screen presence.) And, in the one really shocking and magical sequence, Daryl Hannah, as the straw-haired, acrobatic Pris, does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann."

The two male replicants give the movie problems. Leon (Brion James, who brings a sweaty wariness and suggestions of depth to the role) has found a factory job at the Tyrell Corporation itself, and his new employers, suspecting that he may be a renegade replicant, give him a highly sophisticated test. It checks his emotional responses by detecting the contractions of the pupils of his eyes as he attempts to deal with questions about his early life. But this replicant-detector test comes at the beginning of the picture, before we have registered that replicants *have* no early life. And it seems utterly pointless, since surely the Tyrell Corporation has photographic records of the models it has produced—and, in fact, when the police order Deckard to find and retire the four he is shown perfectly clear pictures of them. It might have been much cannier to save any testing until later in the movie, when Deckard has doubts about a very beautiful dark-eyed woman—Tyrell's assistant, Rachael, played by Sean Young. Rachael, who has the eyes of an old Murine ad, seems more of a zombie than anyone else in the movie, because the director tries to pose her the way von Sternberg posed Dietrich, but she saves Deckard's life, and even plays his piano. (She smokes, too, but then the whole atmosphere is smoking.) Rachael wears vamped-up versions of the mannish padded-shoulder suits and the sleek, stiff hairdos and ultra-glossy lipstick of career girls in forties movies; her shoulder comes into a room a long time before she does. And if Deckard had felt compelled to test her responses it could have been the occasion for some nifty repartee; she might have been spirited and touching. Her role is limply written, though; she's cool at first, but she spends most of her screen time looking mysteriously afflicted—wet-eyed with yearning—and she never gets to deliver a zinger. I don't think she even has a chance to laugh. The moviemakers haven't learned that wonderful, simple trick of bringing a character close to the audi-



"I'm from Boston. We're beginning to put celery stalks in Bloody Marys there, too."

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties


L.L.Bean Fall 1982

FREE Fall Catalog

Fully illustrated. Features apparel and footwear for men, women and children; camping, hunting, hiking and winter sports equipment. For 70 years L. L. Bean has offered practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. Our clothing and footwear is rugged enough to withstand active outdoor use, yet attractively styled and comfortable for casual wear. Many items are of our own manufacture. All are guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory.

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
835 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

The Ultimate

Hernando Courtright's
Beverly Wilshire Hotel
IN THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES
Wilshire Boulevard at Rodeo Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212
(213) 275-4282 Telex 698-220

Preferred Hotels Worldwide

LHW The Leading Hotels of the World

Put a smile on your future—
Savings Banks Association of New York State

THE CAPITAL HOTEL LONDON
Let us welcome you to our small luxurious hotel, which is tucked away around the corner from Harrods in the heart of fashionable Knightsbridge. Our bedrooms have discreet comfort, and the restaurant enjoys a fine international reputation for French cuisine and exquisite wines.
Contact: (212)730-8100 or 800-223-5695

ence by giving him a joke or having him overreact to one. The people we're watching are so remote from us they might be shadows of people who aren't there.

The only character who gets to display a large range of emotions is the fourth of the killer replicants, and their leader—Roy Batty (the Crazed King?), played by the tall, blue-eyed blond Dutch actor Rutger Hauer, whose hair is lemon-white here. Hauer (who was Albert Speer in "Inside the Third Reich" on television last May) stares all the time; he also smiles ominously, hoo-hoos like a mad owl and howls like a wolf, and, at moments, appears to see himself as the god Pan, and as Christ crucified. He seems a shoo-in for this year's Klaus Kinski Scenery-Chewing Award. As a humanoid in a homicidal rage because replicants are built to last only four years, he stalks through the movie like an evil Aryan superman; he brings the wrong kind of intensity to the role—an effete, self-aware irony so overscaled it's Wagnerian. His gaga performance is an unconscious burlesque that apparently passes for great acting with the director, especially when Hauer turns noble sufferer and poses like a big hunk of sculpture. (It's a wonder he doesn't rust out in all that rain.) This sequence is particularly funny because there's poor Harrison Ford, with the fingers of one hand broken, reduced to hanging on to bits of the cornice of a tall building by his one good hand—by then you've probably forgotten that he *is* Harrison Ford, the fellow who charms audiences by his boundless good humor—while the saucer-eyed Hauer rants and carries on. Ford is like Harold Lloyd stuck by mistake in the climax of "Duel in the Sun."

Ridley Scott may not notice that when Hauer is onscreen the camera seems stalled and time breaks down, because the whole movie gives you a feeling of not getting anywhere. Deckard's mission seems of no particular consequence. Whom is he trying to save? Those sewer-rat people in the city? They're presented as so dehumanized that their life or death hardly matters. Deckard feels no more connection with them than Ridley Scott does. They're just part of the film's bluish-gray, heavy-metal chic—inertia made glamorous. Lead zeppelins could float in this smoggy air. And maybe in the moviemakers' heads, too. Why is Deckard engaged in this urgent hunt? The replicants are due to expire

Where to dine
WORLD CLASS
featuring the best of
The Grand American Cuisine
★ Prime Steak ★ Lamb Chops
★ Swordfish ★ Salmon
served with particular care for your refined good taste

PEN and PENCIL
America's only four-star steak and seafood restaurant
205 E. 45th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017 • (212) 682-8660
Open every night 4:30 to 11:30 p.m.
Parking Available • All Credit Cards
Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner
& After Theatre Supper

Colorado Can Be Yours!

Rivergate Ranch near Gunnison
1750 acres commanding a 2-mile stretch of trout-filled river is noted for fine fly fishing and excellent hunting. A handsomely furnished house overlooks the river. NY904255

Truly a Sportsman's Paradise
Superb fishing and hunting highlight 296 acres of mountain meadows and timberland near Montrose, Colorado. There's a perfect retreat-type house, trout-stocked lakes. NY904253

For color brochures on these and other fine properties worldwide, contact:

Previews inc.®
"The First Name in Fine Real Estate"
909 17th St., Denver, CO. 80202
(303) 534-4922 or (212) 757-7610

A life insurance policy you can actually get excited about.
The Challenger℠ from Life of Virginia®

for a narrow point of view
tiecrafters

WIDE TIES SLIMMED
Save your costly, but unfashionable, wide ties with our skilled surgery. All by hand. Like getting new ties for only $500 ea. min. 4 ties
MAIL ORDERS
Add $2 for shipping.
Free Folder..."Tips on Ties"
116 E. 27th St. N.Y. 10016
(212) 867-7676

anyway. All the moviemakers' thinking must have gone into the sets. Apparently, the replicants have a motive for returning to Earth: they're trying to reach Tyrell—they hope he can extend their life span. So if the police want to catch them, all they need to do is wait for them to show up at Tyrell's place. And why hasn't Deckard, the ace blade runner, figured out that if the replicants can't have their lives extended they may want revenge for their slave existence, and that all he's doing is protecting Tyrell? You can dope out how the story might have been presented, with Deckard as the patsy who does Tyrell's dirty work; as it is, you can't clear up why Tyrell isn't better guarded—and why the movie doesn't pull the plot strands together.

"Blade Runner" is musty even while you're looking at it (and noting its relationship to Fritz Lang's "Metropolis" and to von Sternberg's lighting techniques, and maybe to Polanski's "Chinatown" and "Fellini's Roma," and so on). There are some remarkable images—for example, when the camera plays over the iron grillwork of the famous Bradbury Building in Los Angeles the iron looks tortured into shape. These images are part of the sequences about a lonely, sickly young toymaker, Sebastian (William Sanderson), who lives in the deserted building. Sebastian has used the same techniques employed in producing replicants to make living toy companions for himself, and since the first appearance of these toys has some charm, we wait to see them in action again. When the innocent, friendly Sebastian is in danger, we expect the toys to come to his aid or be upset or, later, try to take reprisals for what happens to their creator, or at least grieve. We assume that moviemakers wouldn't go to all the trouble of devising a whole batch of toy figures only to forget about them. But this movie loses track of the few expectations it sets up, and the formlessness adds to a viewer's demoralization—the film itself seems part of the atmosphere of decay. "Blade Runner" has nothing to give the audience—not even a second of sorrow for Sebastian. It hasn't been thought out in human terms. If anybody comes around with a test to detect humanoids, maybe Ridley Scott and his associates should hide. With all the smoke in this movie, you feel as if everyone connected with it needs to have his flue cleaned.

—PAULINE KAEL

TDK AD90 Normal Position

©1982 TDK Electronics Corp.

MUSIC LIVES ON TDK

Music sets the tone in your life. Creates a world of enjoyment all your own. If you want nothing to interfere, choose TDK.

TDK cassettes make music live. With a performance as full and vibrant as the original. In its special way TDK does more than record. It recreates. Music is magic. Don't lose any of it, now that you know where it lives.

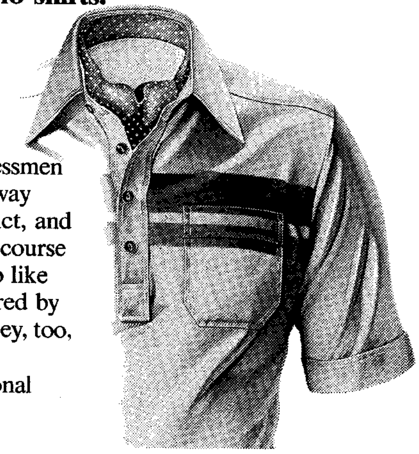
TDK AD90 Normal Position

TDK®

Not all our guests sport polo shirts.

Not only are we the hotel for travelers who like to be at the center of things to see and do in Tokyo, but we are also "the hotel" for shoppers who like the stores along the Ginza, businessmen who know they're just minutes away from the financial/business district, and steps away from the best jogging course in the city, and gastronomes who like to savor sumptuous meals prepared by our European-trained chefs... They, too, are *our* guests.

Serving the needs of international travelers and the community for 90 years.



IMPERIAL HOTEL

At the heart of things in Tokyo.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO

The New Imperial Hotel Tower Opens March, 1983.

1-1, Uchisaiwaicho 1-chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan. For reservations, contact your travel agent or Japan Air Lines.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Aesthetic Rapture

THE demise of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, earlier this year, removed from the stage a rare example of an operatic ensemble designed to perpetuate a single performance tradition of a specialist repertory. The company, which was formed by the astute impresario Richard D'Oyly Carte, played Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and only Gilbert and Sullivan operas (with the exception of "Cox and Box," a small curtain-raiser that Sullivan wrote to a libretto by F. C. Burnand). It never had, as was sometimes assumed, a monopoly on performances of the operas. In this country, where British copyright laws were not observed, there were pirated versions from the earliest days of the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership; Mr. D'Oyly Carte opened "The Pirates of Penzance" in New York, in 1879, to forestall the inevitable American copies of the show. In the nineteen-thirties, America saw a "Hot Mikado" and a "Swing Mikado." In Britain, amateur performances were always permitted (it was possible to obtain from the D'Oyly Carte Company detailed production books for all the operas in the repertory, showing stage movements that had been handed down by tradition), but no other professional performances were allowed. Copyright on the music expired in 1950; the conductor Charles Mackerras stepped in to weave his delightful "Pineapple Poll" from Sullivan's scores, for Sadler's Wells Ballet. Copyright on the texts expired in 1961, but there was not then the rush of new productions that some had feared. "Patience," "Iolanthe," and "The Mikado" joined the repertory of Sadler's Wells Opera (later the English National Opera), and "The Yeomen of the Guard" became a favorite outdoor spectacle at the Tower of London.

To some observers, the D'Oyly Carte's performances fossilized tradition rather than invigorated it. When, in its last couple of years, the company looked to the Arts Council of Great Britain for a grant to narrow the gap between its expenses and its income, council advisers recommended that some artistic changes—possibly including a broadening of the repertory and the improvement of musical standards—would have to be agreed upon if a grant was to be approved. In the end, financial stringency prevented the council from offering a grant on any conditions, and the company realized that it had to close. The future of Gilbert and Sullivan operas in Britain is uncertain at the moment: a new professional company may arise; existing opera companies may stage more of the pieces; or the operas may be left entirely in the hands of enthusiastic amateur companies. In New York, however, which never depended on the D'Oyly Carte for its supply of Gilbert and Sullivan, the picture looks altogether brighter. Joseph Papp's production of "The Pirates of Penzance," at the Minskoff Theatre, is a runaway success (it has opened in London as well, to mixed reviews, and a film has been made, for release later this year); small companies, such as the Light Opera of Manhattan, feature Gilbert and Sullivan prominently in their repertories; and the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players recently completed a run of their production of "Patience" at Symphony Space.

I had thought that a visit both to this "Patience" and to Mr. Papp's "Pirates" might draw a very strong contrast between the faithfulness to tradition of a production inspired by D'Oyly Carte and the fresh reworking and rewriting of one of the operas in the mold of a Broadway musical. In the event, both performances surprised me: "Patience" for its uproarious good spirits and the originality of its production; "Pirates" for its extraordinary faithfulness to the original text. The satirical objects of both operas can scarcely be said to be obvious butts of fun in this country. When "Patience" was first produced here, the astute Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who ran a lecture-tour business on the side, persuaded Oscar Wilde to introduce Americans to aestheticism, so that they would have some idea of what "Patience" was parodying. In "Pirates," the serious, sympathetic nature of the British police and the problems of "noblemen who have gone wrong" do

BOB ASHCROFT'S
HEIGHTENED AWARENESS
THEN & NOW
FAAAANTASTIC! LIKE, WOW! I MEAN, GROOOVY!
GULP!!!!
1968
1982
W Miller

NOW THAT YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND A PRACTICAL, RELIABLE, INTELLIGENTLY DESIGNED WAGON, HERE COMES THE HARD PART.

After you shop around and decide that a Volvo wagon is exactly what you want, you've got a difficult decision. *Which* Volvo wagon do you want?

Do you want a Volvo DL wagon? It's our lowest priced wagon. But hardly economizes on amenities. Offering standard features such as power assisted steering. Power assisted brakes. Driver controlled power door locks. Even a rear window wiper. For starters.

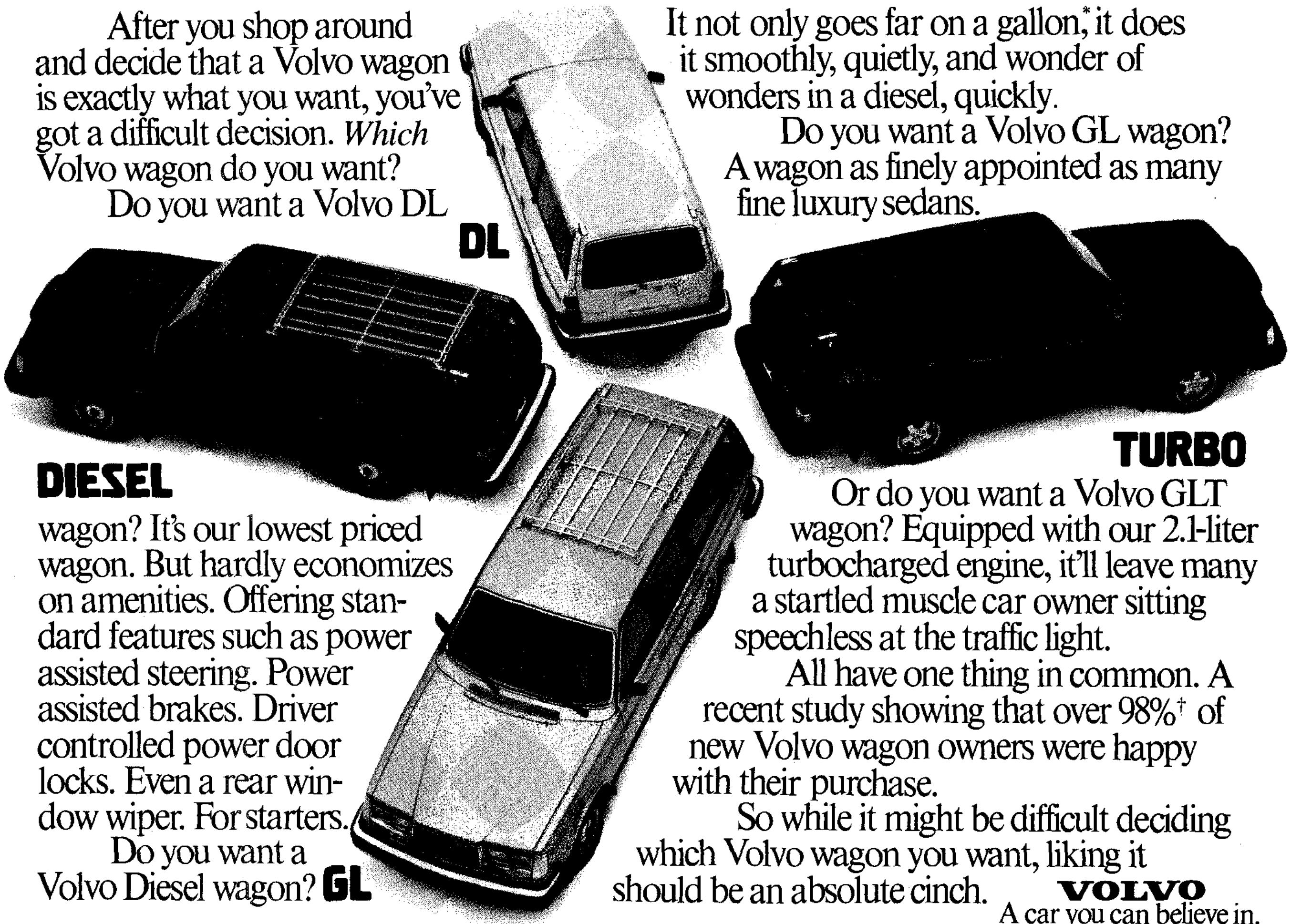
Do you want a Volvo Diesel wagon? It not only goes far on a gallon,* it does it smoothly, quietly, and wonder of wonders in a diesel, quickly.

Do you want a Volvo GL wagon? A wagon as finely appointed as many fine luxury sedans.

Or do you want a Volvo GLT wagon? Equipped with our 2.1-liter turbocharged engine, it'll leave many a startled muscle car owner sitting speechless at the traffic light.

All have one thing in common. A recent study showing that over 98%† of new Volvo wagon owners were happy with their purchase.

So while it might be difficult deciding which Volvo wagon you want, liking it should be an absolute cinch.



VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

29 EPA EST.; **37** EST. HWY.*

The Volvo 4-door diesel sedan and wagon with manual transmission and overdrive. Use these numbers for comparisons. Actual mpg may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be lower than EPA highway estimate. © 1982 Volvo of America Corporation. †1981 Volvo Buyer Survey. Roof rack optional.

"Guest Quarters hotels will impress you immediately. They have luxurious suites instead of rooms. And, of course, the good taste to ask me to tell you about them."—Dick Cavett

Mr. Cavett is shown relaxing in the living room of a spacious Guest Quarters suite.

"I have achieved some success; I am a frequent traveller and a patron of finer hotels. I have, as we say in Nebraska, the right stuff for this job. First, let me explain what the ad guys refer to as Guest Quarters' Unique Selling Proposition. Or, when they're in a hurry, USP.

"Guest Quarters hotels have no rooms. Only suites. Big, elegantly appointed suites, each with its own living room, full dining area, and separate bedroom. All for the price of but a single room at other fine hotels. Which is certainly USP enough for me.

"I am also impressed by Guest Quarters' very personal suite service. They will set your dining room table and serve you a sumptuous meal. And special suite service arrangements may also be made for small business meetings or private parties.

"Even if you're only going to be in town for a night, you may now spend it more comfortably than ever before, without paying extra for the privilege.

"I encourage you to reserve a Guest Quarters suite in any of the cities listed. Tell them Dick Cavett sent you.

"I've always wanted to say that."

*Washington, D.C., two locations; Houston, TX., two locations; Greensboro, N.C.; Atlanta, GA, two locations; and Alexandria, VA. For reservations and information call toll-free, **800-424-2900.** In Washington, D.C. call 861-6610.*

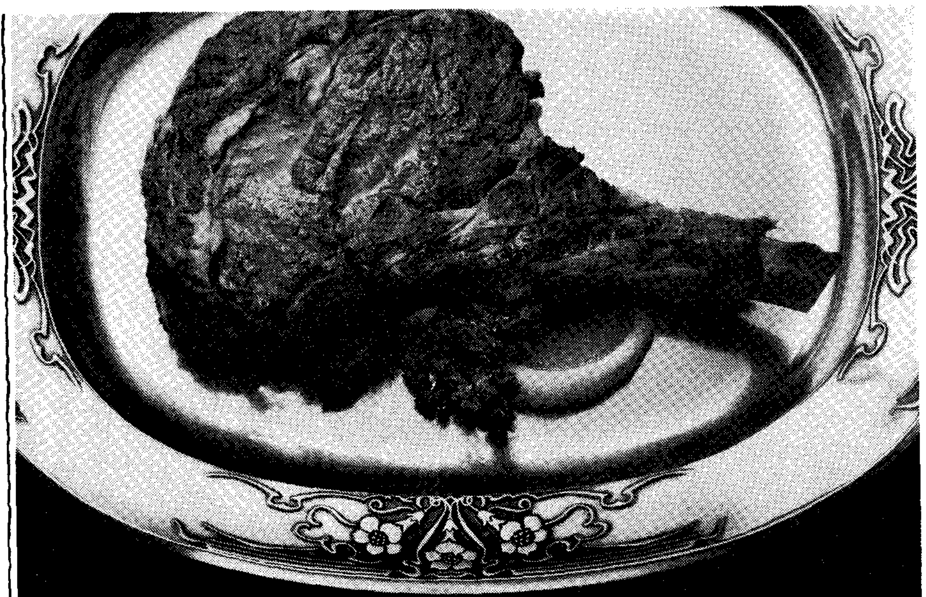
GUEST QUARTERS®

Only suites. Only the best hotels in America.

not strike an immediate chord. But Gilbert's barbs hit accurately at some more general attitudes. In "Pirates," the theme is that a pirate's life may not be entirely blameless but "contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest." In "Patience," Gilbert pokes fun at cultural fashion-following of all kinds, and that is not a joke likely to be lost on contemporary New York:

> And every one will say
> As you walk your mystic way
> "If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,
> Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"

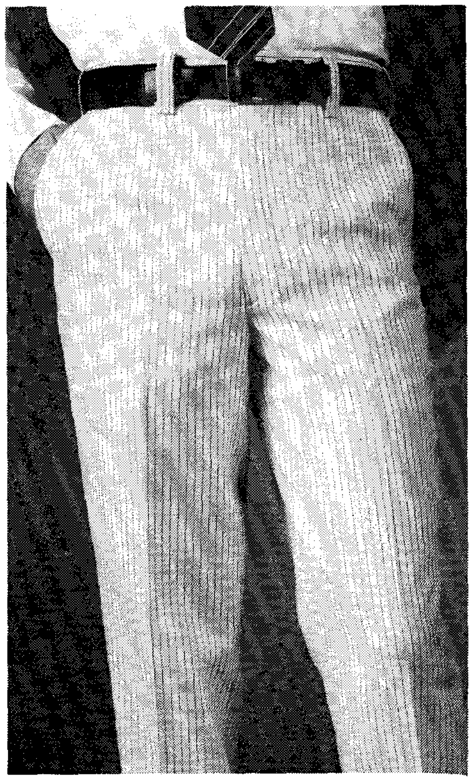
The New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players' "Patience," simply staged, and played by a full band, was remarkably resourceful in finding things for us to laugh at. Each of the twenty lovesick maidens—actually, there were only sixteen of them—was a caricature of overdramatized emotion, and the one who undertook the "Daphnephoric bound" of the gay but classic measure in the Act I finale was a comic creation of the first order. As directed by Matt Dolph, the show was perhaps hyperactive—intent on finding incidental amusements that distract attention from the real satire. Some of the portrayals were rather loose: Paul Rosenthal's exotic Bunthorne, crisply declaimed with a light voice, was too flamboyant and extrovert to earn the title of Fleshly Poet (which was borrowed by Gilbert from a pamphlet that attacked the work of Rossetti and Swinburne). Bunthorne's sickly intensity and assumed moodiness were missing, and that made his admitted fraudulence and subsequent conversion to simplicity less striking. Jeffrey Sturgeon, whom I saw as Bunthorne's rival, Grosvenor, cultivated an aptly reserved narcissism, but his voice did not have the steady, even quality that the lyrical music needs, and a touch more supercilious self-satisfaction would have been in order. The essence of the conflict between the two is in their poetic idioms; they should surely read their inane verses with carefully differentiated styles. As rivals for the maidens' affections, the Dragoon Guards cut solid, blustery figures, and their conversion to aestheticism was achieved with wondrous ill ease. But some pungent cultural references were inevitably skated over: Christopher Allen's Duke of Dunstable, who joined the regiment to escape from the adulation due an aristocrat, was scarcely upper class, and the fading charms of Lady Jane were pushed



Prime (Rib) Location

A Fleur Nouveau Platter
Designed and signed by Georges Briard
exclusively for:
WILTON RWP ARMETALE
Elegant. Yet, so practical.

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Pencil Stripe Flannel Tennis Trousers $45

The revival of a 1920's classic, the neat, crisp look of the traditional pencil stripe tennis slack. Fashioned from a soft, comfortable blend of Orlon®, Avril® and polyester flannel. Tailored on our full cut, plain front belt loop model with proportioned room at seat, thigh and knees for a more comfortable, better fitting trouser. Classic straight legs, convenient watch pocket. Ideal for travel, tennis or leisure. Cream ground with a blue pencil stripe. Waist sizes 29 to 46, incl. 31, 33, 35 and 37, specify inseam desired.

☐ Please send catalogue. A1G122

Mail orders: No. 150, Post Street
San Francisco, CA 94108 (415) 397-7733
Trousers (85101A): Size ____
Inseam ____ Qty. ____
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ A/E
Card # ____
Expir. ____
Name ____
Address ____
____ Zip ____

Add $2.75 Shipping and Handling; California delivery add sales tax.

the most beautiful tours of Italy ever created

Italia Adagio

Leave the forced marches of conventional travel and explore the cities of central and northern Italy where mass tourism cannot go.

Designed and directed by the American painter, Frieda Yamins, whose second home is Florence. For the discerning traveler who enjoys the diversity of Italian culture, the charm of castle hotels, and the fine Italian art of exuberant dining!
Rome, Tarquinia, Orvieto, Todi, Assisi, Gubbio, Urbino, Sansepolcro, Arezzo, Siena, San Gimignano, Florence and environs (five days), Venice, Padua, Asolo, Maser, Verona, Sirmione on Lake Garda.

Limited space still available on Sept. 9, Oct. 7, 1982.
23 Days - Land Arrangements $2590. Air fare extra.

Detailed brochure available from:
Italia Adagio
162C Whaley Street
Freeport, New York 11520
(516) 868-7825

Send For Your FREE Guide to Classic Country Fashions

Our free 64 page First Call For Fall catalog offers a complete selection of Classic Country Fashions for men, women and children. Including our tailored wool pants, natural tweeds and oxford cloth shirts.

Name:____________________

Address:____________________

City:__________State:____Zip:______

Carroll Reed

Write: Carroll Reed, Dept:770, Main Street, North Conway, NH 03860. Or call: (603) 447-2511, 24 hours a day.

Now, an Avon Paperback

right over the top by Shaun Bushnell, though her impersonation was well sung.

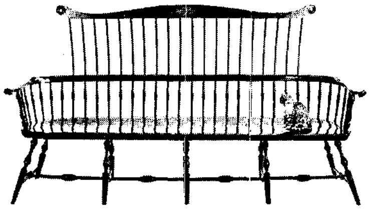
There are lines in these operas that need a Victorian history book to disentangle: the Colonel's references (all admirably clear in Stephen Curylo's brisk patter) to Lord Waterford, Roderick heading his clan, Paddington Pollaky, Beadle of Burlington, and so on. I see every excuse for rewriting a verse or two here to suggest modern equivalents. But contemporary references in this production were limited to a few syllables ("Uh uh uh") in Act II, which brought the house down. Stephen Francis Vasta, conducting, set brisk tempi and sustained them, though the delicious clarinet syncopation of the second-act quintet had trouble keeping off the beat. He characterized well the Berlioz-inspired flutes of the Act I timbrel dance, the booming double-bass obbligati in Lady Jane's recitatives, and the sparkling inventiveness of the double chorus (combining choruses for the dragoons and the maidens). There are still, however sophisticated we may think we have become, few musical experiences as satisfying as the perfect melodic shaping, clear harmony, and subtle rhythmic verve of a good Sullivan number. Among the women, Cheryl Fenner was a Lady Angela with a natural, unforced voice and a good sense of humorous timing; as Patience, Maureen Born had a lovely, open voice in her set-piece numbers but tended to swallow both the ends of musical phrases and the ends of spoken sentences.

MR. PAPP'S "Pirates of Penzance" opened in Central Park, where electrical amplification was necessary. In the Minskoff, however, the amplification is presumably part of the expected timbre of the Broadway musical—and grating it is, too, making the small women's chorus sound intolerably metallic, and causing each voice to fade and fall when the mouth does not happen to be directed toward a microphone. But, with that reservation, this "Pirates" may be recommended as a fresh re-creation of the original—one that, over a year into its run, retains an astonishing energy and punch. An important element of its success lies in the refusal of the director, Wilford Leach, to treat his choruses as static encumbrances in the symmetrical D'Oyly Carte tradition: his pirates all have their own eccentricities, and their leaping ensemble numbers—especially

The Victorian

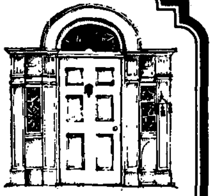
Indulge in a romantic fantasy. Escape to your private mansion among the pines. Luxuriate in a carefully appointed chamber, dine on French cuisine. Stroll the secluded estate.

For reservations:
The Victorian,
587 Linwood Avenue,
Whitinsville, MA 01588.
Or telephone (617) 234-2500.



William H. James Co.
Makers of Fine Antique Reproductions
Windsor Chairs a Specialty
Send $2.00 for our Custom Woodworking Catalog

P.O. Box 352R, North Conway, NH 03860



EVERYTHING YOU COULD WANT AT A COUNTRY INN

Two handsomely restored Federal buildings, imaginatively prepared food, solar heated swimming pool, clay tennis court, English croquet, lush gardens and mountain views. Canoeing, golf, hiking and fishing nearby. In a picture book town in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, unspoiled by crowds or noise. Small, serene, friendly - for the inn connoisseur. Call or write for a brochure.

The Inn on the Common
Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827
(802) 586-9619

Steinway® is a Steinway is a Steinway

"With cat-like tread"—are electrifying pieces of theatre. William Elliott's reorchestration of the score for small pit band is cleverly done: the duetting piccolos of "Climbing over rocky mountains" and the cross-rhythm keyboard in "I am the very model of a modern Major-General" have a "Pulcinella"-like wit. In the great second-act sequence of numbers for Mabel and Frederic, Mr. Elliott retains all Sullivan's harmonies and adds very little. But elsewhere the continual rhythmic pounding and added embroidery are wearying. The result covers up the extremely precise parodying of operatic techniques in the wonderful Act II scene of the policemen's departure—"We go, we go," they repeat; "Yes, but you don't go," the Major-General adds testily—and in the recitative sequences for Frederic and the girls and, later, for Frederic, the Pirate King, and Ruth: "Young Frederic!" (trill) "Who calls?" (trill) "Your late commander!" (trill) "And I" (trill) "your little Ruth." Still, Dan Berlinghoff's inexhaustibly lively direction—he conducts without a score, and subdivides almost every beat—is infectious, and the music romps along.

Not all the cast can sing. This scarcely matters in the case of George Rose's precise, deft Major-General, for his poise and his delivery of the words provide exactly what's needed. And it is not true of Maureen McGovern, the current Mabel, who succeeds better than Linda Ronstadt, on the original-cast recording, in bringing real vocal flair and beauty to the prettifications of the Gounod-like waltz song "Poor wandering one" (though an awkward modulation introduces it, and the last section is taken too fast). Nor is it true of Tony Azito, whose double-jointed police sergeant whisks the sober British policeman into the hectic world of the Keystone Cops. The interpolation of an aria from "H. M. S. Pinafore" in Act II—"Sorry her lot," done by Miss McGovern as a folky ballad—is unnecessary. The other added number, a trio from "Ruddigore," fits well, however. And it is a particularly nice touch to restore the original, New York ending of the opera. There is not a single modern reference in the script: we still hear of Frederic coming of age in 1940, and Mabel's response, "It seems so long," raises a good laugh; in the end the pirates yield to Queen Victoria's name—her portrait shares a place of honor onstage with Rutherford B. Hayes. Yet

SUMMER IS A VERB IN ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA.

Sun, swim, cycle, swing a golf club, or just stroll serene seaside New Brunswick.

From a gracious seaside manor overlooking an unspoiled village, steeped in the past.

This year, make The Algonquin your first resort. And make your U.S. dollar go farther.

For full information and the warmest welcome under the sun call or write: 1-800-828-7447 (1-800-462-7472 from New York State), or your Travel Agent.

CP Hotels
The Algonquin

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick E0G 2X0 (506) 529-8823
Managed by Canadian Pacific Hotels Limited for Algonquin Properties Limited, a company wholly-owned by the Province of New Brunswick.
CP and are registered trade marks of Canadian Pacific Limited.

Wayside Gardens FALL CATALOG

Accurate information . . . meticulous selection and quality

This big, book-style 76 page catalog, is your single most reliable source for superior garden plants . . . hundreds of treasures for your garden, many of them obtainable only from Wayside. All illustrated in faithful full color. Spring flowering bulbs, hardy perennials for sun and shade, shrubs, climbers . . . from all over the world . . . all professionally evaluated and tested nationwide . . . expertly propagated and sent at the optimum planting time for you.

Wayside Gardens FALL 1982

WAYSIDE GARDENS
502 Garden Lane, Hodges, S. C. 29695

WAYSIDE GARDENS
502 Garden Lane, Hodges, S. C. 29695

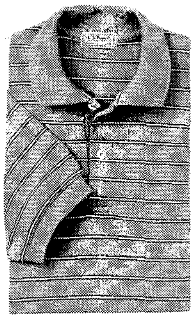
For your personal copy; plus a complimentary copy of our big Spring Catalog, send $1.00 (credited on your first order):

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________

State ____________ Zip ____________



L.L.Bean®

Striped
"Double L"®
Shirt
(For Men
and Women)
$14.50

Comfortable, colorful shirts for sports or casual wear. Made of 100% cotton knit fabric. ⅜" stripes are knitted in for sharp contrast. Fully cut with extra long tails. Rib-knit collar, button placket at neck and knitted sleeve cuffs. Machine Wash. Four colors: Yellow with Navy/White Stripes. Navy with Red/White Stripes. White with Navy/Kelly Stripes. Kelly with Navy/White Stripes. Men's sizes: Sm. (34-36), Med. (38-40), Lg. (42-44), XLg. (46). Women's sizes: Sm. (6-8), Med. (10-12), Lg. (14-16).

Please Ship Postage Paid 100% Guarantee
____#2511W, Men's Striped "Double L" Shirt
@ $14.50 Size________Color________
____#4623W, Women's Striped "Double L" Shirt
@ $14.50 Size________Color________
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Card
☐ VISA ☐ American Express
Card No.________
Exp. Date________ ☐ SEND FREE CATALOG
Name________
Address________
City________
State________Zip________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
836 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

QUIET·ELEGANCE
&
PERSONAL
ATTENTION

hotel Pontchartrain
Detroit, Michigan
For Reservations Call Toll Free:
1-800-323-7500
Preferred Hotels Worldwide

Killington Vermont—
World's capital
of learning to ski

the action, especially the jokiness of Gary Sandy's somewhat self-satisfied Pirate King, is distinctively modern—an odd contrast, like that between Sullivan's musical material and Mr. Elliott's orchestration.

Gilbert and Sullivan's operas have withstood many such transpositions and translations. The operas never aspired to greatness—Sullivan was always convinced that his destiny as a composer lay elsewhere—but they had greatness thrust upon them, because they achieved their modest aims so well. Gilbert's lyrics may date, but his satirical sense does not; Sullivan's musical idiom was of its time, but his small-scale imaginative leaps—in "Pirates," the modulatory twist in the second stanza of Frederic's "Oh, is there not one maiden breast," the gossamer lightness of the opening of Act II, the obsessive ostinato of the trio "Away, away"—all remain fresh. The loss of the D'Oyly Carte Company may be mourned, but the operas do not need its rigorous tradition to keep their vitality.

—Nicholas Kenyon

FURTHER EVENTS

Eagle and Nightingale

IN the vast, resonant spaces of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Berlioz's Requiem has an apt setting, and the performance given there in May, in the Cathedral's Music for a Great Space series, was stirring and noble. The composer suggested forces of something over four hundred, divided equally between singers and players. Richard Westenburg, who conducted the Cathedral performance, had about half that number, but his professional choristers made a brave, brilliant sound, and distinguished players appeared in his orchestra. It is not just the loud passages—the thunder of massed kettledrums, the four brass bands, the chorus in full cry—that flourish in space. The grave two-part and one-part writing of the "Quid sum miser," the unaccompanied string melodies that open the Offertorium and the Sanctus, the lines of the solo flute (John Wion) and the solo tenor (Vinson Cole, sweet, full, and fervent) and the dusky glow of the divided violas in the Sanctus, the soft drum chords in the Agnus Dei—these, too, were awesome and beautiful as they stole out into the huge building and set it gently sounding. The far-flung harmonies of the Hostias—three high flutes floating over a low trombone pedal—which can seem merely

The
V.I. Princess
Package.

Come to Acapulco. And leave your wallet home. Every conceivable amenity is included. Deluxe suite with terrace. Daily breakfast and lunch. Unrestricted gourmet dinners. Unlimited drinks. Unlimited tennis and golf. Plus more VIP amenities.

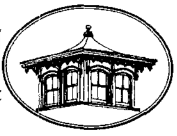
5 Days/
4 Nights
Per person
Double
occupancy
$495.00

PIERRE
MARQUES
A PRINCESS HOTEL

See your travel agent or call **800-223-1818**; New York State 800-442-8418; New York City 212-582-8100.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Hennessy—
The world's most
civilized spirit



A Real Country Getaway —
Just 45 Minutes from Town!
A warm welcome, a cool drink on the porch, superlative French cuisine and 13 of the most charming guestrooms in New England.
THE
HOMESTEAD INN
420 Field Point Road
Greenwich, Connecticut
203/869-7500

Callard & Bowser—
Rather sophisticated
English candy

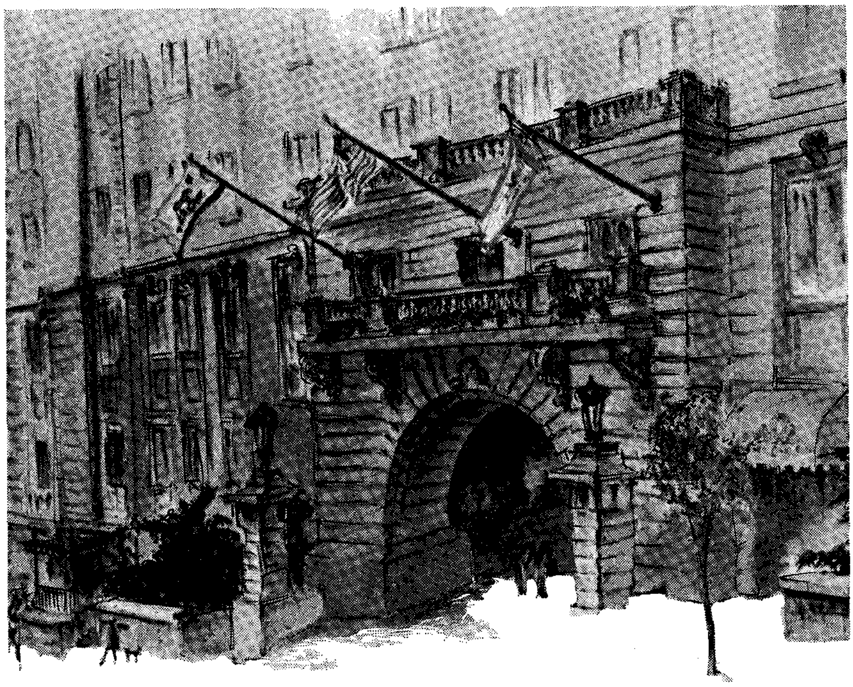
peculiar in a concert hall, became wondrous. In his "Memoirs," Berlioz writes of "the scale of the movements, the breadth of style, and the formidably slow and deliberate pace of certain progressions, whose final goal cannot be guessed," which give to his "architectural" compositions—the Te Deum, the Requiem, the "Funeral and Triumphal Symphony," and the cantata "L'Impériale"—their "gigantic" character and "colossal" aspect. Mr. Westenburg's reading of the Requiem was broad, majestic, energetic, and ardent—paced with a fine command of the music's architecture, and carefully balanced and "placed" within the church's actual architecture. It was a performance responsive to what Berlioz in his writings and in his music asked for.

Admission was free. A very large audience, estimated at four thousand, attended. The event drew people together in an inspiring musical celebration. The performance was dedicated to the late René Dubos, scientist and humanist, whose last essay was printed in the program book:

> Unclear values allow us to accept the possibility of nuclear war for reasons of national prestige when every sensible person knows that the inevitable result of nuclear warfare would be not only immeasurable damage to every living and inanimate thing on earth but also the virtual collapse of Western civilization.

The Requiem formed a prelude to the Cathedral's Peace Sabbath Weekend—held in conjunction with the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament—when people of many faiths gathered ecumenically in the church to pray for peace. The film "Hiroshima Nagasaki 1945," made shortly after the bombs were dropped on those cities, and chronicling a *dies irae* of man's making, is on continuous show in the church, until July 11th.

BERLIOZ was a good critic. As the predominant features of his own music he discerned "passionate expression, inward intensity, rhythmic impetus, and a quality of unexpectedness"—adding a rider that it might well be gentle, tender feeling or profound calm (as in the Sanctus of the Requiem) that was being passionately expressed. His public music is grand and elevating; his autobiographical music is vivid. As the climax of a Smith College international conference on Music in Paris in the Eighteen-Thirties, Berlioz's autobiographical diptych, the "Fantastic Symphony"



The
STANFORD COURT
A Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S. except California call toll free (800) 227-4736.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-3500. Elsewhere in California call toll free (800) 622-0957.
Telex: 34-0899 Cable: STANCOURT• Member of Preferred Hotels Association.

You're always on the run. So why not have the Spiegel catalog bring you Mary McFadden for Martex, Laura Ashley, Larry Laslo for Mikasa. Fashions from Kamali, Claiborne, Adrienne Vittadini, Carole Little for St. Tropez West.

Just send $3, applicable to your first purchase, with coupon to Spiegel, P.O. Box 6340, Chicago, IL 60680.

☐ Enclosed is my check to Spiegel for $3.
Charge $3 to my
☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard

Card No. Expiration Date

Name (please print)

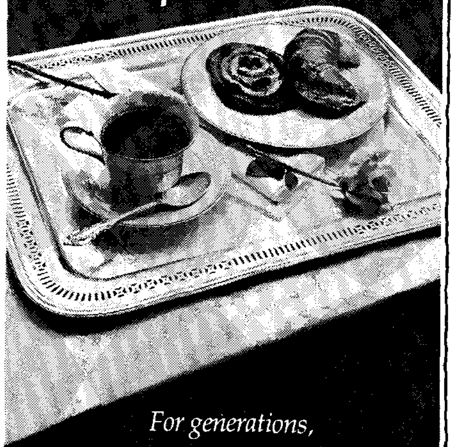
Address

City State Zip MPPCG2

Requests received after September 15, 1982 will receive our next major catalog. Offer not good outside U.S.A.

WHILE OTHERS STAND STILL

Why Compromise.



For generations,
Houston's most distinguished
overnight address.
From $85.

The Warwick
A Preferred Hotel
Main Street at the Park
(713) 526-1991

Zucchini Cookbook
Everything from zucchini marmalade to zucchini raisin pie; with over 250 recipes. Lots on canning, freezing, storing, RECIPES for all kinds of winter and summer squash, too. Now, you'll actually love all that zucchini! Only $4.95 (2 for $8.95) plus $1.00 postage and handling. Send to: Garden Way Publishing Co., Dept. A1260, Charlotte, Vermont 05445.
© 1982 GARDEN WAY, INC.

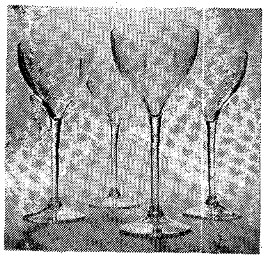
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN readers do their thinking at the very highest levels and they do their living there as well.

followed by "Lélio, or the Return to Life," was played by the Springfield Symphony, conducted by Robert Gutter, in the handsome neoclassical Symphony Hall of Springfield, Massachusetts. The symphony and the monodrama were first played together, in Paris, on December 9, 1832. That concert brought Berlioz renown. The critic of *La France Littéraire* wrote, "Before Sunday's concert, M. Berlioz was nothing but an eminent composer; today he is our musical glory." And in the audience there sat an Irish actress, Harriet Smithson, who suddenly realized that she was the beloved being apostrophized by the actor playing Lélio. In Berlioz's words:

> "God!" she thought: "Juliet—Ophelia! Am I dreaming? I can no longer doubt. It is of me he speaks. He loves me still." From that moment, so she has often told me, she felt the room reel about her.

Ten months later, she became Berlioz's wife.

There are commentators who urge us to approach Berlioz's compositions as "pure music"—to forget, for example, the picturesque, dramatic program of the "Fantastic Symphony" as we listen, and to hear the piece simply as structured sounds. That approach diminishes appreciation of it, I think. The commentators' point is taken once the listener admits that the symphony doesn't *need* a program. As "pure music" it is potent. But when it becomes simultaneously a magnificent musical structure and an enthralling autobiographical chapter the listener's delight is surely keener still. Berlioz's "Memoirs" is perhaps the most arresting autobiography ever written. (What are the runners-up? Wagner's? Benvenuto Cellini's?) The "Fantastic Symphony"—memoirs turned into sound—may not need bolstering by written words, but "Lélio" does. Its unity is personal, not formal. An assemblage of earlier pieces, it is often dismissed as a gallimaufry. In Jacques Barzun's Berlioz biography, a defensive index entry refers to Berlioz's "SANITY (even while composing 'Lélio')." But anyone who knows the "Memoirs" must find "Lélio" a thrilling attempt to relate the varied forces that played upon a susceptible and capacious mind: Goethe, Shakespeare, Italy, and the attractions of three very different women (Estelle Duboeuf, Harriet Smithson, and Camille Moke). Anyone who tries to "make sense" of life's puzzles, posed by the past and by the present, must respond to "Lélio."



Civilized drinking in our high strength acrylic stemware by Epic. Dishwasher safe, perfect for boat, pool, and patio. Set of four 8 oz. glasses, $11.00 ppd. Via U.P.S. Visa and M/C accepted. Calif. res. pls. add 6% sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.
creative cookware etc.
1975 Diamond Blvd.
Concord, CA 94520 (415) 687-2274

Classic Charm
Basin Harbor is a resort you simply cannot find anywhere else. Enjoy golf, tennis, sailing, swimming. Cottages and main lodge offer unique country charm. Basin Harbor, Box 8A, Vergennes, Vermont 05491 or call 802-475-2311.
BASIN HARBOR
A classic resort on Lake Champlain Vermont

Reynolds® Plastic Wrap— The plastic wrap professionals use

LA CAMELIA

Excellent Italian cuisine.
Luncheon, dinner & late supper.
Piano bar 'til 2am.
225 East 58 Street
Res: 751-5488

You're only two steps from a dramatic improvement in your skin
Elizabeth Arden

In Paris, the "Fantastic"-plus-"Lélio" bill had a concert performance. In Weimar, in 1855, it was given the "dramatic" performance suggested by the instructions of the "Lélio" score—the chorus and orchestra concealed behind a curtain until the last number, the "Tempest" fantasy. In Springfield, there was a "semi-dramatic" performance. The chorus and orchestra were behind a gauze curtain; but since they were brightly lit when performing, while the auditorium—in the modern American way—was plunged into darkness, the gauze might as well not have been there. The "Lélio" soloists—actor, tenor, and (a small part) baritone—were conventionally rather than carefully chosen. (Eve Queler's 1975 "Lélio" cast in Carnegie Hall was more impressive.) A modern, instead of a nineteenth-century, seating plan unbalanced the orchestral timbre. But Mr. Gutter is an excellent Berliozian. The Springfield Symphony—drawn from the Springfield region, Boston, and New York—is an accomplished orchestra. And so the evening *valait la visite*. It was enriched by a revival of the final passage—all that survives—of Berlioz's 1830 Prix de Rome cantata, "Sardanapale": a colorful piece, its best melody familiar from its reappearance in "Roméo et Juliette."

—ANDREW PORTER

•

SIESTA NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Pacific Islands Monthly*]

Nauru's only railway had one of its rare accidents in June when a diesel locomotive hauling scores of phosphate-loaded trucks was derailed. The locomotive had failed to stop at the end of the line and, crashing through the barrier, only came to a stop when it ran into a large heap of coral chips. The chips in fact prevented what could have been a serious accident: if they had not been there, the engine could have continued on for a few more metres and plunged down a cliff on to the tops of buildings which were in a direct line below. Apparently, the accident occurred when the engine operator failed to apply the brakes. The weekly, *The Nauru Post*, speculated that he 'was having a snooze at the time'. It added: 'There were two others working on the locomotive at the time and it would seem that either they were also having a cat nap or were in no position to warn the operator of the engine.' There was no report of injuries.

•

Hemingway's "The Killers," which one remembers as prototypical in terseness, is about microprocessors in a journal, they built and sold the first inexpensive small computer—and three years later sales were approaching $80 million.—*Newsweek*.

And it was good and fine and true.

Montréal. It's four times better.

The search is over if you are looking for a city which is excitingly different. Yet readily affordable.

1. The U.S. dollar stretches 20% further than it does back home.
2. Hotel prices are significantly lower than in the U.S.
3. Montréal is a short drive from the key cities of the Northeast.
4. Montréal, because of its French heritage as well as the influence of many other nationalities, is a Europe next door…

The best travel buy in America today, Montréal is an adventure during each of its four distinct seasons.

See your travel agent or send for our 1982/83 hotel package brochure with prices from $60 to $100 (Can.) for two nights and three days.

Montréal Convention and Tourist Bureau
New York Office, Dept. CY2
360 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017
(212) 599-2670

Montréal

BUILT TO LAST

GET A Carpet Cat®

CARPET CAT is built with care by people who make nothing else, folks who believe household appliances should last a lifetime. We believe our non-electric CARPET CAT is the lightest, strongest, most efficient, and convenient appliance of its kind.

Thousands of commercial users — airlines, hotels, restaurants, theaters, etc. — insist on CARPET CAT, *exclusively*. Why? Maybe because it really works on all kinds of carpeting, rugs, even bare floors. It picks up sugar, sand, pet hair, paper clips, ashes, and much more. And it does it *quietly* without hoses, cords, or lugging around a heavy vac.

CARPET CAT is far smaller, more compact, and about 1/3 the weight of common "carpet sweepers". Between pickups you can hang it away in a mere 2 inch wide wall space. Patented features include a special *natural* hog bristle brush that outlasts cheap synthetics 3 to 1. Genuine horse hair corner brushes clean right up to the wall. Attractive baked enamel surface wipes clean in a flash.

CARPET CAT should last a lifetime of normal household use. But just in case, EVERY PART IS REPLACEABLE AND CARRIED IN STOCK. Why settle for less when you can have the best? Get a CARPET CAT.

Pick up unexpected messes in seconds.

Clean stairs quickly and easily.

Reach hard-to-get-at-places.

THE CARPET CAT: ***Only* $25.95** plus $3.95 for ship./hand.

NO NOISE, NO HOSE, NO ELECTRIC CORDS

Carpet Cat

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
If you decide the CARPET CAT is unsatisfactory FOR ANY REASON, simply return it to us within 30 days and we will refund the entire purchase price. You can't lose.
ROYAL HOUSE, 137 Walsh Ave.
Box 4305 • New Windsor, NY 12550

ROYAL HOUSE, Dept.RCC1717• 137 Walsh • Box 4305 • New Windsor, NY 12550

Please send me_______Carpet Cats at $25.95 each plus $3.95 for shipping & handling.
Charge my ☐ MC ☐ Visa: Exp. date________
# ______________Signature ________
NY residents add sales tax. Enclosed is $________
I understand I may return it (them) in 30 days for refund if not satisfied.

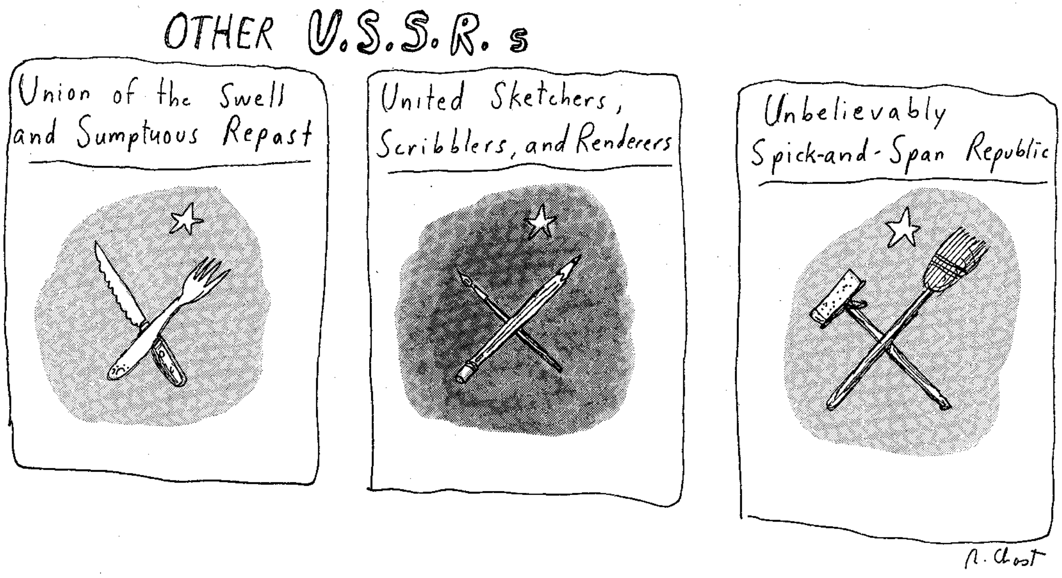
Name ______________
Address ______________
City ________ State ____ Zip ______
Tel. (914) 562-5177

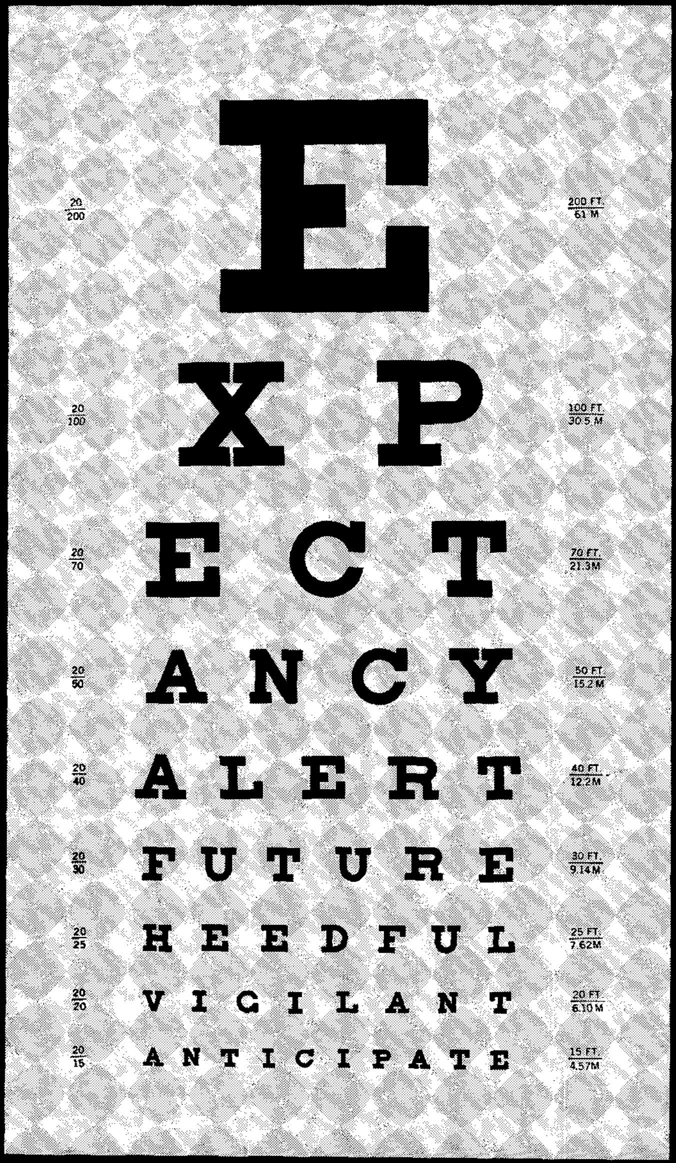
DANCING

Names and Places

IT is strange that New York, whose dancers are known and admired the world over, should have so few decent dance theatres. I'm made aware of this lack every spring when the School of American Ballet gives its workshop performances in the Juilliard Theatre, in Lincoln Center. This small-scale opera house would be perfect for the dozens of little or medium-sized companies that the city has somehow given rise to, but it is unavailable to non-students (more specifically, to non-Juilliard-affiliated students). These companies will presumably find their long-sought showcase in the Joyce, which has just opened downtown. On a bigger scale, the best dance theatre in New York is the opera house at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The same building contains an excellent small theatre, the Helen Carey Playhouse, and a forbiddingly commodious performing area called the Lepercq Space. (Though it was intended for dance, most companies get swallowed up by it.) The Academy has signed Twyla Tharp to a long-term residency; the arrangement should prove mutually advantageous. Dancers have managed to fit themselves into the swollen spectacle that is Lincoln Center, but it is a fact that both the main theatres there are too big for ballet. The Met is almost too big for anything; however, it is a well-focussed house and, when the lights are down, a warm one. The State Theatre is currently undergoing acoustical renewal; one must hope that the results will make it right, at last, for ballet as well as opera. The perennially inadequate City Center remains a dance theatre because, like the Sadler's Wells, in London, it has gained a certain prestige from the uses of adversity, and because, like the Joyce, which is also a subsidized low-rent facility, it is cheap. As for the various lofts, gyms, churches, garages, and basements that have been converted into performing spaces, not one of them is really satisfactory; where the stage is good, the seating accommodations are apt to be impossible.

Having to perform in improvised spaces has affected the aesthetic as well as the psychology of postmodernist choreographers for the past twenty years. If enough loft people are let into the Joyce, the consequences for postmodern dance could be enormous. But that is an outside possibility; what matters now is the effect the new theatre will have on the fluctuations that postmodern dance is going through at this moment. One of the most critical changes has to do with the decline of novelty, that avant-garde specialty, to the status of a gimmick. A related change reverses the customary relationship of the choreographer's identity to his work. Instead of creating work that reveals an identity, younger postmodern choreographers like Jim Self, Charles Moulton, Bill T. Jones, and Johanna Boyce are constructing personae for themselves that impose meaning on their work. At its worst, as in the work of Bill T. Jones, this practice leads to egotistical domination and manipulation of the audience. At its mildest, as in the work of Self and Moulton, it leads to a kind of befuddled image-mongering. Moulton's career in the past couple of years illustrates the collapse of an idea into a gimmick. His precision ball-passing routines began as an idea about rhythm, but instead of developing it Moulton just became the guy who does precision routines and whose every move is less important than the fact that he makes it. The concerts I've seen Bill T. Jones give—both solo and with his habitual partner, Arnie Zane—have all begun with a conscious display of avant-garde techniques and devices and ended with Jones going wild: haranguing the audience or working himself into an emotional frenzy. He did it again in his latest concert, held in one of the city's most uncongenial basement rooms, the Space at City Center. Jones began by "using the space;" that is, he filled the wide and generally uninhabited forestage with dancers playing ritual games (pretending to race, freezing, falling in clinches to the floor) while the audience was getting seated. Two projectors trained on the back wall flashed the word "Now" alongside a blowup of an old snapshot from Jones' family album. The concert then made its way through more clichés to its inevitable self-induced tizzy, which was accompanied by the whooping and hollering of a female rock trio. Jones, who is black, presents the emotional attitudes of expressionistic black dance in a non-expressionistic postmodern framework. He offers himself to an audience shamelessly as a star, and he provides it with cultural uplift at the same time. He meets the issues—black anger, gay love, anti-nuke fear and trembling—and deflects them with personal charm. His taste is of the corniest: we watch dance-class exercises while a voice purrs "Testing, one, two, three" into a mike, and at some point in the action we are sure to hear this same voice or that of Jones himself singing "I Believe," his theme song of indict-


OTHER U.S.S.R.s
Union of the Swell and Sumptuous Repast
United Sketchers, Scribblers, and Renderers
Unbelievably Spick-and-Span Republic
R. Chast


E
X P
E C T
A N C Y
A L E R T
F U T U R E
H E E D F U L
V I G I L A N T
A N T I C I P A T E
20/200
20/100
20/70
20/50
20/40
20/30
20/25
20/20
20/15
200 FT. 61 M
100 FT. 30.5 M
70 FT. 21.3M
50 FT. 15.2 M
40 FT. 12.2M
30 FT. 9.14M
25 FT. 7.62M
20 FT. 6.10 M
15 FT. 4.57M

Farsighted.

Getting the story first on what the future may hold is what separates the big winners in business from the also-rans.

A shift in a competitor's strategy, new economic conditions, an upcoming shortage, a whole new marketing thrust–something is always in the offing. And often there is not much time to ponder how to react.

This is where Business Week's worldwide coverage and insightful analysis come in. Business Week helps business leaders look ahead, so they can make the right moves.

Business Week's anticipative reporting prepares decision makers, and arms them with a powerful advantage. It's the kind of perceptive, reliable reporting and analysis that gets them ready for whatever lies ahead.

Business Week. Where advertisers can look forward to great results.

BusinessWeek

The world's leading business magazine.

For information on ordering a subscription to Business Week, please call toll-free 1-800-257-5112. In New Jersey, call 1-800-792-8378.

©1982 McGraw-Hill, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jeeves
Your personal clothes care service.

Hand Finished Dry Cleaning, Leather, Suede and Fur Service.

Hand Laundering of Shirts and Fine Linens.
Alterations, Cold Storage, Collections, Deliveries.
Nation wide postal service

Send for a brochure

NEW YORK LONDON

JEEVES ®

Jeeves of Belgravia
770 Madison Ave (66th St)
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-9130

® Jeeves Logotype is a trade mark
© 1974 Jeeves International Limited

"THIS MAY BE THE FINEST HOTEL IN THE NEW WORLD"
Boston Globe

L'ERMITAGE
hôtel de grande classe

Beverly Hills, California

Fischbach is more than Fischbach & Moore

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

ment. Jones is the apostle of postmodern pop; he has marched the New Narcissicism right into the fever swamps.

Besides being *narcissists* (the showing of family-album photographs has become a convention), many of the young postmodernists who are now concertizing across the land are not notably talented dancers, and their training is apt to be incomplete. Moulton may be an exception; Jones has enough equipment to get into a Broadway show—maybe not quite enough. It's because of this fundamental deficiency, I suppose, that we are getting so much emphasis on flashy stuntwork, bemusing décors, and personalities. But if a reaction to the older rational and progressive (if minimalistic) methods of movement was inevitable, shouldn't the reaction have been back toward dancing rather than further away from it? The *new* generation has converted the perennial avant-garde where-do-we-go-from-here crisis into an opportunity for personal manifestos. And this reactionary trend, barely two years old, has probably gained postmodern dance a greater following than two decades of earnest experimentation. These people *are* stars, already. This summer's American Dance Festival, in Durham, North Carolina, is presenting Moulton, Self, and Boyce. Bill T. Jones and Arnie Zane will be part of the Brooklyn Academy's "Next Wave" series this winter. Along with conventional modern-dance troupes and small ballet companies, the Joyce will most likely be opening its doors to avant-garde postmodern dancers. It will be doing so at a time when the avant-garde is facing its most serious threat of extinction—not from without but from within.

THE Feld Ballet, which initiated and sponsored the construction of the Joyce Theatre, used to appear in the Public Theatre, and my first impression of the Joyce was that it looked like a corrected version of the Public, where the audience peers down at the stage, like internes watching an operation. There is no orchestra pit at the Joyce (there wasn't one at the Public), and you sit close to a stage that is nearly twice as wide as it is high. It's so wide that one of the Feld ballets I saw there seemed to separate into two ballets; this was "Circa," a nymphs-and-satyrs number. The stereoscopic effect may not have been intentional; Feld seemed to be aiming at a frieze. I understand that the proscenium can be

OLD WESTBURY GARDENS

listed on The National Register Of Historic Places

One of the great gardens of the western world, Westbury House overlooks 100 acres of avenues, lakes, ponds, fields and woods. There are eight formal gardens in bloom throughout the season. Westbury House is exactly as it was during the family's occupancy — 1906-1958 — the furnishings and paintings are English 18th century. The spacious rooms are all kept filled with fresh flowers, re-creating the gracious, unhurried atmosphere of a vanished era.

Open Wednesdays thru Sundays and holidays thru Oct., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Gardens		House	
Adults	$3.00	Adults	$2.00
Children	1.00	Children	1.00

Senior Citizens, House & Gardens, $2.00

A picnic area is available for visitors.

Picnic Pops 7-9 pm:
7/14 (rain 7/15) Long Island Mummers
7/23 *Eglevsky Ballet*
7/28 (rain 7/29) Susannah McCorkle
8/4 (rain 8/5) Big Band Associates
8/11 (rain 8/12) Early Wrightson & Lois Hunt
8/18 (rain 8/19) Vanaver Caravan

Inquire about our membership.
Old Westbury Rd., Old Westbury, N.Y.
516-333-0048

Young Island
St. Vincent W.I.

Impossibly romantic private island resort. Limited to 50 guests. YOUNG ISLAND offers everything that large resorts have ...*except the crowds*. Info., reservations:
Ralph Locke, 315 E. 72nd St., N.Y. 10021
(212) 628-8149 • (800) 223-1108

Napier® is trendier

Lobster, Steak & All That Jazz!
Fresh seafood daily. Luncheon, New Orleans Cocktails, Dinner, Dancing nitely, Banjo Band Tuesdays on, 2 Bands weekends, snacks till midnight. 105 Guest Rooms, Breakfast Recipes ala Brennans. Call Toll-Free 800-243-8511 (In Conn. 661-9800).

SHOWBOAT INN
Greenwich, CT "On the Water" Tpke. Exit 3

made even wider, but anyway the stage is not difficult. By the third ballet, which was much the best part of the program, I had adjusted to its proportions.

"Over the Pavement," to music by Charles Ives, develops a curious period atmosphere, and an even more curious character atmosphere, in a way typical of Feld: a few movements of great intensity are repeated over and over. The movements are based on naturalistic behavior, but they're so intensified they seem like parodies. When Feld's method doesn't work, they *are* parodies. When it works, as it does here, the intensification charges our vision, so that the parody turns away from the natural and toward the real. In "Over the Pavement," seven young toughs in derisory haircuts, their fists jammed into the pockets of their ragged overalls, slump and slouch across the stage in regimented gangs. Linking up in twos and threes, they squat down and hurdle each other; breaking into solos, they buck and heave in the air. Periodically, they retreat to a lighted cell, where they lie exhausted or try to climb the wall. Though they suggest a mixture of identities—"Nicholas Nickleby" orphans, turn-of-the-century ragamuffins, contemporary punks—the monochromatic movement never wavers, even when they are off the streets and in prison. But after Feld has shown us this life of cyclical degradation he can't break the cycle; the curtain calls are all taken in character—more slouching, more glaring and blinking across the footlights. I guess he wants us to think something like "The ballet's over but the life goes on;" he doesn't trust the ballet to sink in and make the point by itself. Nevertheless, "Over the Pavement" has some of the most cogent movement that Eliot Feld has ever made; its stylistic exaggerations, which seem literary at first, are obsessive and, finally, addictive.

JEROME ROBBINS' four-part contribution to New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Centennial Celebration turned out to be much like the celebration as a whole: it was one-quarter serious and successful invention ("Concertino"), one-quarter permutation ("Septet"), and two-quarters padding. The padding consisted of "Ragtime" and "Octet;" they seemed irrelevant not because they were the two lighthearted sections but because Robbins had overextended the gags. In the 1920 "Ragtime," the gag didn't go much beyond the 1920 costumes. Excessive fooling in "Octet" undermined the spirit of the music. Choreographing as much Stravinsky as New York City Ballet has done over the years leads inevitably to a draining of the wells. The celebration's premières featured too many scores of lesser choice to which permutations of greater dances were set. This was true also of last summer's Tchaikovsky Festival, but perhaps it was less obvious. If we feel that Tchaikovsky wrote many more concert compositions to which ballets can be set than Stravinsky did, it's simply because Tchaikovsky's distinctions between ballet and non-ballet music are no longer credible to us and Stravinsky's are. Modern ballet accommodates the non-ballet scores of the nineteenth century, but Stravinsky is himself a modern; you know when he wants a score to be danced, even if it isn't a ballet commission—he gives it feet. Although "Septet," which he composed four years before "Agon," seems rooted in the same interest in seventeenth-century dance forms as "Agon," it isn't a ballet—it isn't for the same reason that "Agon" *is* a ballet. In a New York City Ballet setting, the music of "Septet" can hardly help referring us to "Agon;" Robbins himself underlines the reference with a male duet that looks like a gloss on the Balanchine one. A Stravinsky series that omits "Pulcinella," "Jeu de Cartes," "Scènes de Ballet," "Danses Concertantes," and the complete "Baiser de la Fée" as well as the first three ballet classics is straining the proposition, stated in one of the company's souvenir programs, that Stravinsky's music "compels dancing." (In an interview with Dale Harris in *Keynote*, Balanchine recently made the point that few of the great composers have a feeling for dance and fewer still express it in their best work. Because Stravinsky is one of these, he said, "you can have a festival devoted just to him." But why should the festival exclude so many of the *ballets* that are among the best work?)

To N.Y.C.B.'s repertory of Stravinsky ballets—"Agon," "Orpheus," "Apollo," "Duo Concertant," "Violin Concerto," "Symphony in Three Movements," the "Baiser" Divertimento, "Rubies," "Monumentum," "Movements"—the celebration, which numbered twelve premières, added a few lightweight items and

At home,
near the White House

The Jefferson Hotel

16th & M Streets, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

For a very special weekend...
$200 per couple includes:

- 2 nights accommodations (Friday arrival)
- Welcome Cheese Tray & Wine
- Continental Breakfast Saturday and Sunday Brunch
- Complimentary Limousine service for 2 hours

Tax & Service not included.

The Jefferson is a small, elegant hotel, just four blocks from the White House. The atmosphere is European, the ambiance intimate and the service impeccable.

one of
The Leading Hotels of the World®

For reservations please call:
(202) 347-2200
or
(800) 223-1230 toll free
(212) 751-8915 collect

Cool Cotton

Side Buttoned Sun-Jumper

Easy shirred body lines, super side pockets, self tie belt. Below knee length. Choose 100% cotton crumple cloth in jade, wine, violet or lovely floral cotton batiste in lilac, red, turquoise or olive. Gently machine wash.

Sizes S-M-L $39.95 ppd.
Size XL $42.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.

Write for color catalog.
Dept. N712
Stockbridge Road
Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

Corning Designs–
One good idea
after another

FINE ENGLISH GARDENING TOOLS

Smith & Hawken offers the finest hand-crafted English gardening tools: forks, spades, hoes, trowels, shears, rakes, and more.

SMITH & HAWKEN TOOL COMPANY

Free 32-page mail order catalog of quality tools.

68 Homer, Drw. 048, Palo Alto, CA 94301

We did it. So can you.

We made our block look great.

For a free kit on how you can form a Block Association, contact: Citizens Committee for New York City, Inc.
3 W. 29th St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10001.
Tel. (212) 578-4737.

two solid pieces of choreography. The Peter Martins ballet “Concerto for Two Solo Pianos,” which I wrote about after its first performance, looked even stronger after its second. Only Jock Soto’s performance remains to be integrated. Heather Watts’ plum role is pitilessly drawn; it’s the full-length portrait for which “Calcium Light Night” was the sketch, and she dances every step unflinchingly. A magnanimous performance. Like Martins, Robbins in his “Concertino” does more than report on the music: he finds analogous movement and builds upon it a further analogy—dancers as circus acrobats, the music as the tightrope they walk. Merrill Ashley, flanked by Sean Lavery and Mel Tomlinson, has a bisexual role—feminine in the supported adagio, masculine in the sections where she dances on equal terms with the men. (This is another gloss on “Agon”—one that Robbins has devised on his own, with no urging from Stravinsky.) It is a zestful, untrammelled performance. The trio also dances three overlapping solos (to the Three Pieces for Solo Clarinet), in which Lavery is given poetic Pierrot-like attitudes, Tomlinson a vortex of spins with snaking arms, and Ashley rapid perambulations on and off point, alternating with wide leaps around the stage.

On the closing night of the festival, Stravinsky’s birthday was celebrated with a vodka toast before the curtain by Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein, the singing of “Zvezdoliki” (“Le Roi des Étoiles”) by male voices of the New York City Opera Chorus, a performance of “Apollo,” still without its prologue, by Peter Martins, Suzanne Farrell, Kyra Nichols, and Maria Calegari, and the première of “Perséphone,” staged by Balanchine with and primarily for Vera Zorina, and conducted by Robert Craft. The staging, in which Balanchine was also assisted by John Taras, did not disguise the hybrid nature of Stravinsky’s “melodrama” (song-drama), or its static quality. The chorus, a monkish assembly cowled in red, sat onstage in two toboggans between and around which nymphs, shades, and, in the final scene, altar boys entered and disposed themselves. The production’s visual style, designed by Kermit Love, was a blend of High Episcopalian pageantry and the Tchelitchev of the forties; it was as if time had stopped for Vera Zorina. Surrounded by gauzy nymphs and staglike men with candelabras, Zorina appeared barefoot,

THE LONDON TARA
The best hotel value in London.
One of London’s largest, most modern hotels with bath, shower and color TV in every room. Central Kensington location with all of London’s attractions within easy reach. Plus restaurants, cocktail lounges and shops. And with double occupancy under $90,* it’s the best hotel value in London. For reservations, call 800-223-6537. N.Y. State 800-631-7917. N.Y.C. 557-1110.
*Based on current conversion rates.

LA JOLLA
“The Pacific Ocean is our back yard”
Traditionally, we host most of La Jolla’s Distinguished Visitors!
We would be pleased to accommodate you.
hotel La Valencia
P. O. Box 1089, La Jolla, Calif. 92038
(714) 454-0771

QPB—
The first book club for smart people who aren’t rich

SUMMER LANGUAGE INSTITUTE
ON THE CAMPUS OF HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE IN AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS
ENGLISH July 19-Aug. 27 $600
FOREIGN LANGUAGES Aug. 2-Aug. 27 $400
Residential: $75/wk-single room; $57.50/wk-full meal plan (optional)
Class size 4-8 students; 5 hrs. class daily.
English as a Second Language, Arabic, Mandarin Chinese, French, German, Modern Greek, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish.
New England Language Institute
25 Main Street, Northampton, MA 01060 (413) 584-3956

Hilton International-
Where the world is at home SM

lifted her large and still handsome face to the light, and spoke the Gide poem in her German-tinted French. A little light running and posing prepared the audience for the moments when she would go off and Karin von Aroldingen would appear, wearing a matching peignoir. The most effective of these substitutions occurred beneath Pluto's towering silk batwings. As the dancing Persēphone, von Aroldingen's role was small; Gen Horiuchi's Mercury had the outstanding solo. As Pluto, Tomlinson did his baleful-spider number. Zorina was miked but not the singers, who included Joseph Evans as the high priest Eumolpus, dressed by Love as a choirmaster. The production, and the Stravinsky series as a whole, was mounted in the plastic cylindrical setting devised for the Tchaikovsky Festival by Philip Johnson and John Burgee. The tubes can be active décor or passive environment; low-key lighting, by Ronald Bates, made them a persuasive grotto of stalactites in the Underworld scenes. The evening concluded, like the Stravinsky Festival of 1972, with free shots of vodka for the audience. But ending with Persēphone's return to the Underworld—"*au fond de la détresse humaine*"—brought inescapably to mind the sombre finale ("Adagio Lamentoso") of the Tchaikovsky Festival.

I VISITED the Martha Graham company at the City Center to see what had befallen "Primitive Mysteries" and "Dark Meadow" since they were last revived. "Primitive Mysteries," Graham's masterpiece of the thirties, had Takako Asakawa as the Graham figure, and an ensemble quivering with concentrated energy. The halting walks to and from the wings which divide the three sections of the piece had been restored. It was a performance one could believe in. "Dark Meadow" is an enigmatic work in the best of performances; the corps once again distinguished itself, but Yuriko Kimura, Susan McLain, and Peter Sparling did not penetrate beneath the surface of their roles. I also saw a new work called "Dances of the Golden Hall," which Graham is said to call her Denishawn ballet. It is exactly that: little Hindu gods and goddesses on pillars, rows of bending acolytes, and blinding gold costumes, by Halston. In fifteen minutes, it releases more incense than an entire program of Denishawn revivals.

—ARLENE CROCE

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name
Address Apt.
City State Zip
☐ One year: $28 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $46 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)
Additional Postage: Canada $6.00 per year; other foreign $12.00 per year.
☐ My check for $ _____ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # __________
Signature __________
4282

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $28 ☐ Two years: $46
To __________
Address Apt.
City State Zip
Gift card to read "From __________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

BOOKS

Master and Man

THE most famous of all modern political allegories is that which Hegel called "The Master and the Servant." Hegel sees the human condition as quintessentially polemic. There is a sense in which a man can establish his full identity, can come into full possession of his own consciousness, only by destroying his equal. With eloquent intensity, Hegel argues that the opaquely challenging and resistant presence of "the other man"—of *l'autre*, as the existentialists will call him—must be overcome if we are to be integrally ourselves. Even Goethe, a spirit more serene than Hegel, asks, "Do I truly live if another is alive?" But an immediate logical objection springs to mind. The mortal duel of opposed egos must end either in mutual destruction—as happens to Creon and Antigone in the play that Hegel placed at the very summit of human invention—or in the elimination of the adversary. In which case, however, there will be no counter-presence, no witness, left to mirror, to validate, the claims of the victorious self. To remain sole victor is to be trapped in a mute emptiness.

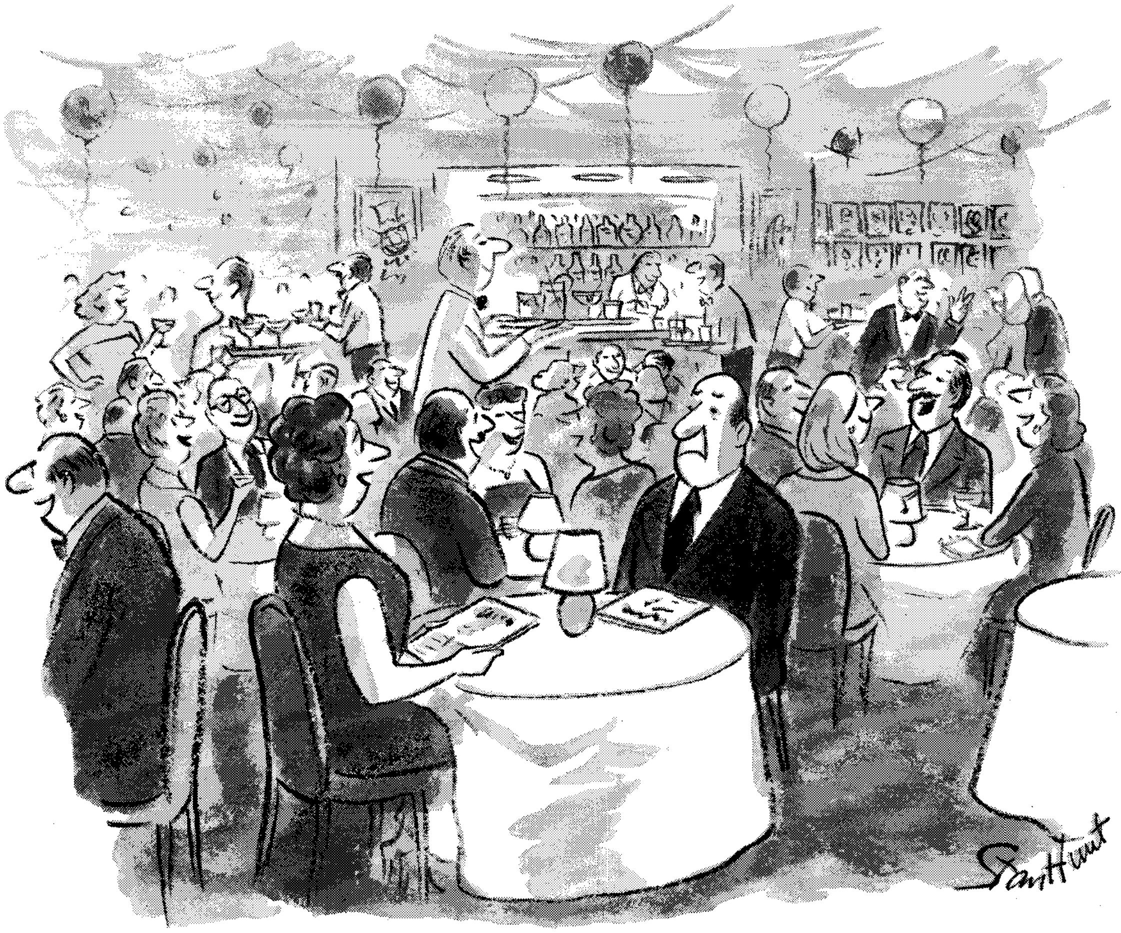
Hence the parable of master and servant. Rather than expose their lives to agonistic encounter and likely destruction, most men relinquish the status of the heroic. They evade the threatening ordeal of mastery. They are prepared to serve. In any society, Hegel contends, an élite of masters, potentially in internecine conflict, will dominate a much larger class of servants. Those who are not prepared to put their own existence to the test of ultimate spiritual-psychic combat must and will serve those who are. The master sees in the eyes of his servant the constant acknowledgment of his own sacrificial, menaced individuality. It is at this point that Hegel's dialectical model reveals an unrivalled political and psychological acumen. At first, it would appear that the relation between the suprematists of the ego and their helots is one of static subjection. This is not so. The master *needs* the servant—intimately, compellingly. It is only the servant who can underwrite the master's self-recognition. Moreover, in economic and technical terms the master grows less and less productive, less and less independent precisely to the degree that he relies on the servant. It is the servant, not the master, who embodies the positive impulses and capacities for renewal in the community. Becoming more and more aware of his indispensability (more self-aware), the servant will seek with other servants bonds of solidarity which masters, in their tragic autism, cannot entertain. It is, in consequence, the servant who is the carrier of historical evolution and the explorer of new modes of human interaction.

It is not difficult to see that this Hegelian parable is central to the conflictual models of history and of society in Marxism; or that it plays a seminal role in such exemplary modern fables as Brecht's "Puntila and His Servant," Beckett's "Waiting for Godot," and Genet's "The Maids." But if Hegel's paradigm has been used, and used brilliantly, to dramatize confrontations between the sexes, between social classes, between dominant and obeisant sensibilities in a given milieu and society, it has been equally suggestive with regard to racial conflicts and the politics of colonialism. The novels of Conrad ("Nostromo" in particular), the tales of Kipling, Faulkner's chronicles of masters and sometime slaves in Yoknapatawpha County exemplify Hegel's precise, sombre reading of the doomed symbiosis between ruler and subject—doomed because it contains within its brutal yet intricate dynamics the end of the heroic caste. Masters die in the arms of their compassionately mocking servants.

The setting of "Waiting for the Barbarians," by the South African novelist J. M. Coetzee (Penguin; $3.95), has the starkness of a philosophic-political tract. We are in the God-abandoned frontier settlement of a remotely ordained empire. Just beyond the ominous horizon lurk the "barbarians"—pastoralists, nomads, tent-dwellers, whose nebulous swarming constitutes a perennial offense to the imperium. Between the palisade of the settlement and the badlands live primitive fishing folk, creatures half savage and half domesticated. Their "strange gabbling, their vast appetites, their animal shamelessness, their volatile tempers" induce scornful yet uneasy remembrances of a lost Eden. They display atavisms of innocence available neither to the master race that has pushed the empire to this far-flung border nor to the barbarians, with their ache for vengeance (they have been hounded into the barrens) and their cruel bows.

The story is told by the Magistrate. He is the archetypal representative of disenchanted decency, of worn-out humaneness. His tone, part pathos, part self-irony, is the staple of political insight and sadness from Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" to Camus's "The Fall." His foibles are those of an irritable, mildly voracious sexuality. He is now old and wears the bottoms of his trousers rolled. Where would the liberal imagination be without him? Enter Colonel Joll, from the Third Bureau. He wears glasses whose "discs are dark, they look opaque from the outside, but he can see through them." We have met him before, often. He is the interrogator in every pre- or post-"1984" fable and film of totalitarian terror. But he is also the sadistic martinet who canters into the fort in innumerable Westerns and proceeds to bring on catastrophe, because he knows nothing of the "redskins" and of the tactics of justice which could alone insure the continued coexistence of conqueror and conquered. To the Colonel, "with his tapering fingernails, his mauve handkerchiefs, his slender feet in soft shoes," there is only one way of getting a native or a half-breed to tell the truth: merely burn or flog it out of him. Soon the Magistrate is reduced to impotence amid a bureaucracy of torture and punitive raids. At the strident climax of this brief novel, the Magistrate turns on the Colonel. He is himself beaten almost to death, and left for garbage. But the barbarians are closing in. At the predictable last, it is the Colonel who decamps in abject terror, leaving the scarred Magistrate to contemplate the twilight of empire.

Mr. Coetzee's parable has been much acclaimed. It is, unfortunately, heavy with clichés. It stands, furthermore, in the direct shadow of two much stronger predecessors. The



"Please, Jarvis. This is supposed to be a great fun place."

• •

salt flats, the haunted marsh reeds, the horizons of shifting menace which surround the settlement closely reflect the landscape and tone of Julien Gracq's memorable "Le Rivage des Syrtes." Dino Buzzati's "Il Deserto dei Tartari" (well known both as novel and as film) seems to inspire not only certain structural turns of Mr. Coetzee's narrative but the whole evocation of the avenging unknown just across the northern hills. Add to this the pervasive influence of Kafka's "In the Penal Colony," the classic of all modern treatments of the obscene intimacies between torturer, victim, and liberal witness, and you have a text typical of a widespread macabre genre. What gives "Waiting for the Barbarians" its fitful but undeniable spell is the love affair between the Magistrate and a barbarian girl whom Joll's thugs have brought in for torture. The Hegelian equivocations on mastery and subjection, on how the possessed come to possess their possessors, are beautifully rendered. The Magistrate is erotically and morally obsessed by the pain that has been inflicted on the dark creature. He washes, he kneads her torn feet, looking for the buried roots of sadistic hurt. Mr. Coetzee conveys to us how a man who does not yet know torture at first hand will seek out in others the seeds of endurance, of recuperation. Eros advances haltingly, through a long tunnel of more and more graphically evoked physical agony:

> On the edge of oblivion it comes back to me that my fingers, running over her buttocks, have felt a phantom criss-cross of ridges under the skin. "Nothing is worse than what we can imagine," I mumble. She gives no sign that she has even heard me. I slump on the couch, drawing her down beside me, yawning. "Tell me," I want to say, "don't make a mystery of it, pain is only pain;" but words elude me. My arms fold around her, my lips are at the hollow of her ear, I struggle to speak; then blackness falls.

Via a hellish traverse of wasteland and desert, the Magistrate brings the nameless girl home to the barbarians. Returning to the outpost, he is arrested for treasonable commerce with the enemy. But he, whose very title signifies "master," has learned the arts of indispensability, of occult patience whereby the servant survives to inherit the scorched earth.

Transposed into the nightmare of reciprocal hatred and need between white and black, colonizer and native, interrogator and suspect, the master-servant allegory dominates South African writing. It finds historical expression, much in the manner of Faulkner or of William Styron's "The Confessions of Nat Turner," in André Brink's recent novel "A Chain of Voices." Athol Fugard's "The Island" is a masterpiece. In this short play, the everlasting confrontation of Creon and Antigone—Hegel's touchstone—is reënacted inside the walls of a South African prison. The novels of Nadine Gordimer are delicate probings of the corruptions of spirit and of flesh which must, inevitably, sicken the white master in the miasma of black servitude. The theme of fated intimacy between oppressor and oppressed is central to Alan Paton (as it is to Doris Lessing). The irony, of course, is this: the current strength of South African literature, its claim to be among the most vital now being written, derives immediately from the tragic facts of apartheid and exploitation. White and black, policeman and suspect, writer and reader are close-knit in a circle of fear. Even behind their blank glasses, the Jolls know that their days of mastery are now numbered. In the incensed souls of the oppressed, on the other hand, aches an obscure perception. With the death of the master, there may come as well the extinction of a primordial bond, very nearly a strange kind of love. It is in his subtle inference of this love, and of the waste that may come of liberation, that Mr. Coetzee is at his best.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

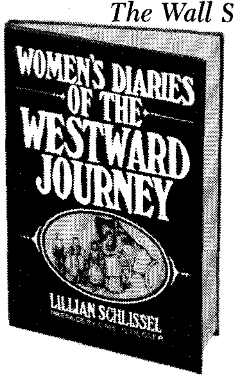
FICTION

The Atom Station, by Halldor Laxness, translated from the Icelandic by Magnus Magnusson (Second

"Absorbingly readable."*

Here are the writings of more than 90 women telling what it was like to cross the continent between 1840 and 1870.

"Forty-eight period photographs greatly enrich the book.... These chronicles of women show an aspect of the westward saga seldom seen before and never in such depth.... Not only women, but men also, will find it absorbing, informative, sobering reading." —Edmund Fuller in *The Wall Street Journal**



with 48 photographs

A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate

$16.95 at all bookstores

Schocken Books
200 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

Updated, expanded, and now in paperback!

ALEXIS LICHINE'S GUIDE TO THE WINES AND VINEYARDS OF FRANCE

The book The N.Y. Times called

"Invaluable!"

With maps, itineraries, recommended hotels & restaurants.
Paper $9.95, hardcover $18.50
Published by Knopf

Yes, The New Yorker

Chance; $16.95). "An innocent country lump" of a girl from northern Iceland goes to Reykjavík to work as a housemaid and learns of a crisis that everyone there has an opinion about: the proposed sale of the city to America, for use as a military base in the coming nuclear showdown between the East and the West. Before long, though, other matters preoccupy her: in addition to taking harmonium lessons and joining a Communist cell, she meets a man known as "the god Brilliantine," who strums a salted fish like a ukulele; she returns to her family's farm to bear a child; and she eventually winds up back in Reykjavík, where a new debate is heating up, over the arrival from Denmark of two crates that may contain clay, sardines, or the remains of Iceland's greatest Romantic poet, who died in 1845 after falling down a flight of stairs. "Brechtian" is how the narrator and her countrymen—most of them cheerfully nihilistic, and all of them talkative—are described on the dust jacket, and the comparison may have been the only conceivable one when this satire was first published, in 1948; today Gabriel García Márquez and Jorge Luis Borges—despite their geographic distance—might spring to mind.

GENERAL

MOZART, by Richard Baker (Thames & Hudson; $16.95). A good, economical biography—eighty-one illustrations, ninety pages of text, and a map. Mr. Baker, an English broadcaster and writer on music, is brisk and vivid, and he has a nice feeling for the right detail, as when he gives us Mozart's comments on his first Vienna piano concertos: "There are passages here and there from which connoisseurs alone can derive satisfaction; but these passages are written in such a way that the less learned cannot fail to be pleased, though without knowing why." There is another interesting moment when we learn of a casual evening of string-quartet playing in which the players were Haydn, Dittersdorf, Vanhall, and Mozart. Salieri is mentioned, and Peter Shaffer's ill-natured play, but the Mozart depicted here is Wolfgang rather than Amadeus.

MARTIN'S HUNDRED, by Ivor Noël Hume (Knopf; $17.95). When Mr. Hume, the head of Colonial Williamsburg's archeological research program, and his staff were seeking traces of outbuildings around Carter's Grove, an eighteenth-century plantation on the James River, in Virginia, they turned up a baffling collection of bits and pieces from a much earlier period. Cautious and arduous excavation yielded evidence that they had come across the remains of one of the very earliest English settlements on the James River—founded in 1619, on a tract called Martin's Hundred, and destroyed by Indians in 1622. The archeologists traced clues the world over to identify their finds; an English murder case, an Austrian armory, a cottage burned in Serbia, and Dutch genre paintings all helped make sense of the mute matter in Virginia soil. Mr. Hume shows us how the entire Atlantic trading area was involved in early English colonization, and evokes the harsh, grubby, yet courageous quality of the lives of the colonists.

CHURCHILL: YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY, 1874-1915, by Ted Morgan (Simon & Schuster; $22.50). Mr. Morgan suggests that the young Winston overcame rejection by his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, by fabricating a heroic image of that irresponsible man and failed politician, and by regarding his own political career as a means of redeeming his father's reputation. In fact, as Mr. Morgan shows, Winston's rise was all Winston's doing—a combination of zest, ambition, concentration, and a brilliant constellation of gifts. The account of Churchill's work in the reforming Liberal Cabinets before the First World War, which laid the foundation for the welfare state (as president of the Board of Trade, Churchill sponsored the creation of Labour Exchanges and hired young William Beveridge to run them), shows an unfailing Churchill characteristic—generosity. Mr. Morgan also portrays Churchill as he appeared to his contemporaries, and explains why, though most recognized his genius, many feared him. The author has a way with anecdotes, but on technical subjects—such as the disastrous campaign at Gallipoli, for which Churchill received all the blame—he is equally acute.

THE HIDDEN WEST: JOURNEYS IN THE AMERICAN OUTBACK, by Rob Schultheis (Random House;

TAKE ANY 3 ALL FOR 99¢

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member price.)

values up to $70.40 with trial membership.

GRANT
A BIOGRAPHY
William S. McFeely
THE BIBLE AS HISTORY
WERNER KELLER
THE CELTS
GERHARD HERM
RICHARD III
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GRIGORII RASPUTIN
ALEX DE JONGE
THE MURDER OF NAPOLEON
BY BEN WEIDER & DAVID HAPGOOD
BISMARCK
EDWARD CRANKSHAW
PHILIPPE ARIES
THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH
DONALD KNOX
DEATH MARCH
THE SURVIVORS OF BATAAN
BYZANTIUM
THE EMPIRE OF NEW ROME
CYRIL MANGO
THE DEVIL'S HORSEMEN
The Mongol Invasion of Europe
James Chambers
HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
THE ORIGINS OF HISTORY
RIDDLES IN THE BRITISH LANDSCAPE
RICHARD MUIR
BARBARA W. TUCHMAN
Selected Essays
PRACTICING HISTORY
AT DAWN WE SLEPT
THE UNTOLD STORY OF PEARL HARBOR
Gordon W. Prange
THE ARTHURIAN LEGENDS
THE TWELVE CAESARS
Michael Grant
THE NAPOLEONIC WARS
HISTORY OF ROME
Michael Grant
THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN WARS
FROM COLONIAL TIMES TO WORLD WAR I
T. HARRY WILLIAMS
Eisenhower's LIEUTENANTS
By Russell F. Weigley
NIGEL DAVIES
HUMAN SACRIFICE
In History & Today
THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT
The Vineyard of Liberty
JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS
THE ETRUSCANS
Michael Grant

3228. $19.95/**$12.95**
3012. $14.95/**$10.95**
5462. $12.50/**$8.50**
4663. $24.50/**$13.95**
5058. $17.95/**$12.95**
5082. $14.95/**$10.95**
5215. $19.95/**$13.95**
3004. $20.00/**$13.50**
4507. $19.95/**$12.95**
2840. $17.50/**$12.95**
8284. $11.95/**$8.95**
3715. $20.00/**$12.95**
3293. $17.95/**$12.95**
3947. $16.50/**$11.95**
3970. $22.95/**$14.95**
8656. $19.50/**$13.95**
5652. $15.95/**$10.95**
7849. $22.50/**$12.95**
7401. $17.50/**$11.50**
3400. $20.00/**$13.95**
3111. $22.50/**$14.50**
3327. $14.95/**$10.95**
4754. $22.95/**$13.95**
2683. $17.50/**$12.95**

No matter what areas of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings—an average of 33% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more now by taking advantage of our introductory offer. Select any 3 books on this page all for just 99¢ (values up to $70.40) when you take a fourth book at the low members' price. Your total savings as a trial member, including this introductory offer, can be more than 50%.

How the Club Works: As a Club member, you'll be able to choose from the 150-200 books featured each month. Our books are always equal to the publishers' editions, never "economy reprints," and available at savings of $3, $4, $5, or more off bookstore prices. You need take only four more books in the next two years, after which you'll save even more through bonus books which you may choose from our entire list.

Every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing, the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low members' prices, plus postage-and-packing.)

If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

ST82C

The History Book Club, 40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low members' price, plus postage-and-packing.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years (*not counting my choices above*). Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low members' prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. YO-07K

Print Name______________________________

Address________________________ Apt. # ________

City____________________________________

State_____________________ Zip______________

In Canada: Mail to U.S. address.

DIANA COOPER

A biography by

PHILIP ZIEGLER

Born to the highest English aristocracy...growing up beautiful, racy, wild... adored by peers, poets, prime ministers (and Chaliapin!)...immortalized in novels by Waugh, Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, Nancy Mitford ...married (for love) to the statesman Duff Cooper ...dazzling everyone with her ribald wit, her gift for lighting up the lives around her...Now, at 90, still phenomenal...

The extraordinary Lady Diana is superbly portrayed in Philip Ziegler's new book, just out and everywhere praised.

"Delicious!...A spirited, affectionate, delightful biography...It does her frank and vivid justice."
—Frances Taliaferro, N.Y. Times Book Review

"A splendid book!"
—The Times, London

"Glittering...An unusually candid, sharp-eyed look at upper-crust English society."
—Publishers Weekly

"A captivating portrait!"
—Booklist

With 36 photographs
$16.95 • Knopf

Cecil Beaton photograph courtesy of Sotheby's Belgravia

$11.50). Mr. Schultheis is an Easterner (born, in 1943, in White Plains, New York) who has spent some twenty years seeking out the remotest, wildest, most forlorn pockets of the mountain Southwest—Utah, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, northern Mexico—and in this book he describes nine ventures in footloose awe and discomfort. He notes ("Pickup trucks are as Navaho as turquoise or sheep"), he feels what he sees ("There was not a bootprint, not a scrap of paper, not a rusted can anywhere. It was as if we had fallen through the world of men, living and dead, into the benthic ooze of an America where nothing human had happened yet"), he is aptly anecdotal, and if he is also often histrionic ("A bar and bordello called the Amor y Indio. . . . The girls were mountain Indians from lost, distant tribes, *and they carried daggers in their stockings*. The mescal tasted like turpentine and made you crazy. Late at night, wolves or wild dogs howled in the hills") it is only an excess of an uncommonly energetic talent. Illustrated with maps.

SOMETHING LIKE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Akira Kurosawa, translated from the Japanese by Audie E. Bock (Knopf; $15). Kurosawa tells us about his life and career as a director up through the making of "Rashōmon," in 1950, which won both the Grand Prix at the Venice Film Festival and an Academy Award. His work on the great pictures that followed—among them "Yojimbo," "Seven Samurai," and the recent "Kagemusha"—is not described, for two reasons: he believes that one can best understand him by looking at the films he has made; and he decided, upon completing this fragmentary memoir (which he refers to as "this thing"), that, like most human beings, he is incapable of being totally honest about himself. At any rate, he has written a fascinating book. It tells of his school days in Tokyo in the early twenties, of his halfhearted flirtation with left-wing politics (and his relief when he lost contact with his underground group), of his years as an assistant director under his master, Kajirō Yamamoto, and of making movies on his own in wartime Japan, when he had to contend with government censors (any tenderness depicted onscreen was excised as " 'British-American' weak-

Dromoland Castle

IRELAND'S FINEST

And Dromoland's charming Clare Inn offer very attractive packages with unmatched comfort and luxury.
Both of these hotels are situated in the heart of
SHANNONSIDE,
just 8 miles from Shannon Airport.

BROCHURES AND RESERVATIONS

Mc Donough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare. Phone (061) 71144. Telex: 26854.
U.S. RESERVATIONS Mc Donough Hotels, P.O. Box 1825, Parkersburg, WV 26101.
Telex: 86-9412, TOLL FREE 800 624-1921.

Lisa Victoria
BRASS · BEDS

Handcrafted & Custom Made For You

Send $4 for beautiful, new color catalog.

Lisa-Victoria, 5747 Charles City Cir., NY-7
Richmond, VA 23231 **(804) 226-9331**

Exclusive replicas of classical sculpture from major European museums

Please send $2.00 for catalogue

Head of ZEUS

An excellent and striking example of the "Supreme God" of Hellenistic period. From the Louvre Museum, Paris. 10½" $120.00 P.P. in bronze or stone finish

GIUST GALLERY

1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118

FANNY'S
INTERNATIONAL SALAD DRESSING
Gift friends with (3) 12 oz. bottles of our famous salad dressing $10.00. Shpg. Incl./Cont. U.S.A., 4 weeks delivery. Beautifully packaged. Send check, VISA, MasterCard Number, Expiration Date: FANNY'S 1601 Simpson, Evanston, IL 60201

ness") and when people at the studio went hungry. Although he disclaims any intention of writing a textbook on moviemaking, he includes in these reminiscences sidelights on his methods and philosophy of work. He thinks, for instance, that one must master screenwriting (as he has) to become a film director, that most directors misuse musical accompaniment, and that rehearsal (of everything: actors, camera movements, lighting) is the key to success in film. Photographs.

NOTE: Arlene Croce's "Going to the Dance," a collection of critical pieces that appeared in this magazine between 1977 and 1981, has been published by Knopf ($20).

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CAT CHASER, by Elmore Leonard (Arbor House; $13.50). George Moran, an ex-Marine, who saw service during the Johnson years in an American incursion into the Dominican Republic, is now the proprietor of a small oceanfront motel in Pompano Beach (a divorce settlement from a rich wife), and his life is comfortably uneventful until he meets the ardent American wife of a middle-aged billionaire Dominican political refugee, and several unappetizing grifters. Mr. Leonard is a gripping writer—a really first-rate writer—and his moves, always plausible but much too fast to catalogue, are pleasurable in the extreme. This is a treat.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Toledo Blade]

The sons, daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony DiSandro gathered recently in the home of Mrs. Coletta St. John to observe the DiSandros' 45th wedding anniversary.

Eventually it was time for a message from the family patriarch. All the children were hushed, and all eyes and ears were on Mr. DiSandro.

•

Where else but Palm Beach would you find a street—Worth Avenue—that has some of the world's most exclusive shops, establishments like Gucci, Cartier, Van Cleef & Arpels, Hermes; a street that rivals London's Savile Row, Rome's Via Condotti, Paris' Faubourg-St. Honore, for pure elegance?—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

Well, there's London, there's Rome, and there's Paris.

JOHN JULIUS NORWICH
A·HISTORY·OF
VENICE

Hailed by Luigi Barzini
IN THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW
"A living book,
which will surely last a long time in print—a book full of blood, naval battles, sieges, adventures, conquests, strokes of luck, stupendous defeats, glorious victories, secret plots and counterplots…Norwich has also found space to describe the incredible beauty of Venice and its Circean charm …His history is complete, accurate, and elegantly written."

2nd printing · 699 pages · Illustrated · $22.95 · Knopf

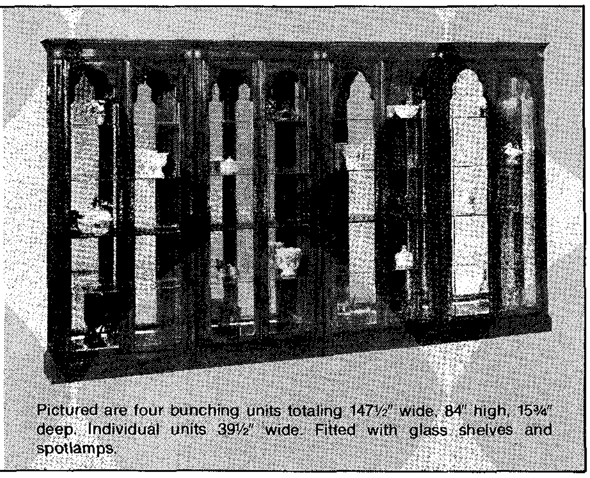
UNION-NATIONAL
Since 1901

fine bedroom, dining room and occasional furniture

Modular Apothecary Cabinets

Send $3.00 to Department N for brochure "Furniture for Gracious Living"

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
P.O. BOX 1259, JAMESTOWN, N.Y. 14701



Pictured are four bunching units totaling 147½" wide, 84" high, 15¾" deep. Individual units 39½" wide. Fitted with glass shelves and spotlamps.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Lord, Geller, Federico, Einstein—
Famous for fine advertising
since July 10, 1967

BRING BROADWAY TO YOUR BOOKSHELF

ARTHUR MILLER EIGHT PLAYS
5215
5TH OF JULY A play by Lanford Wilson
1149
A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING
4804
Selected Plays of Eugene O'Neill
3202
A LESSON FROM ALOES Athol Fugard
5322
Twenty One-Act Plays STANLEY RICHARDS
5314
AMADEUS PETER SHAFFER
5074
NO ACTING PLEASE softcover
1750
Plays Children Love
5736
NEIL SIMON I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES
4895
THE ELEPHANT MAN
2782
I'm Getting My Act Together And Taking It On The Road
4812
Sweeney Todd
4069
HIRSCHFELD by
4168
Opportunities in ACTING Dick Moore
5140
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS EIGHT PLAYS
3939
THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF NEIL SIMON
3970

Walter Matthau in "The Odd Couple."
© 1979 by Albert Hirschfeld.

Yul Brynner in "The King and I."
© 1979 by Albert Hirschfeld.

Len Cariou in "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street."
© 1979 by Albert Hirschfeld.

Carol Channing in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
© 1979 by Albert Hirschfeld.

Featured illustrations are from *Hirschfeld by Hirschfeld* and are used by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.
*Warning: Explicit sex, language, or violence.

Take any 4 for $1

with membership in **The Fireside Theatre Book Club**

FREE TOTE WITH MEMBERSHIP

FIRESIDE THEATRE BOOK CLUB
Dept. FR-252, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Fireside Theatre Book Club and send me the 4 books I've numbered in the boxes below. Bill me just $1 plus shipping and handling. Also send my FREE tote bag, mine to keep even if I don't remain a member. I agree to the Club plan as described in this ad, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices during the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter.

1.	2.	3.	4.

Mr.
Ms. ______________ (please print)
Address ______________ Apt. # ______
City ______________ State ______ Zip ______

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada. 34-FT36 12

How the Club works:

Once your membership is accepted, you'll be sent your 4 books for only $1 (plus shipping and handling). If not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days—your membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), you'll get "Curtain Time" (the Club bulletin) to preview a new play selected by Fireside Theatre reviewers. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special selections, always at discounts off publishers' prices. If you want the featured selection, do nothing; it will be sent to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection or no book at all, just send back the order form by the date specified. You always have at least 10 days to decide. If you get an unwanted selection because you had less than 10 days, return it and owe nothing. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Fireside Theatre offers complete hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you up to 40% off publishers' edition prices. All you need do is choose 4 books at regular low Club prices within one year, after which you may resign at any time or continue to enjoy Club benefits for as long as you wish.

© 1982 NMC-USA

NEW NISSAN SENTRA

[illegible]OU NEED THIS VALUE. [illegible] THIS CAR!

[illegible] value [illegible] other [illegible] even [illegible] over- [illegible] size spare [illegible] er, main- [illegible] more. [illegible] don't [illegible] of [illegible]

So when you get a new Nissan Sentra you're not paying a price, you're buying value.

Only at your Datsun dealer.

50 EPA EST. HWY

35 EPA EST. MPG

† EPA estimates for comparison with standard 5-speed. Actual mpg may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mpg will probably be less. California mpg lower.

[illegible] and taxes, [illegible] charges.

DATSUN WE ARE DRIVEN

Product of NISSAN

THE TASTE BEYOND 12-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH

Discover more.

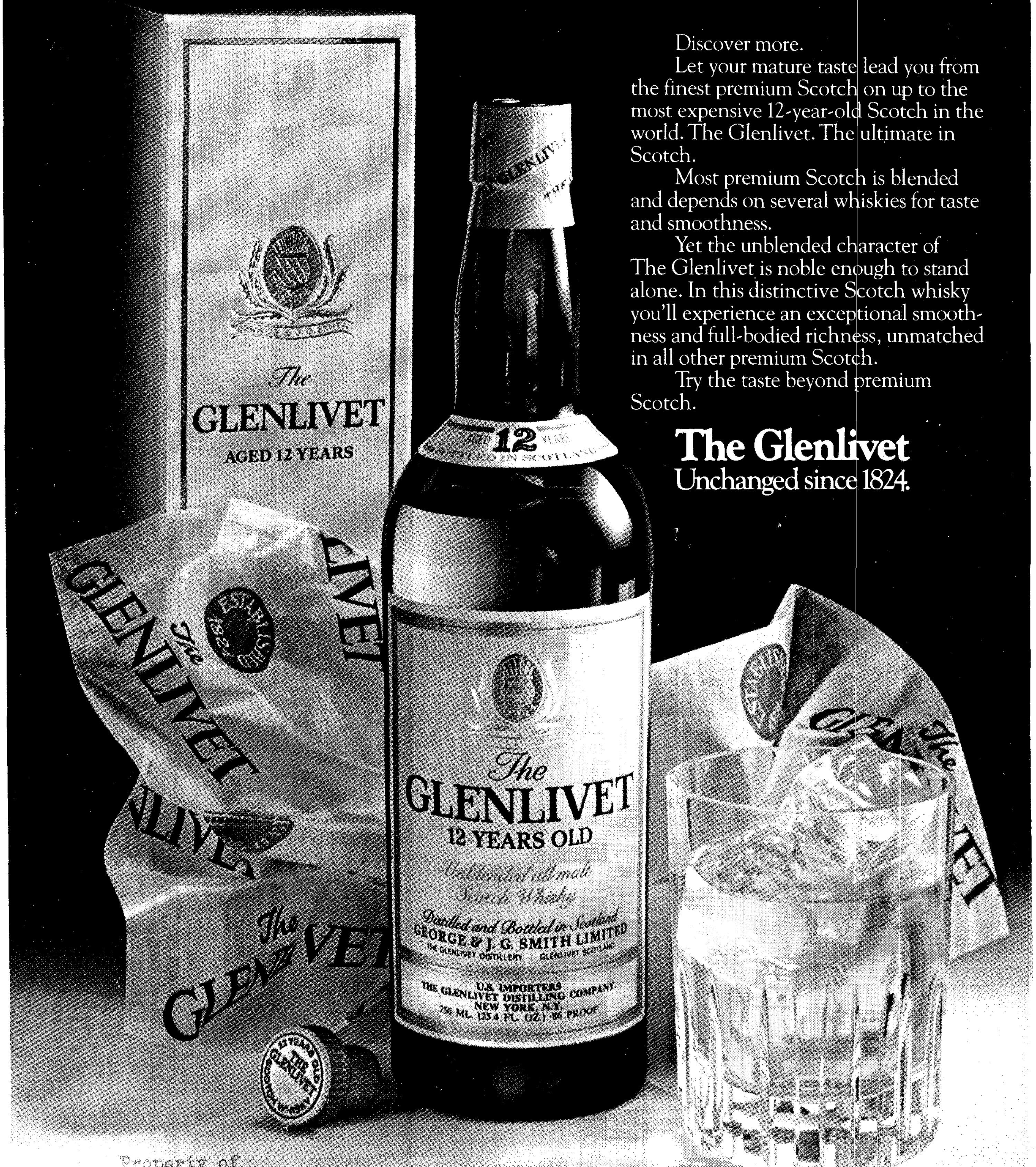
Let your mature taste lead you from the finest premium Scotch on up to the most expensive 12-year-old Scotch in the world. The Glenlivet. The ultimate in Scotch.

Most premium Scotch is blended and depends on several whiskies for taste and smoothness.

Yet the unblended character of The Glenlivet is noble enough to stand alone. In this distinctive Scotch whisky you'll experience an exceptional smoothness and full-bodied richness, unmatched in all other premium Scotch.

Try the taste beyond premium Scotch.

The Glenlivet
Unchanged since 1824.


The GLENLIVET
AGED 12 YEARS
AGED 12 YEARS
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
Unblended all malt
Scotch Whisky
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
GEORGE & J. G. SMITH LIMITED
THE GLENLIVET DISTILLERY GLENLIVET SCOTLAND
U.S. IMPORTERS
THE GLENLIVET DISTILLING COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y.
750 ML. (25.4 FL. OZ.) 86 PROOF
ESTABLISHED 1824
The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
THE GLENLIVET
SCOTCH WHISKY

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas